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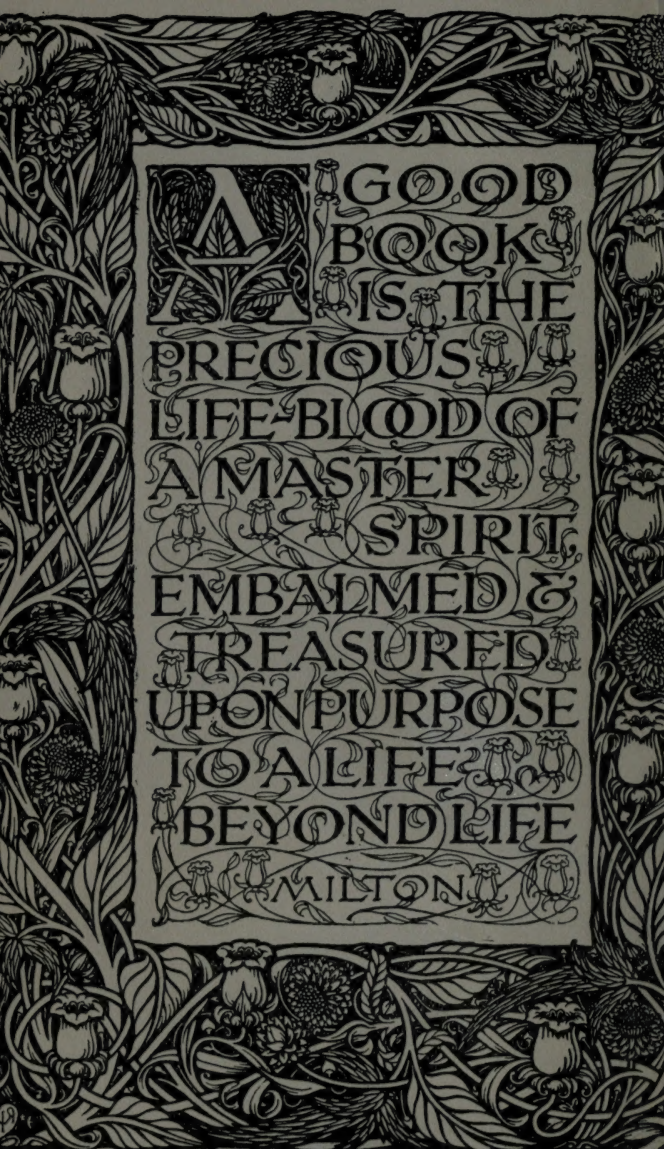
BIOGRAPHY

THE BAYARD OF INDIA
BY CAPTAIN L. J. TROTTER


A GOOD BOOK IS THE PRECIOUS LIFE-BLOOD OF A MASTER SPIRIT EMBALMED & TREASURED UPON PURPOSE TO A LIFE BEYOND LIFE
MILTON

THE BAYARD OF INDIA · A Life of General Sir JAMES OUTRAM

by Captain Lionel J. Trotter

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EDITOR'S NOTE

THERE is a tomb in the nave of Westminster Abbey which for Anglo-Indians has an effect not unlike that of Ben Jonson's tablet, with its inscription, "O Rare Ben Jonson," on the lovers of English poetry. This tomb is marked by a slab on which are carved the words that form the title of this volume: "The Bayard of India." The present life of General Sir James Outram by Captain L. J. Trotter, which was first published in 1903, sums up, in a characteristically direct and very lucid form, the complicated record of Outram, carrying it through some of the most vital passages in the history of India during the last century. Since it was written, the rapid evolution of new democratic ideas in the country, in some degree the product themselves of English political theory, has given a keener reflected interest to its military annals. Captain Trotter writes from first-hand experience of the life there; and his book is the first of a series of contemplated biographies, histories, and books of travel, by which it is hoped in the end to complete an Indian shelf or section of Everyman's Library.

E. R.

1909.

The following is the list of other works by the same author:—

East and West, and other poems, 1859; Studies in Biography, 1865; History of the British Empire in India from the appointment of Lord Hardinge to the political extinction of the East India Company, 1844-1862; A Sequel to Thornton's History of India, 2 vols., 1866; History of India from the earliest times to the present day, etc., 1874; revised and enlarged ed., 1899; Warren Hastings: a biography, 1878; Lord Lawrence: a sketch of his public career, 1880; History of India under Queen Victoria. From 1836 to 1880, 2 vols., 1886; William Taylor of Patna: a brief account of his services, etc. (brief extracts from letters received from 1857 to 1884), 1887; Life of the Marquis of Dalhousie (Statesmen series), 1889; Warren Hastings (Rulers of India series), 1890; Earl of Auckland (Rulers of India series), 1893; The Life of John Nicholson, Soldier and Administrator, 1897; 9th edition, 1904; in Nelson's Shilling Library, 1908; A Leader of Light Horse: Life of Hodson of Hodson's Horse, 1901; The Bayard of India: A Life of General Sir James Outram, Bart., 1903.

Translations: Michelet's La Sorcière, 1863; J. J. L. Blanc's Lettres sur l'Angleterre, 2nd series, 1867.

Editor of *Allen's Indian Mail* from 1867-1878, and contributor to various journals and magazines.

THE BAYARD OF INDIA

Ye who have joyed to read, in Spenser's lay,
How, in old time, a champion pure did ride,
Through twilight wood, at " heavenly Una's " side,
Guarding the meek one on her dangerous way;
Ye who lament o'er past romance to-day,
Here see portrayed a " knight of holiness,"
Prompt to redeem the helpless in distress,
And for the weak his lance in rest to lay.
Bayard of India! no reproach or fear
Stained thy bright scutcheon. Nor alone in fight
Pre-eminent wert thou, but couldst forbear
Valour's high guerdon, quit thy lawful right,
And bid a comrade's brow thy laurels wear;
Thus manifest in all " a perfect Knight."

R. F. J.

TO THE

DOWAGER LADY OUTRAM,

AND HER SON,

SIR FRANCIS OUTRAM, BART.

THIS VOLUME

IS GRATEFULLY DEDICATED

BY THE AUTHOR.

PREFACE

In all those qualities which mark the born leader of men, James Outram had very few rivals among the best and greatest of the soldier statesmen who rose to fame in the service of the old East India Company. From the day when "the little general" speared his first boar in the jungles of Western India, to the last hours of hard office work as a leading member of the Calcutta Council, our Indian Bayard won alike the confidence and the love of all who served with or under him, by sheer force of that personal magnetism which springs from lofty impulses guided and sustained by a generous disregard of self. His piety was deep, if unobtrusive; and a heart more steadily loyal, in every sense of the word,—loyal to his country, his official chiefs, his family, friends and comrades of every degree, and not least of all to his own manly upright self,—never beat, I think, in human breast.

In the following pages I have tried to set forth within a moderate compass the story of a life so memorable, so strenuous for all noble ends, so rich in brave deeds and stirring adventures, that it furnished one able biographer with matter enough to fill two bulky volumes. The present memoir, however, claims to be something more than a mere abridgment of Sir Frederick Goldsmid's valuable work. Through the unfailing kindness of Sir

Francis Outram I have been enabled to extract some interesting details from the mass of documents which passed through Sir Frederick's hands. Some further information has been derived from sources which will be found duly acknowledged in the footnotes or the text of the present volume.

L. J. T.

Exmouth, *September* 1903.

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THE BAYARD OF INDIA

CHAPTER I

BIRTH, PARENTAGE, AND SCHOOL-DAYS. 1803-1819

THE family of which James Outram was to be so illustrious a member can be traced back as far as the fifteenth century, when Thomas Outram was Rector of Durton, near Gainsborough, about 1435. In the Poets' Corner of Westminster Abbey is a monument to William Outram, D.D., Archdeacon of Leicester, Prebendary of Westminster, and Court Chaplain to Charles II. He appears to have been, in the words of Samuel Pepys, "one of the ablest and best of the Nonconformists, eminent for his piety and charity, and an excellent preacher." Early in the eighteenth century we come upon James's grandfather, Joseph Outram, of Alfreton in Derbyshire, "a well-to-do surveyor and manager of estates, and himself possessor of some property in land and collieries, in whose marked vigour of character, shrewd sense, and kind heart, we begin to discern qualities which his sons and grandsons were destined to develop in a wider sphere." [1]

Among Joseph's intimate friends was the celebrated Benjamin Franklin, who in 1764 stood godfather to Joseph's eldest son, Benjamin. As a civil engineer Benjamin Outram played his part in the construction of canals and tramways, and crowned a successful career by founding the Butterley Ironworks in his own county. In this undertaking he had sunk the greater part of his capital when his untimely death in May 1805 involved his

[1] *James Outram: a Biography.* By Major-General Sir F. J. Goldsmid, C.B., K.C S.I. Smith, Elder, & Co., 1880.

young widow and five small children in a tangled coil of unforeseen disaster.

But Mrs. Outram faced her broken fortunes with amazing courage, clear aims, and proud strength of will. Married at the age of twenty, Margaret Anderson had lost her husband after only five years of wedded happiness. Her father, James Anderson, LL.D., who died three years later, was a man of rare ability in many branches of agricultural science. At an early age he appears to have invented a small two-horse plough without wheels, commonly called the Scotch plough. For many years he rented a farm of 1300 acres in Aberdeenshire, and spent much of his leisure time in writing essays upon planting and other agricultural topics. In 1780 he obtained the degree of LL.D. in Aberdeen University. Four years later the government engaged him to make a survey of the western coast of Scotland, for the purpose of developing the national fisheries, to which one of his pamphlets had drawn their attention. In 1797 Dr. Anderson went up to London, where he pursued his literary labours with a zeal so untiring that his health gradually gave way.[1]

From such a father Mrs. Outram must have inherited some of those qualities which afterwards reappeared in both her sons. When she was barely seven years old she had lost her mother, a grand-daughter of Sir Alexander Seton, Lord Pitmedden, a Scottish judge, whose great-grandson, Colonel Alexander Seton, commanded the wing of the 78th Highlanders which met death so heroically in 1852 on board the sinking *Birkenhead*.[2] Owing to her father's absorption in his own pursuits, the education of his little maid was left, on the whole, to look after itself. But Margaret Anderson showed no lack of brains, energy, or common-sense; and these, combined with her strong motherly instincts, helped the widow of Benjamin Outram to guide her fatherless children over the rough places in their altered lot.

Her husband had died so suddenly that his affairs remained in irretrievable disorder. Assets and liabilities were mixed up in such hopeless confusion that the estate

[1] *Chambers's Encyclopædia*, "Dr. Anderson."
[2] *Dictionary of National Biography*. Goldsmid.

was finally thrown into Chancery, "to await," says Sir F. Goldsmid, "a tardy and unprofitable compromise." With the aid of £200 a-year granted by her relatives, and the little she could realise from the wreck of her husband's personal property, Mrs. Outram contrived to support her growing family for several years. After five years of wandering from one place to another, she settled down in Aberdeen, where schooling was good and cheap.

By this time her slender means were increased by a small annuity, which the government after much pressing had bestowed upon her in acknowledgment of her father's public services. In order to obtain this pension the brave lady went up to London, where she pleaded her cause in a private interview with Pitt's old friend and colleague, Lord Melville.

Bending before the rush of her wrathful eloquence—"To you, my lord," she said, "I look for the payment of my father's just claims. If you are an honest or honourable man, you will see that they are liquidated; *you* were the means of their being incurred, and *you* ought to be answerable for them"[1]—Lord Melville used his influence with the government of that day to obtain for Mrs. Outram the needful pension. As he afterwards told her, he "never was so taken by surprise, or got such a lecture in his life."

For some years Mrs. Outram lived in a small cottage on the outskirts of Aberdeen. Thence in due time she migrated to an upper flat in Castle Street, with a view to provide her daughters with the best tuition which she could afford. Many offers of assistance were made to her by her more intimate friends, offers which she persistently declined, for her proud spirit could brook no dependence on the charity of others.

Francis Outram, the elder of her two sons, was sent at an early age to Christ's Hospital, whence after seven years he was transferred to Marischal College, Aberdeen. The offer of an Indian cadetship brought his stay there to a speedy close. Three terms in the East India Company's College at Addiscombe sufficed to win for him the rank of an officer of Engineers, and to send him on to

[1] Goldsmid.

Chatham to complete his training for the Company's service.

James Outram, the second son, was born at Butterley Hall, Derbyshire, on January 29, 1803. In his twelfth year his mother placed him at Udny school, near Aberdeen, under the care of Dr. Bisset. He is described by that gentleman as somewhat pale, but quite healthy, and of prepossessing countenance. He had his mother's black glossy hair. "His dark hazel eye kept time, as it were, with whatever was going on, and marked his quick apprehension of, and sympathy with, every scintillation of wit, drollery, or humour." At the same time "his usual manner was quiet and sedate." [1] The boy appears, from the same informant, to have made fair progress in classical and other studies, but devoted himself with a special zeal to mathematics and the exact sciences.

One of his favourite indoor amusements was the carving of figures with a penknife out of any materials that might come to hand. For many years the figure of an elephant carved by young James adorned the mantelpiece of the Udny drawing-room, and drew forth the admiring comments of all who could appreciate skilful and artistic work. In quest of suitable subjects for his purpose he would visit the menageries which came to Aberdeen, and carve faithful likenesses of the animals that took his fancy. The monkeys seem to have been his favourite study, and his success in mimicking their various attitudes surprised all beholders. His mother sometimes thought of him as a possible sculptor, "but having no friends in that line," says one of her daughters, "she did not make any endeavour to follow up this view."

But it was in all kinds of outdoor pastimes that James Outram especially excelled. Even in his fourteenth year, according to Dr. Bisset, he had become a recognised leader of the school in cricket, football, shinty, and bowls. An expert swimmer and diver, he would bring home pebbles and other trophies from the bottom of a deep pond in the school grounds. His feats in wrestling and climbing trees are also recorded by his master. "He was always kind to me," says a younger schoolfellow, "protecting me

[1] Goldsmid.

from the bullying of older boys; and I believe he was equally generous and just to the others. . . . In every adventure of daring he was the leader, and frequently he exposed himself to great danger." [1]

His sister, Mrs. Sligo, tells us how his playtime at home was spent in active exercise, gardening, mechanics, and every athletic sport. "He had the courage and fortitude of a giant, with the body of a pigmy (being very small for his age). I never remember his evincing the slightest sign of bodily pain." On one occasion when he and his sisters were scrambling among the rocks by the river Dee, a crab caught hold of James's fore-finger. The blood streamed from his finger as he calmly held it up without moving a muscle, until the creature let go its hold. "I thought he'd get tired at last," was his cool remark as he wrapped his handkerchief round the wound.

Nothing, however, pleased him better than going among the soldiers in the barracks, or the sailors at the docks. "I recollect," adds Mrs. Sligo, "our surprise one evening when, on returning from our walk and glancing at the soldiers going through their exercises, we saw our own little Jemmy at their head, as perfect in all the manœuvres as any among them. He was the delight of the regiment, but even still more, if possible, the sailors' pet. There was a mutiny among the latter —I can't remember the date, but I think he must then have been about twelve or thirteen years of age. All Aberdeen was uneasy; my brother, of course, not at home. The sailors were drawn up in a dense body on the pier. The magistrates went down to them, backed by the soldiers, whose muskets were loaded; and they were held in readiness to fire on the mutineers, if necessary. Between the latter and their opponents Jemmy Outram was to be seen, with his hands in his trouser-pockets, stumping about from one side to the other, like a tiger in his den, protecting his sailor friends from the threatening muskets; resolved to receive the fire first, if firing was to be.

"All ended peacefully, however, much to the general

[1] Goldsmid.

satisfaction, and to our particular thankfulness, when we were told how our brother had exposed himself." [1]

One day James Outram, then a boy of thirteen, was walking with a schoolfellow beyond Aberdeen when a large mastiff attacked them both. In a moment James ran at the furious brute, and beat him off with a shower of well-planted blows from his fists and feet. About two years later young Outram, who had meanwhile been transferred to another and higher school, appeared one day at home with a face so disfigured that his sisters at first could hardly recognise him. In reply to their anxious questioning, he merely said, "Never mind, Anna; I've licked the biggest boy in the school in such a manner that he'll not ill-treat any of the little boys again, I'll be bound." [2]

In 1818-19 we find him studying mathematics and attending lectures on natural and experimental philosophy at Marischal College, where his brother Frank had been studying before him. The officials reported him as "An attentive and well-behaved student, evincing good abilities and an amiable disposition." [3] It was not long, however, before these studies gave place to preparations for his future career. On hearing that his mother wanted him to enter the service of the church, he exclaimed to his sister, "You see that window; rather than be a parson, I'm out of it; and I'll 'list for a common soldier!" From one of her friends Mrs. Outram received the offer of a direct cadetship in the Indian army, while another proposed to send her son out to India by way of that same Addiscombe through which his brother had already passed.

Between these alternatives James himself at once selected the former. "My brother Frank," he remarked, "when only half the allotted time at Addiscombe, gained all the highest prizes there, and got into the Engineers. If I remain the whole three years, I shall at the best come out only as cadet for the infantry. It's much better, therefore, that I should go out as a cadet; I choose Captain Gordon's appointment." He had already learned to know something of himself and his own limita-

[1] Goldsmid. [2] *Ibid.* [3] *Ibid.*

tions. His mother also felt that he had done wisely in preferring the direct cadetship to a course of preliminary training, which in his case would almost certainly have led to no adequate results. On May 2, 1819, James Outram, then little more than sixteen years old, embarked on board the good ship *York* as a qualified cadet of infantry on the Bombay establishment.

CHAPTER II

SOLDIERING AND SPORT IN WESTERN INDIA. 1819-1824

After an uneventful voyage of nearly three months and a half, Ensign Outram landed at Bombay on August 15, 1819. Among his shipmates was a cadet named Stalker, who was destined many years later to serve as Outram's second in command throughout the Persian war of 1856-57. Shortly after his landing Ensign Outram found himself posted to do duty with the 1st Battalion of the 4th Native Infantry, then stationed at Poona. From that place he marched with his regiment a few days later to the hill fort of Savandrûg in the Bangalore district. On December 2 he proceeded to join the 2nd Battalion of the 1st Grenadier Native Infantry at Sirûr in the Poona district, which had lately passed for ever under British rule.

With the close of the year 1819 had begun a new era of peace, order, and prosperity for nearly the whole of India, under the strong and beneficent rule of the Marquis of Hastings. In the course of seven years that governor-general had done great things in that vast peninsula, which for more than a hundred years had been given over to every form of anarchy, pillage, and armed strife. After teaching the Nepalese a long-needed lesson of respect for their British neighbours, Lord Hastings had made up his mind to crush out once for all the growing power of the Pindâri freebooters, and to baffle the intrigues of those Marâtha princes who still dreamed of reducing all India under their sway. In one bold and decisive campaign the great Marâtha power, which had survived the slaughter of Pânipat and the blows dealt against it by the Marquis Wellesley, fell shattered to pieces by the same hand which crushed the Pindâris and raised an English merchant company to the paramount lordship of all India, from the Satlaj and the Himalayas to Cape Comorin.

In 1819 the last of the Marâtha Pêshwas had ceased to reign at Poona; the Rajah of Berâr was a discrowned fugitive, the Rajah of Satâra a king only in name, while Sindhia, Holkar, and the Nizâm of Haidarabad thenceforth reigned only by sufferance of an English governor-general at Calcutta. The old Mughal empire lingered only in the palace of Delhi; and the proudest princes of Râjputâna cheerfully bowed their necks to the yoke of masters merciful as Akbar and mightier than Aurangzib. With the capture of Asirgarh in April 1819, the fighting in Southern India had come to an end. The large tract of country conquered from the last of the Pêshwas had been placed under the fostering care of Mountstuart Elphinstone, who presently, as Governor of Bombay, completed the healing work which he and his able subalterns had begun from Poona.

Early in 1820 James Outram was transferred to the 1st Battalion of the 12th Native Infantry, which had just been embodied at Poona. Only six months later he was appointed to act as adjutant of the same regiment. "I have now acted," he writes to his mother in October, "upwards of three months, and expect to act one month longer, as I believe the adjutant will not join till that time. It is of no immediate advantage to me, otherwise than that it teaches me my duty; but my having acted as adjutant four months will give me strong claims for that appointment when it becomes vacant. . . . Should a vacancy happen to-morrow, I would not hesitate a moment about applying for the situation, as I would feel confident (without flattery to myself) that I would be equal to the task, with a little application and trouble on my part."

He was still acting as adjutant when, in February 1821, the regiment began its march to Baroda. By this time he had begun to discover that the duties of his office were not quite so light or easy as he had imagined. Writing to his mother in April from Baroda, he thus excuses himself for his long silence: "Many difficulties were thrown in my way which I had not foreseen. Several officers who were removed from the corps had charge of a company each, all of which were thrown

upon my hands, and I had to make out the papers of almost all the companies, besides all the battalion ones. Almost all adjutants have two writers, one which government allows—a sergeant—and one which he keeps at his own expense. Now I have been altogether, I dare say, five months without one at all, and have never had more than one at any time. At first a sergeant was not procured (as it is a new corps) till about seven months after I had begun to act. I had now and then a writer for a few days, but I dare say I was five months without one altogether; and when I got the sergeant I found him more a burden than a help to me, as he had everything to learn. . . . I have also been latterly acting quartermaster. I am to be relieved by the regular adjutant, I suppose, on the 1st of next month, as he has been relieved from the corps which he has been obliged to remain with till this time. I shall then have done the duties of adjutant exactly ten months."

During the monsoon rains of that year, a serious attack of fever drove Outram on sick-leave to Bombay. The doctors were of opinion that he should return to England to recruit his health, but Outram was eager only to rejoin his regiment, which had been ordered on active service in Kâthiawâr. In February 1822 he embarked from Bombay in a native boat, which had not gone far when an unforeseen disaster compelled his immediate return. Besides his necessary baggage, he had laid in a stock of fireworks in honour of some festival to be kept that evening at Bombay. By some mischance the fireworks exploded, and the vessel was blown to pieces. Outram's horses were either killed or drowned, and the whole of his kit was irretrievably lost; but he himself was picked up floating, half-dead, and so disfigured that no one at the moment could have recognised him as a white man. A charitable Parsi found him lying helpless on the shore, and conveyed him in a palanquin to his own house, whence the wounded officer was finally transferred to that of Mr. Willoughby, a civil servant in Bombay.

The explosion appears to have spoiled his beauty, while it served to do away with all traces of the jungle

[1] Goldsmid.

fever. Writing to his mother two months later, Francis Outram, then a lieutenant in the Bombay Engineers, declared that the results of the accident might have been much worse. "James, however, has luckily escaped with a good scorching, and will be more careful with gunpowder for the future." [1]

His letters to his mother during this year attest not only the depth of his filial love, but also a full and abiding sense of all that Mrs. Outram had done and endured for her children in the past.

"You used to say you were badly off," he wrote in July; "but as I had been used to poor Udny, I thought we were very comfortable at our humble home. Now, when I see how many privations you had to put up with, I think you made wonderful sacrifices for your children, whose duty it is to make you as comfortable as they possibly can. I, for one, am certainly sorry that I have not been more prudent, for I certainly ought by this time to have been able to send you, at least, something; for I got the allowances of the acting adjutancy for eight months out of the ten in which I acted, after a reference to government. . . . When I rejoin my corps I shall be in the receipt of 600 Rs. per mensem, as the corps is at present in the field, out of which I shall at least be able to save 300 Rs. a-month, which is about £350 a-year. I am obliged to keep an additional horse and office establishment and field-carriage, but 300 Rs. a-month will certainly cover all expenses in the field, and 250 in garrison. The above 600 Rs. per mensem is the field-pay and allowances—the garrison is about 400 Rs. per month; so that in the field I shall save about 350 Rs. and in garrison about 150 Rs. a-month, which makes about £180 a-year,—all of which is, of course, dedicated to you; and much greater pleasure will spending it in this manner afford me than if I was amassing riches upon riches on my own account." [2] His brother Frank was not backward in adding his own contribution to the maternal store.[3]

By the time that James Outram rejoined his regiment

[1] Goldsmid. [2] *Ibid.*
[3] *Dictionary of National Biography.*

in the Ahmadabad district, the little war in the corner of Western India was nearly at an end. He had not long resumed the duties of an adjutant when the regiment began its hot-weather march from Morâsa to Râjkôt, the capital of a small native state in Kâthiawâr. It was during this march that Outram and his friend Lieutenant Ord were riding in rear of the column, when they set off in hot chase of a fine large hog. After a sharp burst of about a mile, the hog, says Ord, "took refuge in a large patch of cactus-bushes, out of which we found it impossible to dislodge him, though Outram in his eagerness dismounted, and did his best to make him bolt. From what I afterwards saw of hog-hunting I think it was as well . . . that he did not succeed,"[1] seeing that the hunters were armed only with swords.

At Râjkôt hog-hunting, or "pig-sticking" as it was popularly called, became a weekly pastime with Outram and his brother officers. On such occasions Outram was pretty sure to be among the foremost in the chase and at the death. His small, spare figure—he was hardly yet five feet seven—gave him an advantage which his keen love of sport and his perfect fearlessness turned to the best account. Between 1822 and 1824 he appears from his own note-book to have won seventy-four first spears out of a total of 123 gained by a party of twelve. During the same period he killed four nîlgâi, two hyenas, one cheeta (leopard), and two wolves.

Many years afterwards, Colonel Ord gave a spirited account of an adventure in which he, Outram, and Liddle had been concerned: "We started a sounder, Outram looking after one hog, and Liddle and myself after another. Outram soon lost sight of his in the thick jungle, but Liddle and I pursued our course. Soon we heard Outram galloping up behind us; we pushed on, hoping to get the spear before he came up. Most unfortunately there was a deep jungly ravine before us; into that the hog dashed, and while we stopped on the brink, Outram rushed by us, and after floundering and rolling over several times, reached the bottom—a dry nullah. We thought that he must have been severely hurt, but not a bit: soon he was

[1] Goldsmid.

on his horse's back again, and after a long run he killed the boar, although he had only half a spear, the shaft having been broken in his descent down the ravine."

Ord and Liddle then rode on into the jungle in quest of another boar. Seeing the grass moving in front of them, they at once set off in chase. Instead of a hog, they presently came upon two lions, who stopped for a moment to look at their pursuers, and then quietly walked away. "We followed their example," says Colonel Ord. "On rejoining Outram, and telling him what we had seen, he was anxious that we should again go in pursuit, but we resolutely declined." [1]

If Waterloo was won, according to the Iron Duke, in the playing-fields of Eton, it may with equal truth be affirmed that Nimrods of young Outram's stamp are likely to make the most efficient soldiers. Even at this stage of his career, our sport-loving adjutant was winning high praise from his military chiefs for the smart appearance, perfect discipline, and skilful handling of a sepoy regiment on parade.[2]

In this connection I may quote some passages from a private letter written by Dr. Henry Johnston, the surgeon in charge of a wing of Outram's regiment during the march from Kâthiawâr to Malegâon in 1824. "He" (Outram) "was at that time adjutant of the regiment, and it will show the confidence that was thus early reposed in him that he should have been intrusted with such a command when he was only twenty-one years of age. The march was one of about 250 miles, through a fine country not wanting in game. The strict discipline maintained by the young commanding officer did not allow of our interfering with it on the line of march. But after reaching our ground, encamping the men, and discussing a good breakfast in the mess-tent, we generally sallied out in quest of game, and many a wild boar bit the dust on these occasions. Outram was always ready to join those under his command in the field-sports, of which

[1] Goldsmid.

[2] "In January 1824 he commanded the 1st Battalion of the 12th N. I. on its annual review, and was highly complimented by Colonel Turner, the reviewing officer, in Station Orders of the day."—Goldsmid.

indeed he was the great promoter, and in which he took more first spears than any other man. But this, so far from leading them to be lax in their duties, made every man try to do his best. Duty was always a labour of love with those under him, for he inspired all who were capable of any elevation of feeling with some portion of his own ardour, and made all such willing assistants rather than mere perfunctory subordinates. Thus early did he show that wonderful tact of commanding, which few have possessed in such a high degree." [1]

In the spring of 1824 Outram's regiment found itself officially renumbered as the 23rd Native Infantry; and he himself was presently transferred as adjutant to the 24th Native Infantry. The transfer, however, did not please him, and in September he returned as adjutant to his old friends of the 23rd. Towards the close of 1824 Outram's craving for new adventures led him to volunteer for active service with the field-force then marching under Colonel Deacon against Kittûr, the chief town of a small native state, which had lapsed to the paramount power on the death of its heirless lord. A body of insurgents within the town had refused to open its gates to St. John Thackeray, the chief revenue officer of that district. Thackeray himself was shot down under a flag of truce on October 23, and the Bombay Government at once prepared to crush the incipient revolt.[2]

In the first days of December 1824 Deacon's column entered on the siege of Kittûr, whose garrison surrendered on the 5th. Outram returned to Bombay with his brother Francis, who had served with credit as an engineer officer during the siege. In the following February James Outram rejoined his regiment at Malegâon.

[1] Papers supplied by Sir Francis Outram, Bart.
[2] *The Thackerays in India.* Sir W. Hunter.

CHAPTER III

AMONGST THE BHÎLS OF KHANDESH. 1825-1829

HARDLY had Outram returned to Malegâon when a new insurrection broke out in the western districts of Khandesh. In the course of March 1825 the insurgent leader and his 800 men had seized the hill-fortress of Malair, between Surat and Malegâon. From its battlements the flag of the discrowned Marâtha Pêshwa waved defiance to the Government of Bombay. On the morning of April 5 Outram received the order to march a small force of sepoys towards Malair. By sundown of that evening some 200 sepoys of the 11th and 23rd Native Infantry set out from Malegâon on their long night-march towards the rebel stronghold. Their commander, Lieutenant Outram, accompanied by Mr. Graham, the assistant-collector, followed a few hours later on an elephant.

After covering thirty-seven miles in thirteen hours, the little force halted for rest and food at sunrise of the next morning, while Outram carefully reconnoitred the country round Malair. His plan of action was soon formed. Without waiting for the expected reinforcements, he resolved, with Graham's willing consent, to attack the fortress in front and rear before the enemy were aware of his intentions. At nightfall the sepoys began their forward march. As they neared the hill on which Malair was situated, he directed Ensigns Whitmore and Paul to begin a false attack in front with 150 men, while he himself led the remainder of his sepoys round to the rear. While the rebels were engaged in meeting the front attack of a foe whose real strength they had no means of knowing, Outram dashed in upon them from behind. "The panic-stricken garrison," says a well-informed writer, "fled with scarcely an attempt at resistance. And at the head of his reunited detachment, and some horsemen whom Mr. Graham had in the meantime collected, Outram

followed them up so closely that they could neither rally nor discover the weakness of their assailants. Their leader was cut down; many of his adherents shared his fate; and the rest made for the neighbouring hills, in a state of complete disorganisation.

"As the infantry had now marched upwards of fifty miles in little more than thirty-six hours, Outram found it necessary to halt them soon after dawn. But the horsemen continued the pursuit so far as the nature of the ground permitted; scouts were dispatched to ascertain the point of rendezvous selected by the scattered foe, and at night the chase was resumed. The insurgents were a second time surprised; many were slain; numbers were taken prisoners; and the rest, throwing down their arms, fled to their respective villages. A rebellion which had caused much anxiety to the authorities was thus promptly crushed ere the troops intended for its suppression had been put in motion. And the plunder of Antapor was restored to its lawful owners." [1]

For this bold exploit Outram and his brave companions received hearty thanks both from the government and the commander-in-chief. Seldom has praise so unqualified been bestowed upon so young a soldier. From this time forth the young adjutant of sepoys ceased to serve as a regimental officer.

Mountstuart Elphinstone, the humane and able Governor of Bombay, had resolved to enter upon the difficult task of reclaiming the Bhîl marauders of Khandesh from their old lawless habits and traditions to peaceful acquiescence in the rule of their new masters. In James Outram he had already discerned an agent specially qualified to carry out his views. On April 22,

[1] *Services of Lieut.-Colonel Outram.* Smith, Elder, & Co., 1853. In Outram's report to Captain Newton, Brigade-Major of Malegâon, he writes: "I have no copy of my instructions: they merely required me to protect the town of Malair (situated two miles from the hill-fort) until the assembly of a force which was ordered to be in readiness to suppress the rebellion, consisting of a brigade of infantry from Surat (distance 120 miles), a battering-train, and infantry escort from Jaulnah (180 miles), and all the disposable troops under Major Rigby from Kokurmunda (50 miles), which latter did not arrive till three days afterwards, and the former, in consequence of my successful measures, were countermanded."—*Outram Letters.*

1825, Outram found himself placed at the disposal of the collector and political agent in Khandesh for the purpose of commanding a Bhîl corps to be raised for police duties within that province. On resigning his adjutancy Lieutenant Outram received from his commanding officer, Colonel Deschamps, a public testimony, couched in glowing language, to the sharè which he had borne in raising the reputation of the 23rd Native Infantry at army headquarters.

Before entering on his new duties James Outram was detained at Malegâon by another of those severe attacks of fever which few men of less iron strength of purpose would probably have struggled through. "We learn," says Sir F. Goldsmid, "that even in his early days he formed the resolution to fight it out with the climate or die: to acclimatise himself by surmounting all the illnesses of Anglo-Indian existence, or succumb to one of them altogether. . . . He *did* fight it out, and, strange to say, illness after illness left him none the worse permanently; while the result of an unusually varied series of approaches to death's door was the establishment of a constitution of iron, proof against all influences, and proverbial in its marvellous capacity for endurance of deadly trials."

The Bhîls, among whom Outram was now to pursue his beneficent labours, were an old non-Aryan race who had roamed for centuries among the hills and jungles of Northern and Western Khandesh, living by the chase and by frequent raids upon peaceful villages in the plains. For long years of Mughal and Marâtha rule their hands had been against every man, while every man's hand had been against them. For some years after the annexation of Khandesh our own functionaries had treated these wild people almost as ruthlessly as the Pêshwa's officers had been wont to do. But Elphinstone was bent on trying the kindlier methods which Cleveland, half a century earlier, had applied so successfully to the Santhal savages of Lower Bengal. In furtherance of his far-seeing purpose he devised two schemes—one for establishing agricultural colonies of Bhîls; the other for organising a battalion of Bhîl soldiers, to be armed and disciplined like regiments

of the line, and commanded by a British officer.[1] For the carrying out of this twofold experiment no fitter instruments could have been selected than Captain Ovans and Lieutenant Outram.

Despite the warnings and remonstrances of well-meaning friends, Outram eagerly accepted Elphinstone's offer, and before the middle of May threw himself with his wonted ardour into the hazardous duties of his new career. Failing in his first attempts to negotiate with the robber tribes, Outram resolved to strike a wholesome terror among them by a sudden invasion of their mountain haunts. A native officer of his old regiment had been posted with thirty men at Jatigaon, on the Western Ghâts, some thirty miles from Malegâon. "The native officer," to use Outram's own words, "ignorant that, being now on staff employ, I no longer had any authority in the regiment, at once obeyed my orders to have all his disposable men in readiness for a march after nightfall. When I marched, in the guidance of a spy I had taken up with me, on the strong position in the heart of the mountains, which, I had been informed, was then occupied by the united tribes, who had just assembled in great numbers for the purpose of undertaking some enterprise. My detachment consisted of only thirty bayonets, but I calculated on effectually surprising the rebels from so unexpected a quarter and on coming upon them before daybreak, when, unable to observe the weakness of their assailants, I had little doubt they would disperse in confusion."

The result fulfilled his most sanguine expectations. "On the first alarm that the red-coats were upon them, which was given by the scouts, while we were yet too far off to attack effectually, the whole body fled panic-struck, scattering in every direction, and leaving their women, children, and wretched property at our mercy. I then separated my small party into threes and fours, with orders to pursue while any Bhîls were to be seen, and then to rendezvous at the Bhîl Hatti (encampment), searching the ravines on their return. Seeing the red-coats in so many different quarters, the effect of which was increased

[1] *Services of Lieut.-Colonel Outram.*

by hearing their musketry in such opposite directions, confirmed the idea of the enemy that the whole British force was upon them, and prevented any attempt to rally —and their dispersion was complete. Two of the Bhîls were killed in the pursuit, many others supposed to be wounded, and almost all their families remained in my power. Having, the evening before, sent information to Major Deschamps of my intended attempt, he was induced to co-operate, and the troops from below soon afterwards joined me.

"The Bhîls were so hotly pursued for some days that they could not reassemble, and their haunts being then occupied by our troops, their power was so completely broken that I was then enabled to commence operations, and laid the foundation of the corps through the medium of my captives, some of whom were released to bring in the relatives of the rest, on the pledge that then all should be set at liberty. I thus effected an intercourse with some of the leading Naiks; went alone with them into their jungles; gained their confidence by living unguarded among them, and hunting with them, until at last I persuaded five of the most adventurous to risk their fortunes with me, which small beginning I considered ensured ultimate success."[1]

Outram's power of becoming all things to all men was steadily winning these reckless caterans into the path of cheerful submission to the demands of civilised rule. The utter fearlessness with which he threw himself, unarmed and unattended, amongst his recent foes, listening to their talk, sharing in all their sports and pastimes, accepting and returning their rude hospitalities, and proving his prowess in hunting tigers and other large game, gradually disarmed them of all their old suspicions, and led them at last to join heartily in the civilising work which their new masters were bent on carrying out.[2]

Within two months after his daring night-march Outram had secured twenty-five recruits for his future battalion. By the beginning of September their number had increased to ninety-two. In spite of passing checks

[1] *Outram Letters.*
[2] *Services of Lieut. Colonel Outram. Outram Letters.*

and misunderstandings, the new levies amounted to 134 on January 1, 1826. By that time the Bhîl corps was encamped a few miles from Malegâon, whence Outram was awaiting the arrival of their arms. The new recruits had taken kindly to their drill some months before, submitting to it, writes Outram to his new chief, Colonel Robertson the Collector, "with as much readiness, and paying as much attention, as recruits of the line."

A few weeks earlier, Outram's ready tact and foresight had carried his new levies safely among the pitfalls which beset their progress along ways untrodden hitherto by a Bhîl foot. One day in November a detachment of regular sepoys had reached Outram's headquarters at Dharangâon. "Notwithstanding the pains I had taken," he writes to Colonel Robertson, "to prepare the Bhîls to receive them without distrust, I had not succeeded so completely as I wished. I, however, effected that end by sending away all the arms of the detachment, and giving the Bhîls to understand that they and the regulars should be armed at the same time. In the course of a very few days, what I had expected from my knowledge of the character and respectability of the men I had selected from the line, was fully effected; the regulars obtained the entire confidence of the Bhîls by their conciliatory conduct towards them; and these high-caste men associating without scruple with the Bhîls has the happiest effect; they begin to rise in self-esteem, and feel proud of the service which places them on an equality with the highest classes."

The reception of these new-comers in the following month by the men of Outram's old regiment at Malegâon justified their leader's fondest wishes. "Not only," he adds, "were the Bhîls received by the men of that regiment without insulting scoffs, but they were even received as friends, and with the greatest kindness invited to sit down among them, fed by them, and talked to by high and low, as on an equality from being brother soldiers. . . . The Bhîls returned quite delighted and flattered by their reception, and entreated me to allow them no rest from drill until they became equal to their brother soldiers."

To this happy state of things his old comrade, Captain Douglas Graham, bears pointed testimony: "Men of the highest caste behaved in a manner most flattering to the feelings of the mountaineers, visiting and presenting them with betel-nut, to the no small amazement of the guests, and to the gratification of government, who complimented the regiment on their conduct."

By the end of June 1826 the new barracks, built by Outram's orders with the aid of his own men, contained 308 Bhîl recruits, eager not only to learn their drill but to discharge the duties of an armed police, even against offenders of their own tribe. During the past two months not a single complaint had been brought against them by the neighbouring villagers. "Their abstinence from spirituous liquors, which they are not allowed to touch except on particular holidays," writes Outram in July, "is the greatest proof of the success with which my endeavours to improve them have been attended, and the very quiet and orderly conduct of such a large assembly of Bhîls at so early a stage of the measure is surprising."

They had already begun to feel themselves at home in their new surroundings. "All who can afford it have purchased grinding-stones, and other domestic utensils; they have assembled their women and children, and are exceedingly comfortable in every respect, fully sensible of the advantages of their present situation, and convinced of our sincerity in promoting their permanent welfare."[1]

So marked was the progress made by the new corps in all soldierly requirements that Outram, at the special request of Mr. J. Bax, Robertson's successor in the civil charge of the province, gladly supplied him in December of that year with a party of his Bhîls for escort duty during his cold-weather tour. "I am also indebted," he adds in the same letter, "to Captain Ovans, who has offered to employ a guard of Bhîls as his personal escort instead of regulars. I am most happy to supply it; nothing can be more beneficial to the corps than these instances of our confidence in it." He also assures Mr. Bax that "the corps is ready to act in a body or in de-

[1] *Outram Letters.*

tachments against any assembly of outlaws or rebels, and, I will answer for it, is quite sufficient in itself for the suppression of any assembly of Bhîls, however strong, that can come together within the limits of this province.

"The Bhîl corps, I trust, would also prove of great assistance to the line, in operations against a more formidable enemy, should opportunity offer in the neighbourhood of this province."

Thus, within twenty months from the date of his opening move against the Bhîls, had James Outram wrought something like a miracle of moral and social regeneration among the long-outlawed highlanders of the Khandesh border.

A few months later, in April 1827, "the first opportunity," says Mr. Bax, "was offered to these reformed Bhîls of shedding their blood for their new masters; and they freely risked it, and fought boldly, though opposed to their own caste, and probably relations." For his success in routing a large body of insurgent Bhîls by a small detachment of his own men, Outram and his little band received the heartiest thanks and praises of the Bombay government.

In the following September the new corps, then mustering 600 strong, was reviewed by Brigadier Campbell, who reported to his commander-in-chief that their performances would "claim a favourable comparison with many of the best native regiments of the line." As a reward for their high efficiency they were now intrusted with a large share in the duties hitherto reserved for regular troops. "In the course of two years," wrote Captain Outram in 1833, "the corps was completely organised, and so far exceeded our hopes in good conduct and discipline that it was placed in important trusts throughout the province, relieving outposts of the regulars, protecting treasure, guarding prisoners, attacking insurgents, etc., etc., which it has performed to the present day without a single instance of infidelity or relaxed vigilance, though greatly harassed by hard duty; three-fourths being constantly detached, while the remainder are required to act on every emergency of disturbance or insurrection in the wild countries beyond our borders."

All this, as Outram went on to show, had been accomplished with a very large saving of expense to the government. "Beyond this," he added, "the Bhîl corps is also the chief police of the district,—its influence and power over every clan of Khandesh Bhîls, every family of which has a relation or connection in the corps, effectually controls the whole—hitherto untamable class. They can no longer as formerly unite in insurrection, and when individuals offend against our laws they can never elude their comrades in our service: the village Bhîls are now compelled to do their duty as watchmen, etc., and the whole body throughout the province is, in fact, united to government through the link of the corps, and they who were formerly its scourge are now its protectors. At the same time a large body of Bhîls have, through the exertions of the southern Bhîl agent, been established in colonies and turned to good husbandmen. . . . The tranquillity of an immense province is secured, which hitherto no military force or expenditure of money could maintain; and an efficient body of troops and admirable police is gained."

As early, indeed, as 1828, the fourth year of Outram's mission, Mr. Giberne, the new Collector of Khandesh, was able to report that for the first time in twenty years the province had enjoyed six months of uninterrupted repose. Meanwhile the new Governor of Bombay, Sir John Malcolm, had issued a general order congratulating Outram on his achievement of a task "which could only have been brought to its present successful result by a peculiar combination of firmness and kindness of temper, and perseverance on the part of the officer to whom so important and delicate a charge was assigned."

More than once in the course of that year, 1828, Mrs. Outram had written to her son inquiring anxiously about his health, and entreating him to avoid unnecessary risks from tigers and other wild beasts of prey. Writing in September, Outram assures his mother that there is no danger in hunting tigers from the top of an elephant. "It is as safe as firing at the monsters from the top of a tower. If I may have been carried away by enthusiasm occasionally to expose myself unnecessarily, believe me

I shall bear your advice and admonitions in mind, and abstain for the future: in my situation a little daring was necessary to obtain the requisite influence over the minds of the raw irregular people I command; and if ever you hear of any act of temerity I may have hitherto been guilty of, do not condemn me as unmindful of what I owe to you and our family, but attribute it to having been a part of my peculiar duty, and the necessity for a recurrence of such duties as now at an end."

As for boar-hunting, he had not chased such an animal for three years, "there being none—at least to be got at —in Khandesh." His rides are now along good roads, and the opportunities for tiger-hunting are daily decreasing with a rapid diminution in the number of those beasts. "Again, you ought," he adds, "to be very easy on the score of my health. I am now so inured to the climate that it has become natural to me, and I have no doubt my life is as good in this country as it would be in India. . . . I never in my life felt better or stronger in constitution than I do now. Such being the case, I trust you will no longer conjure up dangers which can only exist in your imagination."

In the same letter he tries to allay his mother's anxiety on the question of his coming home. His brother Frank, who is quite recovered from his illness, will be the first to go home on leave. "Now, I think as Frank is going home now, it would be better, even were my interests not likely to be injured by return, for your sake that I should wait till his return, in order that you may always have to look forward to seeing one or other of us at short intervals—whereas were we both to return together you could not see either again for ten or twelve years; now, if I return to England a year after Frank comes back, I would stay with you three years, and in three or four years afterwards Frank would be with you again. Do not think me selfish in not stretching a point to please you."[1]

Poor Frank's dream of a speedy reunion with the dear ones at home was cut short by his untimely death during the delirium of fever in September 1829. His sister

[1] *Outram Letters.*

Margaret was even then on her way out to India as the destined wife of Colonel Farquharson, a distinguished officer in the Bombay army. Hardly had James Outram congratulated Farquharson upon his approaching marriage, when he had to write again on October 2 about "the dreadful tidings" which had reached him the day before at Dharangâon. "Do not be alarmed on my account. I have been too long accustomed to see my dearest friends suddenly snatched away to allow myself to be overcome by unmanly weakness. A man with friends in India ought always to be prepared for such dreadful shocks, and ought always to consider that it may too soon be his own fate. Poor Frank was the most generous, noble-minded man I ever knew—he never did an unjust or a mean thing,—surely God Almighty in His great mercy will forgive his failings, and poor Frank, I trust, is now happy: the confidence that he must be so is a great consolation to me.

"Poor fellow! I had a letter from him a few days before he died, in which he said he had been unwell, but was then better; that he intended being in Bombay next month, and after seeing Margaret happily settled, to go home with Burrows overland."

James Outram's grief on this occasion was intensified by much anxiety upon his mother's account. How was the sad news to be broken to her, and in what spirit would she bear so cruel a loss? It was not until December of that year that he could bring himself to write directly to her on a topic nearest the hearts of both. "You have, I trust, ere now, my dear mother, become resigned to the will of Heaven, which has deprived you of a beloved son; if you can bring yourself, as you ought to do, to throw off all selfish feelings, you would the rather rejoice that poor Frank has been removed from a world in which he never could have met with enjoyment. Frank is now happy, and rejoices at the change: we ought to thank God that he is so.

"The poor fellow had long been very ill, which he concealed from me; but I was prepared to expect the melancholy event from a knowledge of his weakly constitution, which had been dreadfully impaired by an attack of

cholera two years ago, and which I well knew could not withstand a fever.

"Turn your thoughts from such melancholy subjects and look forward cheerfully to the future. Why should we indulge ambitious projects or selfish considerations, when we are so likely to be so soon removed from this paltry earth?"

Writing again on Christmas Day, he tells his mother that "Margaret was yesterday married to a man who is esteemed by all who know him, and I am sure that they will be most happy in each other. They will stay about three years in India, and then return to Europe, to pass the remainder of their lives in easy circumstances."

By James Outram's expressed desire, the whole of his brother's property was made over to his mother. Frank's grave at Baroda was presently marked by a stone, upon which his brother, heartily detesting the fulsome epitaphs too often written "by those who despised the person when living," proposed to inscribe these simple words:—

THE REMAINS OF

LIEUTENANT FRANCIS OUTRAM,

BOMBAY ENGINEERS.

A MOST TALENTED AND HONOURABLE MAN.

DIED IN THE TWENTY-SEVENTH YEAR OF HIS AGE.[1]

[1] *Outram Papers.* In point of fact, Francis Outram must have been nearly twenty-eight at the time of his death.

CHAPTER IV

FROM KHANDESH TO THE MAHI KANTA. 1830–1836

In the spring of 1830 the Bhîl corps had an opportunity of proving its soldiership in the field; and it did so in a manner which surpassed the expectations even of its warmest friends. Dang was the name given to a strong mountainous and jungly region which lies between Khandesh and the Surat districts, and was then peopled by a wild, and hitherto unsubdued race of Bhîls, who frequently raided into British ground. Fully aware of the risks involved in any attempt to invade this wild unknown country, Lieutenant Outram obtained permission to lead a force into the Dang. On April 4 Outram began his march at the head of his own Bhîls, two companies of regular sepoys, a squadron of Poona Horse, and a body of Bhîl auxiliaries. From the Surat side a few detachments of native infantry moved forward on the same day to act in concert with the main body.

"The Dang," writes Mr. Giberne, "was a country altogether unknown. You could look down upon it from the western hills of Khandesh; and of all places I ever beheld, it appeared the most uninviting—generally, it was covered with jungle; its atmosphere was malaria; and the worst of fevers attacked all intruders. The natives, police and others, were always afraid of going near it, and they fancied, I believe, it was inhabited by demons. I remember, on looking down upon it from a lofty hill, it appeared to me as the unexplored portions of the world must have presented themselves to the early navigators." Outram, however, was equal to the occasion. He had once told Giberne "that in riding along by himself he always took note of the country around, and worked out in his own mind its capabilities, advantages, and disadvantages for attacking an enemy or defending it against one." He was, in fact, a born scout,

under whose leadership no enterprise, however difficult, could altogether miscarry.

In less than a month all the rajahs of the Dang were either captured or hemmed in beyond hope of resistance, their followers subdued, and their whole country explored. "You will be happy to learn," writes Outram to Farquharson on May 5, "that we more than exceeded the most sanguine hopes of government by our complete success, though we ourselves were miserably disappointed by such an inglorious expedition: the government is better pleased that the matter has been settled without blows."

If the matter was settled without bloodshed, it was not to be settled without heavy costs in bodily suffering. The climate, in fact, claimed many more victims than the spears and arrows of the frightened foe. At one time or another almost every man in Outram's force was stricken with jungle fever, except their leader himself, who made a point of wrapping his head and face with fine gauze whenever he lay down to sleep. Of the thirteen officers under his command not one escaped the fever; three or four dying, while the rest had to take sick-leave to Europe, the Cape, or the nearest hill-stations in Southern India.[1] By the last week of May the field-force was broken up, and Outram marched back with his Bhîls to their cantonments in Khandesh. It goes without saying that he received the heartiest thanks and praises from Malcolm's government for the thoroughness with which he had accomplished the task of no common difficulty and danger.

In January 1831 Outram writes to his mother: "I have been very unfortunate in my promotion—most of my contemporaries have been promoted three or four years—upwards of fifty have superseded me. I am, of course, as usual in rude health, and successful in what I undertake—no opportunity of anything new in the latter way lately."

The next opportunity came in the hot weather of that year, when he was directed to inquire into certain gang robberies, and other outrages lately committed in the

[1] *Services, etc.*

north-eastern districts of Khandesh, and to seize as many as possible of the offenders. In the course of a month, with the aid of less than 50 Bhîls and native horse, he carried off 469 suspected persons, of whom 158 were committed for trial. Of these latter all but eight were convicted and punished—so clear was the evidence of their guilt.

A few months earlier, in March 1831, another shadow had been cast upon Outram's life by the death of his sister, Margaret Farquharson, a little more than two years after her marriage. She had been, as he wrote to her sorrowing husband, " the warmest and most excellent friend " he possessed on earth, and the most affectionate of sisters.[1] A little later in the same year he had learned from Glasgow the death of his uncle, Joseph Outram. " All, all are failing," he writes to Farquharson; " I shall have no relations left to welcome me home, if I ever can return."

By this time James Outram had begun to find a new vent for his abounding energies, and perhaps a timely solace for private cares, in the shape of letters to the newspapers, and lengthier essays in local magazines. One of the topics on which he wrote most feelingly was the proper treatment of the sepoy, whose white officers were prone to regard him merely as so much clay in the hands of that masterful potter the drill-sergeant. On behalf of the " obedient, warm-hearted, and brave sepoy " he pleaded for a system of kindly treatment, tempered by all needful strictness, in preference to one of " constant worry, dress, and drill, which, I think, pretty generally prevails at present."

He asserts from his own experience that " instead of drilling twice a-day under a strict disciplinarian who attends to little else, an equal proficiency will be observed in those corps where officers and men are united by regard, though paraded only three times a-week; for in the latter case the men exert themselves, in the former they are but heartlessly obedient."

He holds that an adjutant should not be allowed to meddle with the internal management of any company

[1] Goldsmid.

which he does not himself command. And he proceeds to ask "whether it is necessary or wise to persevere in the flogging system,—whether it would not be more politic to permit sepoys to leave the service when they solicit discharge on reasonable grounds, than retain against their will men thus rendered discontented, when there are now such numerous candidates for vacancies, this also causing a considerable saving to government in the way of pensions. Whether by thus rendering the service more popular, and available to persons of family and character, who are now deterred from enlisting by the fear of degradation and difficulty of obtaining discharge, this sole support of our power would not be rendered more attached and secure."

On the love of sport as the best of all training for a true soldier he dilated with honest enthusiasm in another letter bearing the signature of "Rough and Ready." "I have been taught from boyhood the love of sport, and since I came into the military services of India I have had the good fortune to be commanded by officers who considered that the pursuit of sport off duty by no means incapacitated *for* duty. . . . At first I suffered much from the climate, but by a steady perseverance in exposure to the sun, rain, and every vicissitude of climate, I am now able to stand anything and everything in the shape of fatigue or exposure. . . . When I first entered the service, a few hours' march in the morning totally unfitted me for every exertion mentally or bodily for the rest of the day. I am now as ready for any duty or pleasure after grilling all day in the sun as I formerly was when I rose from my bed; whereas I find my contemporaries, who have passed a sedentary or what is called a *prudent* life, gradually decreasing in energy, and fast approaching a premature old age. *Sport—sport*—is the burden of my song. You cannot, Mr. Editor, inculcate too zealously the advantages of the pursuit of sporting to a young soldier. Love of sport makes the man, and love of sport never fails to make the soldier.

"I am surprised that the qualifications of a sportsman are not insisted on to perfect an officer, and that the superiority of such a man as a soldier to one who is no

sportsman, a mollycoddle, is not more frequently advanced, and emulation for sport more encouraged by those who have the welfare of young officers, and the good of the army at heart." [1]

In April 1832 Outram had begun to feel a natural craving for fresh achievements in a wider field. "It is now high time," he writes to his mother, "that I should have further scope for exertion, my duties in Khandesh having been entirely executed, and nothing further remaining for me to do. This most unruly of all our provinces is now enjoying the most profound peace, which can never again be disturbed by the wild Bhîl clans—all of which are now the most peaceable of our subjects, whose reform cannot retrograde, in consequence of the sure hold we have obtained over them through the attachment of their comrades now enrolled in our service; whilst *all* the wild clans of the fastnesses beyond our frontier have been subdued by me, and never will dare again to resist their brethren, who are organised in my corps. There is nothing further left for me to do, and no higher can I rise in my present line except in the slow progress of promotion in the army. I am therefore anxious to have an opportunity of acting in a more extended sphere, and in the only line in the Indian services which allows a military officer to display his talents both civil and military. I mean the *political*."

There was need, however, for his further presence in Khandesh. In May of the following year Captain Outram —he had gained his promotion in the previous October— was called upon to quell a dangerous rising among the Bhîls in the mountains that enclose the Narbada valley. At the head of a force composed of his own Bhîls, a few companies of Bengal sepoys from Mhow, and of Bombay sepoys from Malegâon, he drove the enemy from their mountain fastnesses, chased them across the Narbada, compelled their speedy submission, and captured their chief. So prompt had been his movements, that before the end of June the Bombay Government proclaimed their high sense of "his ability and judgment in concerting—and of his zeal and activity in executing—those

[1] *Outram Papers.*

measures by which the insurrection has been suppressed, and the neighbouring parts of the province of Khandesh preserved from plunder." [1]

In November of that year, 1833, Outram writes again to his mother, begging her to enlist the support of friends at home in his schemes for obtaining political employment in the North-West Provinces, which were about to be placed under the able rulership of Sir Charles Metcalfe. "There is no further honour and advancement to be obtained for me here is this confined sphere. . . . There is no opening whatever in this presidency. In the new one, surrounded by independent states, glory and honour alone can be obtained: a man once placed there is sure to rise if he *deserves* to do so, and could *I* be so placed I think I would not disappoint your wishes." In India he felt that he could ensure success, "having gained some little distinction and many friends in power—therefore get me home patronage, and I will do the rest."

Mrs. Outram did her best in furtherance of her son's appeal. But for all his avowed admiration of Outram's work among the Bhîls, Mountstuart Elphinstone felt himself debarred for various reasons from complying with Mrs. Outram's request. "I make no doubt," he writes, "that Sir Charles Metcalfe is already well acquainted with Mr. Outram's merits, and he is a great deal more likely to employ him from his own impression of his fitness than in consequence of any recommendation that could be sent from England."

Outram therefore was fain for some time longer to discharge the ordinary duties of a post that still called for much continuous work. These duties indeed, were neither few nor trivial. Besides the task of maintaining a strong and efficient Bhîl corps, he was intrusted with the command of a body of Poona Horse, then stationed in Khandesh. His magisterial duties took up no little of his time; to his Bhîl agency had been added the duties of an agent for the suppression of Thuggi; while his presence was required and his influence exerted not only within the province, but often far beyond its limits.[2]

Meanwhile he found leisure to inveigh through the local

[1] *Services*, etc. [2] *Ibid.*

newspapers against some crying defects and abuses in the administration of Bombay. He deplored, for instance, the frequent shifting of civil officers in Khandesh. "Since we took possession of Khandesh in 1819," he writes in 1834, "we have had five different collectors, besides interregnums of acting collectors, giving an average of three years each, which is barely sufficient time to bring them fully acquainted with the nature and resources of the province; and no sooner do their measures for the improvement of the country begin to take effect, and the natives to look up to their collector with confidence and love, then he is removed to a higher collectorate, and the last-made collector is sent to practise new theories which may have been formed from experience in Guzerat and quite inapplicable here, or perhaps to *commence* his revenue education, having hitherto served solely in the judicial or any other line."

He was also justly indignant at the hardships endured by hundreds of native witnesses summoned from time to time before the *Sadr*, or principal judge of Khandesh. On one particular occasion 220 native peasants assembled at Dulia in July 1834. The judge's personal convenience required an adjournment *sine die*, and the poor men were ordered to reappear by the 20th of August. Many of them were thus compelled to "travel upwards of 300 miles without compensation, and all to leave their homes and their farms at a season when their presence was most required.

"At Dulia they still remain [September 13] awaiting the convenience of the judge, *who has not yet* made his appearance, and after whose arrival most will be condemned to at least a month's *further* banishment from their families, thus losing the whole season for sowing their crops and providing maintenance for the ensuing year." [1]

Outram's yearning for new fields of active enterprise was at last to be gratified in the following year. Writing from Mandlesar, on the right bank of the Narbada, in March 1835, he tells his mother that he has been travelling for the last six weeks in Mâlwa and Nimar with his kind

[1] *Outram Papers.*

friend Mr. Bax, the Resident of Indore. "I wish," he adds, "I had the talent of description to make you acquainted with all I have seen of native courts, and admired of Indian scenery during my tour, which has been a remarkably pleasant one."

A few weeks after his return to Khandesh the government consulted him on the affairs of the neighbouring province of Guzerat, with special reference to the troubles that seemed impending among the small native chiefships of the Mahi Kanta. After due inquiry and much pondering, Captain Outram drew up a full and weighty report, in which he avowed his firm conviction that peace and order could not be established in the Mahi Kanta until the unruly clans in that region were thoroughly subdued, and their chiefs duly punished for their resistance to British arms.

The Bombay Government lost no time in acting upon the advice thus given by an officer of Outram's acknowledged worth. His official report had been forwarded from Baroda on November 14. A few days later, Sir John Keane, the commander-in-chief at Bombay, offered him the command of the troops then about to assemble for a campaign in the Mahi Kanta. With the same generosity which was to mark his conduct at a more conspicuous stage of his career, he declined an offer which involved a seeming injustice to the claims of Captain Forbes, an officer of much higher standing in the army, who had long been intrusted with the defence of the Mahi Kanta frontier. At the same time, he would gladly render all possible assistance in the task which his senior officer would be the better qualified to carry through. "His be the honour of success," he wrote; "mine be the blame of defeat to measures of which I am the proposer."

The authorities, however, declined to take James Outram at his own valuing. Sir John Keane warmly complimented him on his readiness to serve under another, but went on to assure him that no question of seniority would be involved in the service for which he was now designed. "His Excellency highly approves of what he understands to be the intention of government—

namely, to invest you with civil and political powers, which will render you independent of the authority of senior officers; and the military, of whatever rank, must take their directions generally from you. This is according to precedent and Indian usage."[1]

Before the close of September 1835 Outram had held his last parade of the Bhîl corps, then mustering 900 strong. The command of the regiment, which he had raised in ten years to the highest level of discipline, was handed over to his old friend Captain Douglas Graham, under whom it continued to maintain its former reputation, and became the model on which many other corps have since been organised in India.[2]

To this day Outram's memory is still revered by the children of the men who under his guidance learned to exchange their old lawless freedom for the blessings of peace and order under a civilised rule.[3]

In the last week of November Outram arrived in Bombay after a long and arduous tour of inquiry throughout Guzerat. He had come thither for the twofold purpose of conferring with the governor, Sir Robert Grant, on the policy to be pursued in the Mahi Kanta, and of meeting the lady who was about to become his wife. For some time past he had been engaged to his cousin, Margaret Anderson, daughter of James Anderson, of Bridgend, Brechin, Forfarshire, and the ship that bore her was now daily expected in Bombay. The first meeting with his betrothed took place before the middle of December, and on the 18th the two became man and wife.

After a fortnight of wedded happiness came the longer separation demanded by the call of urgent public duty. Leaving his wife to the care of trusty friends in Bombay, Outram hastened in January 1836 to Ahmadabad, where the assistant commissioner, Arthur Malet, acquainted him with the final orders received from Bombay touching the best mode of dealing with the troubles in Mahi Kanta.

[1] *Outram Letters.* [2] *Services of Lieut.-Colonel Outram.*

[3] "Not many years ago some of his old sepoys happened to light upon an ugly little image. Tracing in it a fancied resemblance to their old commandant, they forthwith set it up and worshipped it as 'Outram Sahib.'"—Goldsmid.

The tenor of these orders was not exactly to Outram's taste. Sir Robert Grant was a peace-loving doctrinaire, who held that the lenient policy which had answered so well in Kâthiawâr could be applied with equal success to a tract of country peopled by insurgents of a very different type. Outram, on the other hand, could see the difference between the two cases. He, too, was all in favour of conciliation and redress of grievances at the proper moment; but that moment, he rightly argued, had not yet come. He believed, wrote Sir John Kaye, "that men are never in a better mood to listen to your reason, and to appreciate your kindness, than after you have well beaten them. Demonstrate your power over them, and they will respect your moderation, and appreciate your clemency." [1]

Outram protested against the folly of weakening our garrisons along a disturbed frontier at the very moment when more troops might be needed for its pacification. True to the old Virgilian precept, "Parcere subjectis et debellare superbos," he would begin by subduing the proud before proceeding to spare the humbled. After a vain attempt to bring one of the insurgent leaders to reason by means of repeated warnings, he proclaimed Surâj Mall an outlaw, and called upon Captain Forbes to aid him in coercing that contumacious chief. They hunted their enemy from point to point, invaded the mountain fastnesses of his friends, and, in Kaye's words, "made the British bayonets glitter in recesses which were held to be impenetrable by our arms."

While Grant was shaking his head over his agent's high-handed doings, the vanquished rebel was suing for the mercy which his conqueror could now afford to show. The offers and promises which Surâj Mall had once scorned as a sign of weakness, he now gratefully accepted as proofs of the victor's generosity. His brother chiefs were not slow to profit by the experience of their humbled ally.[2]

Conscious of well deserving, Outram winced under the qualified praise at first accorded him by a government which seemed to value the letter more than the spirit of

[1] *Cornhill Magazine*, January 1861. [2] *Services*, etc.

their injunctions. The agent of their choosing had done all that became a man; but why had he ventured of his own authority to make an outlaw of a refractory chief? His manly appeal to Bombay for fairer treatment was seconded by his friend the Commissioner of Guzerat with arguments so convincing that the governor felt constrained to issue an amended despatch, in which Captain Outram received full credit for acting up to the spirit of his instructions. The government begged to assure Captain Outram that further information induced them to qualify materially their previous opinions regarding the outlawry of Surâj Mall, and they acknowledged the "remarkable" success with which he had won the confidence of his defeated foe. "Still more remarkable," they added, was the impression which his combination of bold and pacific measures had "produced on the minds of the people in general."[1]

Thus within four months from his return to Ahmadabad Outram's mingled tact and energy had wellnigh stamped out the smouldering mischief which Sir R. Grant's rose-water policy would only have worse inflamed.

[1] *Services*, etc.

CHAPTER V

FROM GUZERAT TO SIND. 1836-1839

It was not until May 26, 1836, that Outram found leisure for writing to his mother about the events of the past five months. "Margaret has, doubtless, kept you informed of how I have been employed on very harassing and unpleasant duties in a new quarter—viz., the north-western corner of Guzerat. I am gradually and slowly succeeding in pacifying the country, but I fear tranquillity never will be permanently secured until an example has been made of one or two of the turbulent leaders." Although he felt highly flattered by his selection for the post he now held, he was not exultant over "the change from an agreeable duty to a very arduous and unpleasant one—from a climate and country to which I am accustomed, to Guzerat, which I never liked—and from old friends and the Bhîls, to whom I had become sincerely attached, to new faces and turbulent and unruly tribes whom it will take much time and trouble to bring into the orderly state of those I have left—if ever it can be effected. What reconciles me to the change, however, and inspires me with spirit to persevere, is the *hope* of being able to effect what hitherto has never been effected—the pacification of this interesting country, and attaching and benefiting the Râjput Bhîl and Koli tribes of these hills."

His headquarters were now at Edar, the capital of a Kâjput state in the Mahi Kanta, which paid a yearly tribute to the Gaikwâr of Baroda. Here, in the company of his wife, Outram found some passing relaxation from the duties which often carried him further south. His agency included "innumerable petty chiefs, who, being independent of each other, and of almost any control whatsoever, are of course constantly quarrelling with each other—and my duty is chiefly to mediate between

the parties and collect the tribute, which they pay through us to the gaikwâr (Prince of Guzerat)." [1]

"I am occupied in my office," he writes again in October, "every day between seven and eight hours, and have little leisure during the rest of the day." In the same letter, written from Harsôl, he reports the birth of a son—now Sir Francis Outram, Bart.—on September 23, followed by the dangerous illness of his wife. "She has, however, been gradually recovering, and is to-day [October 2] pronounced out of danger. As soon as she is perfectly strong we shall move to our residence at Sadra (twenty-four miles from hence), which is much healthier and more commodious."

They passed the cold season of 1836-37 at the Sadra residence, where Outram was "obliged to slave every day till dusk, not excepting Sundays even. I am succeeding in my task, however, and gaining honour and inward satisfaction, which is better." [2] Mrs. Outram regained strength so slowly that the doctors ordered her to spend the hot season in the hills.

After many weeks spent in official tours, or in aiding our ally the gaikwâr to chastise a rebellious vassal, Outram rejoined his ailing wife at Poona during the monsoon rains of 1837. But his hopes of carrying her back with him ere long to Sadra were dashed by inexorable fate, which, in the guise of a strong medical certificate, decreed her immediate return to Europe, in search of the health denied her by the relaxing climate of Western India. At Bombay he parted from his wife and child on board the ship which was to bear them out of the noble harbour towards the home he had longed so often of late to revisit.

His success in dealing with the rebellious vassal aforesaid had once more brought Captain Outram into collision with the Government of Bombay. In March 1837, Partâb Singh, the turbulent Rajah of Aglur, was in open revolt against his liege lord the Gaikwâr of Baroda; the gaikwâr's general had applied to the political agent for the loan of British troops to aid him in subduing so powerful

[1] *Outram Letters.*
[2] Letter of January 1, 1837, to his mother.

a foe. Outram was willing to lend the troops, but declined to place them under the orders of a native commandant. Armed with the implicit sanction of Mr. Williams, the political commissioner, Outram arranged with the head of the gaikwâr's army to make a combined attack on the rebel stronghold of Ransipur on the Sabarmati river. After a stout resistance the place was carried by assault; many of its defenders were slain, their leaders captured, and the Mahi Kanta was saved betimes from the danger which had seemed to threaten it.[1]

Outram's services on this occasion evoked from the Bombay Government some words of praise for his great military talents, coupled with many sentences strongly condemning the policy which had led to their display. It was very wrong of him, they declared, to aid our ally in coercing his subjects before obtaining some guarantee that their grievances would be investigated or redressed. In his zeal for peace at any price Sir Robert Grant made small allowance for the difficulties which beset an officer intrusted with the task of maintaining the peace of "an imperfectly tranquillised and highly inflammable country"; a peace, moreover, which had just been seriously endangered by the arts of insurgent emissaries bent on gathering recruits to their cause from among their fellow-tribesmen across the border.

So strongly, indeed, had the governor written to the Court of Directors against his agent's violent and warlike tendencies, that the court were at first impelled to prohibit the further employment of Captain Outram in the Mahi Kanta, "under the belief that his longer presence would keep alive feelings of mutual distrust and animosity amongst the parties concerned in these unfortunate transactions."

On receipt, however, of ampler information from India, the directors not only withdrew their prohibition, but acknowledged that no feelings of mutual distrust and animosity had been aroused "even while the transactions were recent"; and that the reports of the government contained satisfactory evidence "of the great confidence reposed in Captain Outram by all classes in the Mahi

[1] *Services*, etc.

Kanta, and of the general feeling of respect which, through his exertions, is now entertained in that country for the British Government." They went on to declare in effect that Sir Robert Grant's excessive leniency had at first created a false impression, the speedy removal of which was "honourable in the highest degree to Captain Outram's talents and energy; nor do we doubt that it could only have been effected (as he states) by most arduous personal exertions on his own part, and on that of his able assistant, Lieutenant Wallace." [1]

How thoroughly Outram had succeeded in accomplishing a task of rare difficulty was proved by the fact that in June 1838 he found himself able to dispense with the services of the troops employed in pacifying the Mahi Kanta. A change so marvellous in the character and habits of a whole province had been brought about, as the Court of Directors subsequently declared, "without taking a single life—except in the field—or depriving a single person of his estate."

Nor were the healing effects of Outram's firm yet lenient policy confined to the province of which he had special charge. In March 1839, Mr. Giberne, as Acting Judicial Commissioner for Guzerat, reported to his government "the highly satisfactory and surprisingly tranquil" state of affairs in the Ahmadabad districts during the past year. This happy result he ascribed not to any improvement in the local police, but "to the excellent arrangements and judicious proceedings of Captain Outram, Political Agent in the Mahi Kanta." [2]

After parting from his wife and child in the manner already shown, Outram had returned to his daily grind at Sadra, where he employed his leisure moments in the business of repairing the damage wrought upon his bungalow by the recent rains. By this time, the close of 1837, his stated devotion alike to official and domestic duties had effected a curious transformation in his habits and appearance. "Physical exertion," says Sir F. Goldsmid, "was in a great measure abandoned. He detested 'constitutionals' in any shape, and soon fell into the mistake of avoiding exercise if he could possibly

[1] *Services*, etc. [2] *Outram Testimonials.*

manage it. The early morning, like every period of the day, was devoted to desk-work. At Harsôl he would walk beside his wife's *tonjon* in the evening; but at Sadra he often passed the walking hour in inspecting the workmen carrying out proposed improvements in the house, an expensive amusement to which he was everywhere prone. He had begun to grow quite stout before leaving the Mahi Kanta." At Harsôl he had sometimes gone after hog; but at Sadra there seems to have been no sport to tempt him. Small game he had always held in such contempt that he had long since made a vow, which he faithfully kept, never to fire anything but ball. During the summer of 1837 he is said to have slain his last tiger, a man-eater, in the Kaira jungles, where such game was still to be found.[1]

Writing to his mother in June 1838, Outram tells her that his anxiety on her account has decided him to go home on furlough in 1840; "by which time I shall have completed my labours here in such a manner as to ensure being reinstated in the political line when I return to India." But events were happening in India and Afghanistan which delayed for some years the fulfilment of his long-cherished hopes, and called for his services on another and more exciting scene. Lord Auckland, the new governor-general, was drifting, for high political reasons, into an unprovoked war with Dost Muhammad, the able ruler of Afghanistan. Espousing the cause of Dost Muhammad's supplanted rival, Shah Shuja, the exiled pensioner of Ludiâna, he issued orders on October 1, 1838, for assembling British troops at Bombay and Ferozepore for a march across the Indus upon Kandahar and Kabul. As a matter of course, Outram volunteered to rejoin his regiment, which had been ordered on active service.

The offer was accepted so far as concerned his employment in the field. But neither Lord Auckland nor the Governor of Bombay would hear of remitting an officer of Outram's merits to the routine of regimental duty. He himself would have been delighted, as he tells the governor's private secretary, "to be attached to the cavalry brigade simply as a volunteer, or in *any* capacity."

[1] Goldsmid. [2] **Letter** of October 14, 1838, to Major Felix.

Better things, however, were reserved for an officer whose deserts had won him many friends in high places. On November 21 Outram sends his mother a "very hasty line just to tell you that I sail to-day with Sir John Keane, on his personal staff, with the Bombay army, destined for Sind. . . . Sir John kindly relieved me from regimental duty by constituting me an extra A.D.C. I still, however, retain my appointment of political agent, which gives me half my civil allowances." The campaign, he fondly imagined, would be over in six months, and then he would certainly prepare to return home.

The great fleet of transports, guarded by the warships of the old Indian navy, carried Sir John Keane and the Bombay column of the Army of the Indus to the shores of Sind, where the British agent, Colonel (afterwards Sir) Henry Pottinger, was still bargaining with the amîrs, or rulers of the country, for the free passage of our troops across their land toward the mountain-passes leading into Southern Afghanistan. On landing near Vikkar, the troops found nothing ready for supplying even their immediate needs. It appeared to Keane as if he had landed in an enemy's country. The boatmen and camel-owners near the coast would have no dealings with him, while the amîrs and their Bilûchi soldiery were gathering for the defence of Haidarabad, the southern capital of Sind. Outram at once set off in a schooner to Mandâvi in quest of aid from the friendly Rao of Cutch. A few days spent in travelling to and fro and interviewing all kinds of people enabled him to procure a large supply of boats, forage, cattle, sheep, and baggage-animals for the army encamped at Vikkar.[1]

On December 7, Outram landed at Karâchi, about a hundred miles westward of the British camp. "I went on shore," he says, "in a native boat, without servants or baggage of any kind, having sent back the *Constance* to the Hujamri, determining myself to go overland to camp, and hoping to excite confidence by displaying it in thus going totally unattended,—my object being ostensibly merely to look after camels, but in reality also to feel the

[1] Outram's *Rough Notes of the Campaign*, 1838-39. Richardson. London.

temper of the natives, and to endeavour to ascertain the actual intentions of their rulers." [1] Three days of rapid travelling across a country dotted with ruined cities and tamarisk-jungles brought him back to Vikkar, whither several hundred camels were soon to follow him from Karachi and Ghari Kôt.

Thanks mainly to Captain Outram's resourceful energy,[2] Keane began his forward march up the left bank of the Indus on December 24, 1838. On the 28th his camp was pitched beside the once populous town of Thatta, whose trade had been nearly ruined by the misgovernment of the amîrs. A long halt at this place, pending the progress of events elsewhere, was followed on January 23, 1839, by Keane's advance towards Haidarabad. Two more marches brought him to Jerak, about twenty miles from the capital of Lower Sind.[3]

Meanwhile British diplomacy, backed by an imposing array of guns and bayonets, was hourly tightening its coils around the writhing Laocoöns of Sind. About the middle of January Captain Outram and Lieutenant Eastwick were steaming up the Indus to Haidarabad, charged with orders from Pottinger and Keane to obtain a final answer from the amîrs to Lord Auckland's imperious demands. On the 20th our two envoys and their escort of sixty men encamped within three miles of the capital. At 4 P.M. of the 22nd, Outram and Eastwick were admitted to an audience with the leading amîrs, who after a brief discussion of the obnoxious treaty dismissed the envoys, in Outram's own words, "with every assurance that 'the will of the British Government was law to that of Sind,' but that a definite answer could not be given until next day." [4]

[1] Outram's *Rough Notes*.

[2] "To him chiefly, if not entirely, was it to be attributed that on the 22nd (December) it was reported that a sufficient number of camels had been collected; and orders were given for the army to advance, in two divisions."—*Narrative of the Campaign of the Army of the Indus in Sind and Kabul in* 1838. By Richard Hartley Kennedy, M.D. Bentley, 1840. "Keane made his way up the Indus valley, the transport service and the supply of a sufficiency of camels presenting almost insuperable difficulties, surmounted chiefly by the energy of Outram."—*The Life of General John Jacob*. By A. I. Shand. Seeley & Co. London, 1900.

[3] *The First Afghan War*. By Major-General Durand.

[4] Outram's *Rough Notes*.

On the morning of the 24th the envoys received through their native agent an answer so ambiguous that, in view of the hostile attitude of the amîrs' soldiery, they broke up their little camp and returned down the Indus to Jerak. Their time, however, had not been altogether wasted, for Outram had made a careful survey, not only of the town and fort of Haidarabad, but of the hilly ranges lying to the westward.

On February 3, Keane marched eleven miles nearer Haidarabad, encamping on the ground which Outram had reconnoitred a week before. By that time the amîrs, thoroughly frightened and despairing of help from without, had agreed to accept the treaty as it stood, lest a worse thing should befall them. When Keane's army on February 4 halted at Kotri, on the right bank of the Indus opposite Haidarabad, it was known in camp that the treaty had actually been signed, and orders issued for the dispersion of the Sindian army. Two days later Outram accompanied the chief engineer and several other scientific officers for the purpose of inspecting the city, fort, and environs of Haidarabad. It is worth noting that the results of their visit entirely confirmed the accuracy of the plans sketched by Outram during his previous mission to the amîrs.[1]

[1] Outram's *Rough Notes*. Goldsmid.

CHAPTER VI

WITH THE ARMY OF THE INDUS. FEBRUARY–AUGUST 1839

On February 10, Sir John Keane resumed his march northwards upon Shikarpur, about twenty miles north-westward of Sakhar. A few days later the Bengal column of the Army of the Indus, commanded by Sir Willoughby Cotton, was making its way from Rohri, by a bridge of boats which our engineers had thrown across the swift-flowing Indus, to Sakhar on the opposite bank. By February 20 the whole of Cotton's army was encamped at Shikarpur, awaiting further orders from Sir John Keane, and fresh supplies of food and camels, before plunging into the arid wastes that stretched away westward to the foot of the bare Bilûchi Hills.

On the last day of February the Bombay column came to a halt about thirty miles to the south of Larkhâna. So many camels had perished on the way up from Kotri that fresh supplies were imperatively needed for the final advance across the Sind desert. At that time our Afghan puppet, Shah Shuja, was still encamped among his own levies at Shikarpur, in company with the British envoys Macnaghten and Burnes. It was Keane's earnest desire to secure for his own use a large number of the camels attached to the shah's contingent. In order to effect his purpose he looked about for some officer on whose zeal, tact, and suasive influence he could thoroughly depend; and the choice fell upon Captain Outram.

By the evening of March 1, Outram had traversed on camel-back the ninety miles that lay between Sir John Keane's camp and Shikarpur. On the same evening he "found Mr. Macnaghten at table with his assistants, Major Todd and Captain M'Gregor, and was received with much cordiality by the envoy, to whom I communi-

cated the object of my journey." [1] On the evening of the 2nd he was riding in company with Macnaghten and Major Todd beside the shah's litter. His majesty, an elderly person of mild manners, was known to be a great stickler for etiquette, and all the British officers had to approach and leave him with the utmost ceremony. Outram, however, found him "very affable" during the few minutes that they conversed together, and he was able to assure his chief that Macnaghten would furnish him with twice as many camels as those which Keane had offered for the shah's own use.

On the following day Outram learns that Sir Willoughby Cotton, who had led a portion of his troops a week earlier from Shikarpur towards the Bolân Pass, "gives a most deplorable account of the scarcity of water and forage on this route, which is so great that only one squadron of cavalry, or one wing of infantry, can advance at a time: many days will consequently be occupied in the passage of his troops. His artillery park and the 2nd infantry brigade had not yet left Shikarpur, nor were they likely to do so in less than a week." Before noon of March 4 Outram rejoined his chief at Larkhâna, whence he wrote to Macnaghten "thanking him for an offer, conveyed through Sir John Keane, which had passed me on the road, to attach me to his mission, but respectfully declining the favour, as I am unwilling to leave the army whilst a prospect of service remains." [1]

Hardly had one of the lions in Keane's path been happily disposed of when another rose up from between his very feet. The Cutch camel-drivers refused to advance a step farther, and Outram was deputed to quell the mutiny. When all other means of bringing them to reason had been tried in vain, "I was under the necessity," he writes, "of tying up one and giving him two dozen lashes: a second succeeded, and a third, who got four dozen, he having been observed checking the rest when they began to show symptoms of giving in." This, he adds, "had the desired effect; they promised obedience in future, and took out the camels to graze." When some of their jemadars had given the requisite pledges

[1] *Rough Notes.*

for their future good behaviour, the mutineers, who numbered more than 2000, were allowed to return to their duty.

During Keane's advance westward across Sind, Outram was continually engaged in carrying messages between Macnaghten and Sir John Keane. On the morning of March 21 he was riding out to meet his chief when his horse, in making a sudden turn, "fell flat on his side, with me below him, the result being that the bone of the pelvis, above the hip-joint, was fractured, in consequence of coming into violent contact with the hilt of my sword." Borne along each day in his dhooly, he accompanied the column thenceforth commanded by General Willshire, while Keane himself was pushing on ahead with a few troops to overtake the Bengal force somewhere beyond the steep stony windings of the Bolân Pass.

It was more than a month after his mishap before Outram was well enough to mount a horse again. He himself tells how on the morning of April 25 he rode, for the first time, three miles to the mouth of the Khojak Pass. On the same evening he rode on again with Major Todd the greater part of the twenty-four miles which led from the northern end of the pass to the fort of Fatulla, where he left his dhooly altogether.[1]

Still riding on ahead of the column, Outram on the 29th rejoined Sir John Keane at breakfast, "in a delightful garden, a few hundred yards from the walls of Kandahar, with the different camps scattered around in various directions." On May 4 Willshire's column marched into camp outside the city, which Shah Shuja had entered peaceably a few days before. Four days later a grand review of the whole army was held outside the city, in honour of the royal exile whom British bayonets had brought back in triumph to his western capital. As the shah mounted the raised platform whence he and his retainers were to witness the review, the long line of troops presented arms, and the batteries thundered a salute of a hundred-and-one guns.

One thing only was wanting to the full success of that morning's pageant. The expected crowd of loyal

[1] *Rough Notes.*

citizens numbered barely fourscore, nor did a single Afghan of any mark come out from the city to aid in acclaiming the rightful heir to the throne of his famous forefather, Ahmad Shah.

By this time both divisions of Keane's army were in sore need of rest after the hardships, toils, losses, and low rations of the past month. Not until June 27, 1839, while Ranjit Singh lay dying at Lahore, did Keane begin his march of 230 miles from Kandahar to Ghazni, leaving behind him a sufficient garrison, and the heavy guns which he had brought on with so much difficulty through the Bolân and Khojak passes. The whole force was still on reduced rations for want of carriage; and bodies of Ghilzai horsemen hovered about their flanks, ready for plunder, but seldom venturing to attack.

The line of march lay through open country rising gradually towards Khelât-i-Ghilzai, and higher still in the neighbourhood of Ghazni. On July 21 the whole army, including the shah's contingent, halted within sight of the famous stronghold, whence the terrible Mahmud had sallied forth eight centuries earlier, to harry the people and subdue the princes of Northern India. The place was then garrisoned by a few thousand Afghans under the command of Prince Haidar, a son of Dost Muhammad. For want of the siege-guns Keane had left at Kandahar, he resolved to carry Ghazni by storm as soon as his engineers had blown in the Kabul gate. Meanwhile, about noon of the 22nd, the hills to the southward of his camp were crowned by masses of horse and foot, who seemed preparing to swoop down upon the shah's camp, which lay just below them. As the enemy moved downwards they were promptly met and driven backwards by the shah's horse under Captain Peter Nicholson, leaving a few dead and one of their standards on the field.

Just before this repulse Outram had galloped out to see what was going on. Finding no European officer on the spot, "I prevailed," he says, "on a body of the shah's horse to follow me round the hills in the enemy's rear, where I stationed them so as to cut off their retreat." On his way back to the front Outram came upon a body

of the shah's infantry and matchlock-men under a European officer. "I suggested to him," he says, "the propriety of an immediate attempt to force the enemy from the heights, in the direction where I had just stationed the cavalry. He expressed his readiness to act under my orders; and, relinquishing to me the charge of his detachment, which was composed of pickets from different corps hastily assembled, we ascended the hill together. The matchlock-men behaved with great gallantry, advancing steadily under a galling fire, and availing themselves of every rock and stone as fast as the enemy were dislodged. They were followed by the sepoys in close order, who occupied every favourable undulation of ground, and were thus prepared to meet any sudden rush that might be made on the part of the enemy."

On the loftiest peak floated the sacred banner of green and white, which summoned Musalmân zealots to a *jîhad*, or holy war, against the infidel. "Towards this object," says Outram, "we made our way, ascending a very precipitous acclivity under a smart fire, from which we were sheltered by the rocks, until, on our arriving within fifty paces of the enemy, a fortunate shot brought down the standard-bearer. The whole of our party then rushing up with a general cheer, the banner was seized, whilst the enemy, panic-stricken at this proof of the fallacy of their belief, fled with precipitation to a second hill, whither I deemed it useless to follow them, both because our men were already much exhausted from thirst and fatigue, and because the range, instead of terminating, as I had conjectured, at this point, in which case the fugitives might easily have been driven into the plain, proved to be a succession of steep hills, among which it was not practicable for cavalry to act." [1]

In this brilliant affair the enemy lost between thirty and forty killed or wounded, besides fifty prisoners taken by the shah's cavalry. The total loss on our side did not exceed twenty.

Before dawn of the 23rd the powder-bags had been duly laid at the foot of the Kabul gate. In another

[1] *Rough Notes.*

moment came the explosion, which burst the gate open. The storming columns did their duty, and in less than an hour the fight was over and the whole fortress had fallen into our hands. The loss of the victors had been, in Outram's words, "surprisingly small," considering the stand made by the enemy in various quarters—a stand which cost them more than 600 in slain alone. Sixteen hundred prisoners, including the governor, Haidar Khan himself, fell into our hands.

It remains only to say that Captain Outram's services on that eventful morning were such as became the smartest and most active officer on Keane's personal staff. He was the first to acquaint his chief with the successful storming of the Kabul gate. A little later his timely appearance outside the eastern wall of Ghazni thwarted the enemy's attempts to break away in that direction.[1]

With the fall of Ghazni fell Dost Muhammad's last hopes of saving his northern capital. Before Keane, on July 30, began his final march of ninety miles towards Kabul, the disheartened amîr, with his son Akbar and a small band of faithful followers, was making his way towards the wilds of the Hindu Kush. Four days later the news of his flight had reached the British camp. It seemed to Macnaghten and Shah Shuja that there could be no peace in Afghanistan so long as the foe they most dreaded remained at large. The flying amîr must be hunted down promptly at whatever cost. Two hundred and twenty-five picked horsemen, led by the dashing James Outram, with the aid of ten other British officers, were sent off at once in hot chase of their noble quarry. With them also marched 500 Afghan Horse commanded by Hajji Khan Khakar, who had undertaken to act as guide. This man had been one of the first to desert the amîr and pay homage to Shah Shuja at Kandahar. The shah had rewarded the traitor with a rich jâghir and a post of honour in the state.[2]

The story of that keen but futile chase has been well

[1] *Rough Notes.*

[2] Kaye's *War in Afghanistan.* Sir G. Lawrence's *Forty Years' Service in India.*

told by Sir George Lawrence, who took an active part therein at the head of fifty of his own troopers. Outram's force set off in the lightest marching order on the evening of August 3. Three days later two more officers with a few score men joined in the chase. For six days and nights, with short intervals of rest, and food of the scantiest and plainest kind, the hunters rode on over rough and hilly ground, past scattered villages, up the steep pass that led over the Hindu Kush, as far as the town of Bamiân, turning always a deaf ear to the excuses repeatedly urged by their treacherous guide for delaying or abandoning a dangerous and fruitless errand.

Many of Outram's Afghan horsemen were badly mounted, and most of them kept lagging behind in quest of plunder. "We have to obey our orders," was Outram's answer to all Hajji's remonstrances, "and if your men fail us at the critical moment, you will have to answer to Shah Shuja with your life." At Bamiân Outram learned that the fugitive amîr, with his son Akbar and 2000 horsemen, had fled beyond Saigân, and found asylum with the Wali, or Governor, of Kulum across the Balkh frontier. Seeing that further pursuit was hopeless, Outram halted for three days at Bamiân to rest and recruit his tired party before turning his face towards Kabul, where Keane's army was already encamped.

Meanwhile his letters to Macnaghten report the final escape of Dost Muhammad across the frontier, and recount the series of tricks played upon himself by a manifest traitor in order to ensure the failure of an enterprise which would else have proved a complete success. "The conduct of Hajji Khan," he declares, "if not criminal, has been most blamable throughout; his backwardness having favoured the escape of the Amîr Dost Muhammad Khan, whose capture was inevitable had the khan pushed on, as he might have done, as I repeatedly urged him to do, and as his troops were perfectly capable of doing."

He concludes by affirming that "the whole of the proceedings of Nussir-ud-Daula [the Hajji's official title] have thus displayed either the grossest cowardice or the

deepest treachery; and I have now performed my duty in making them known to you." [1]

On August 12 Outram's party set out from Bamiân, and arrived at Kabul on the 17th. "Our arrival," says Lawrence, "was hailed with much satisfaction as well as surprise, as a horseman had come into camp and reported that he had witnessed our total destruction. Of course we had to bear the usual fate of the unsuccessful—friends kindly remarking, 'what madmen we were to go on such a wild-goose chase; what other result could have been expected? we were only too lucky to return with our heads on our shoulders,' etc.; Sir John Keane winding up the chorus by saying, 'he had not supposed there were thirteen such asses in his whole force!' Indeed I entertained some such thoughts myself as to the rash character of our expedition; but still, as a soldier, I could not have shrunk from undertaking what my superiors deemed was within the verge of possibility. Besides, I think that had we been accompanied by a stronger body of our own troops, and no Afghans, with only trustworthy guides, we should have succeeded in our enterprise." [2]

Outram at once reported to Shah Shuja the apparent treachery of Hajji Khan. The old traitor was promptly arrested by the shah's command. Clear proofs of his treasonable practices were soon forthcoming, and the villainous Hajji was presently marched off a close prisoner to Hindustan. In due time he was safely lodged in the riverside fortress of Chunâr.

Meanwhile on August 7, 1839, Shah Shuja-ul-Mulk, glittering with jewels and mounted on a white charger, had been escorted in triumph by British officers and troops through the streets of Kabul into the castled palace of the Bâla Hissar. No outburst of popular welcome hailed the shah's return to his capital after an absence of thirty years. Of those who came out to stare at the passing pageant, very few were seen to offer him a common salaam. "It was more," says Kaye, "like a funeral procession than the entry of the king into the capital of his restored dominions."

[1] *Rough Notes.*
[2] Lawrence's *Forty-Three Years' Service.*

CHAPTER VII

MAINLY AMONG THE GHILZAIS AND BILÛCHIS. AUGUST–DECEMBER 1839

Not many weeks after the escape of Dost Muhammad Captain Outram was leading an armed force on a more successful errand than that which had carried him across the Hindu Kush. "On August 21," he writes, "I was temporarily placed at the disposal of the envoy and minister with his majesty Shah Shuja-ul-Mulk, for the purpose of conducting an expedition into certain disturbed districts lying between Kabul and Kandahar, in order to tranquillise the disaffected Ghilzai tribes, none of whom had yet submitted to the king." He accepted Macnaghten's offer of political employment only on the understanding that he should be free to take part in any further fighting that events might call for.

He was instructed to depose, and if possible to arrest, four refractory Ghilzai chiefs, and to establish the newly appointed Ghilzai governors; to punish the people of Maruf for their wanton destruction of a peaceful caravan; to reduce, if needful, the forts of Hajji Khan Khakar; and lastly, to hunt down and punish all concerned in the cold-blooded murder of Colonel Herring.[1] The troops assigned him for this purpose comprised a wing of the shah's 1st Cavalry, a squadron of Skinner's Horse, 500 Afghan Horse, Captain Abbot's nine-pounder battery, and Captain Anderson's troop of Horse Artillery. A wing of the 16th Bengal Infantry was to join him later from Ghazni, and a regiment of the shah's infantry from Kandahar.

On September 7, Outram set out from Kabul on an enterprise which demanded skill, energy, and endurance

[1] "This officer, with his regiment, was escorting treasure from Kandahar, and was barbarously butchered when strolling unarmed to a small distance from his camp."—Durand.

of the highest order. The delays and difficulties which he had to encounter on his march northwards were not few. On the 12th his men toiled painfully over the Kharwâr Pass, the ascent of which is described by Outram as "extremely steep and difficult, and infinitely worse than the Khojak." It was not until the 14th that the 500 Afghan horsemen, whom Macnaghten had promised to send on by hook or by crook, made their tardy appearance in Outram's camp. Still pressing forwards, he was joined on the 18th by a wing of the 16th Bengal Native Infantry under Major M'Laren. Two days later Outram learned that the detachment which he had left behind at Kharwâr had arrested Bakshi Khan, a chief of the robber tribe concerned in the murder of Colonel Herring.

On the 21st Outram made a night-march in order to surprise a body of these Kanjak banditti in one of their mountain fastnesses. Arriving by daybreak at a deep dell occupied by the gang, he disposed his troops so skilfully that the enemy, hemmed in on all sides, were compelled after a fierce and stubborn resistance to throw down their arms. Sixteen of the more desperate had been slain, and 112, including several women who had shared in the fighting, were taken prisoners. Not a soul among them had been permitted to escape. Forty-six of the most ferocious were forthwith sent off to Kabul, where they were promptly executed in the presence of our troops.

How much of this success, won by our side with very trifling loss, was due to Outram's quick eye and ready daring may be gathered from his own account of the affair: "The ground being very broken and difficult, most of the enemy had found time to ascend a precipitous hill, along the ridge of which they must have escaped had I not fortunately been mounted on an exceedingly active horse, and thus been enabled to gallop ahead and deter them from advancing until the cavalry came up. Finding themselves completely surrounded, they defended themselves most stoutly, and maintained their position until their ammunition was nearly all expended, when on a general rush being made from every quarter at once, they were induced to throw down their arms."

Outram accomplished the remainder of his errand with equal celerity and success. By October 8 the strong fort of Killa-i-Murgha, whose garrison in the darkness had cut their way out, was entirely demolished by Outram's sappers. Nine days later he contrived to capture two Barakzai chiefs with all their followers, who had been concerned in the plunder and ill-treatment of the Hindustâni caravan. The Barakzai stronghold at Maruf, which had been abandoned a few days before on the approach of Willshire's Bombay column, was destroyed by Outram's orders on the 18th. "To my astonishment," he writes, "it proved to be the strongest fortress that we had yet seen in the country, . . . which might have held out successfully against all the *matériel* with which the Bombay Division is provided." [1] The destruction of a large fort belonging to Hajji Khan Khakar on October 29 relieved the surrounding villages from all fear of further depredations, and brought Outram's mission to a successful close. Rejoining the Bombay column, he arrived at Quetta on the last day of October 1839.

Outside Afghanistan one more task remained to accomplish before the Bombay column could resume its homeward march. During his halt at Quetta, Willshire had been ordered to march southwards against Khelât, the capital of Biluchistân, for the purpose of punishing the ruler of that country, Mihrâb Khan, whom Burnes had charged with divers acts of enmity and bad faith in breach of his treaty with the Indian Government. In vain had the khan pleaded his utter impotence to restrain Bilûchi robbers from plundering our baggage, and to furnish the promised supplies from a country on the brink of famine. No mercy was to be shown to the prince who had given Shah Shuja a kindly welcome during his flight in 1834 from Kandahar.

Leaving his cavalry, with most of his guns and some native infantry, to march off through the Bolân Pass, General Willshire led the rest of his troops from Quetta on November 4 towards Khelât. On November 13 Khelât was carried by storm after a desperate struggle,

[1] *Rough Notes.*

in which the brave old khan and eight of his chief officers fell, fighting stubbornly to the last.[1]

As an officer on Willshire's staff, Outram rendered conspicuous service during that day's fighting. Seeing that the enemy were trying to withdraw their guns from the heights outside the fort, General Willshire despatched Outram with orders to the column nearest the gate "to pursue the fugitives, and, if possible, to enter the fort with them—but at any rate to prevent their taking in the ordnance." Outram reached the scene of action in time to ensure the capture of the guns, but too late to prevent the flying enemy from closing the gate against their pursuers.

Leaving the grenadier company of the Queen's Royals to "take post under cover of a ruined building within sixty yards of the gate," Outram galloped off to report progress. The whole of our troops had now gained the heights, and the guns were also being dragged up. Two of these were speedily playing upon the towers which commanded the gateway, while two others opened fire upon the gate itself, which was presently blown in after a few discharges from the two remaining guns.

During the final advance of the storming parties the general ordered Captain Outram, who in the meantime had not been idle, to take a company of the 17th Foot and the 31st Bengal Native Infantry, and with these to storm the heights and secure the gate on the opposite side of the fort. This movement was carried out in so spirited a manner that the last of the matchlock-men were driven from the heights, and the gate itself was stormed by a successful rush of our men before the enemy had time to close it. Two guns which had been sent to Outram's aid were then turned against the citadel with such effect that a way in was soon cleared for the short but desperate struggle which ended in the fall of Khelât.

Through that day's fighting Outram's good fortune carried him unharmed by the storm of shot to which he must have offered a conspicuous mark. "On these two occasions," he writes, "I was the only mounted officer

[1] Kaye.

present; but although both the nature of my occupation, and the singularity of my rifle uniform, differing as it did from all others, must have attracted a considerable share of the enemy's observation, I escaped with my usual good fortune." [1]

In his despatch of November 14, General Willshire paid an especial tribute to Captain Outram, "who had volunteered his services on my personal staff." To that officer, he adds, "I feel greatly indebted for the zeal and ability with which he has performed various duties that I have required of him upon other occasions, as well as the present." As a further mark of his approval, Willshire requested Outram to bear a duplicate of his despatch to the Governor of Bombay by the direct route southwards to the port of Sonmiâni, for the purpose of ascertaining how far that route was practicable for the march of troops. About midnight of November 15 Outram started on his perilous journey of 360 miles through a hostile country as yet unknown to Europeans.

His party consisted of six persons, himself disguised as an Afghan *pir*, or friar, attended by one servant, and accompanied by "two holy Saiyads from Shawl," with their two armed followers; the whole "being mounted on four ponies and two camels, carrying provisions for ourselves, and as much grain for the animals as we could conveniently take."

On the following day they passed a number of fugitives from Khelât, and travelled for a time in unwilling company with the families of Mihrâb Khan's brother and his chief minister. The ladies of this party recognised the Saiyads as old acquaintances. "It behoved us," says Outram, "to remain with this party a sufficient time to listen to all their griefs, and having been previously introduced by my companions in the character of a *pir*, I was most especially called upon to sympathise in their woes. This I did by assuming an air of deep gravity and attention, although in reality I did not understand a single word that was uttered." The very disguise donned by Outram might have become an added danger, had the garments, which he selected from the plunder of

[1] *Rough Notes. Outram Services.*

Khelât, been of a somewhat costlier and more pretentious quality.

On the night of the 16th, while the travellers were resting under the walls of a deserted village, "inquisitive persons flocked round us to institute inquiries respecting relatives or friends who had been engaged at Khelât." Outram pretended to be asleep; "but my companions were compelled to satisfy a whole string of interrogatories, which lasted until the night was far advanced." Deciding to push on again before dawn, they persuaded "an indigent native" to act as guide, upon the sole condition that Outram would furnish him with a charm to save his sick camel from dying during his absence. "A tuft of the animal's hair having accordingly been brought to me, I was obliged, in support of my assumed character, to go through the mummery of muttering over it a string of cabalistic words—may God forgive the hypocrisy!"[1]

After passing safely on the 18th through the village of Nal, the party halted in a friendly jungle three miles beyond, while one of the Saiyads, with the two armed attendants, returned to the village in quest of grain for the horses. This party, unfortunately missing our place of concealment, subsequently passed on, and we waited for them in vain until the evening. The other Saiyad then became so uneasy that he went back to the village to inquire for them, leaving me alone with my domestic, Hussain, to abide his return."

Outram and his servant were thus left alone, without money, food, or guide; neither of them able to speak a word of Bilûchi, and both of them liable to be murdered by the first party of natives who might discover their hiding-place. Nearly an hour passed by in this manner; the night was fast approaching, and neither of his companions had yet returned. Taking his courage in both hands, Outram took his way towards the village, "where, should I fail to terrify the chief into civility by threats of the consequences of maltreating a British officer, I hoped that the holy influence of my Saiyad friends might prove of some avail."

He and Hussain had not gone far when, to their great

[1] *Rough Notes.*

relief, they were overtaken by the second Saiyad, who was hunting everywhere for his lost companions. "His return," says Outram, "brought a most welcome reprieve from what I considered almost certain destruction; and he informed us that the rest of our party had left the village some hours previously, and had doubtless gone on, under the impression that we had preceded them." Pushing forward for two hours from village to village in search of their missing friends, "we at length discovered them in a small fort assisting at the coronach for the dead chief, the tidings of whose fall at Khelât had been received that very afternoon." An hour later the whole of Outram's party hurried on beneath the brilliant moonlight for eight hours over some forty miles of smooth road.

During the last thirty miles they had seen "not a trace of human habitation." It was with a keen sense of relief that Outram lay down by the bank of a river for two hours of well-earned sleep.[1] They awoke at last to find that their guide had meanwhile decamped. Luckily a shepherd tending his flock hard by was persuaded to take the other man's place. A ride of eight hours on the 19th carried the party over a range of lofty mountains to their bivouac in the half-dry bed of the Urnach river, where for the first time their horses enjoyed the forage they sorely needed. At 10 A.M. of November 23 they reached Sonmiâni, whence Outram the same evening embarked for Karâchi in a boat provided by a hospitable Hindu.

At Karâchi Outram rode off in his Afghan costume on the pony which had borne him so stoutly from Khelât to Sonmiâni, to renew acquaintance with his brother-in-law, General Farquharson. Great was the general's amused surprise at the figure which appeared before him, with a small puggree "sparsely bound about his head, the hair cropping through the interstices; all very dirty and mean-looking. There was no saddle on the pony—merely a cloth over his back."[2]

On the evening of the same day, the 24th, Outram sailed for Bombay, where he delivered the despatches which first acquainted his government with the fall of

[1] *Rough Notes.* [2] Goldsmid.

Khelât. It was now, too, that Outram learned for the first time how very near to utter failure had come his successful journey through Biluchistân. Shortly after his arrival at Bombay a party of Bilûchi horse-dealers landed there also from Sonmiâni. They stated "that at midnight of the evening on which I sailed the son of Wali Muhammad Khan (the chief of Wadh, who was slain at the storm of Khelât) arrived in great haste with a party in pursuit of me; and on learning that I had already gone, displayed extreme disappointment and irritation. It would appear that information of my journey and disguise had been received by this chief the day after I passed through Nal. To the forced march of fifty miles, therefore, which was made thence by our party, with the design of outstripping the flying tidings of the overthrow of Khelât, I may consider myself principally indebted for my escape—my pursuers having missed me at the seaport of Sonmiâni only by a few hours." [1]

On November 13, 1839, Captain Outram was promoted to the brevet rank of major for his services at Khelât. His report on the results of his recent journey was duly forwarded by the Bombay Government to the Government of India. From both quarters he received abundant thanks for "the very interesting and valuable documents" which he had placed before them, "being a sketch and description of the route, and narrative of that officer's journey through Biluchistân from Khelât to Sonmiâni." [2]

In the course of the following year the Court of Directors, through their Secret Committee, conferred upon Major Outram the rank of lieutenant-colonel, and Lord Auckland wrote to congratulate him upon the promotion he had so well deserved. But Outram looked in vain for any authoritative announcement of this new honour. By some strange oversight his name was omitted from the *Gazette*. In the list of honours and rewards for noteworthy achievements connected with the final triumph of our arms no place had been found for the deeds of that tireless officer, without whose ubiquitous aid the army of the Indus could never have won its way to Kandahar. But Outram was too proud, or too unselfish, to bring

[1] *Rough Notes.* [2] *Outram Testimonials.*

this omission to the notice of those who might have repaired it. "I consider that honours sought are not to be esteemed," was his unfailing answer to his friends who urged him to press the matter home.

Had Outram's name been mentioned, as it ought to have been, by Lord Keane in his Ghazni despatch, his brevet majority would have been dated from the fall of that place, and he would have risen to the rank of lieutenant-colonel for his services at Khelât. "You will have inferred," he writes to his father-in-law, Mr. J. Anderson, in June 1840, "from his [Lord Keane's] silence regarding me at Ghazni that there is a want of cordiality in that quarter—in fact, there had been a coolness between us some time before, . . . and though I had done more than all the rest of his personal staff as a soldier, still out of mere spitefulness he left me unnoticed, which, as all others were mentioned, amounted to positive disgrace."[1]

If Outram scorned to plead for the justice officially denied him, he was anxious at any rate to win a favourable hearing from all lovers of truth and fair play. The *Rough Notes*, so often cited in these pages, aimed merely at furnishing intelligent readers with a plain unvarnished record of the writer's own services during the late campaign. As such the little volume needed no apology for its candid egotism. Made up of extracts from his copious diary, it contained no sort of criticism on the mistakes or shortcomings of other people. But the letter already quoted shows how keenly his conscience could upbraid him for having published a book in which he seemed to figure as the leading hero of his story. He had at first been persuaded to print a few copies of his journal, "for circulation amongst my private friends as a sort of self-justification to them; but in an evil hour I was persuaded further to allow it to be published in England, which, now that the irritation which induced me to put it forth in the first instance has passed away, I most heartily repent of. The thing was well enough as a personal appeal to my personal friends, but to thrust my *own* performances thus before the *public* I look upon as most indelicate. The public, not knowing the object

[1] See letter quoted in Appendix A.

of notes, in the first instance will naturally look on me as a most unblushing braggart, as in the journal I describe nothing of general interest whatever—merely my own doings. Alas! it is too late now; my judgment was carried away at the moment by my feelings and the enthusiasm of my friends." [1]

In view of his own preface, however, it may be doubted whether any fair-minded reader of *Rough Notes* would have discovered a trace of that vain-glorious boasting for which the writer took himself so remorsefully to task. Outram had none, indeed, of the pride which apes humility; but neither was he given to overrating his own merits or seeking to exalt himself at the expense of others.

[1] *Outram Letters*. The first London edition of *Rough Notes* was published in 1840 by J. M. Richardson, 23 Cornhill.

CHAPTER VIII

SIND, KHELÂT, AND AFGHANISTAN. JANUARY 1840–SEPTEMBER 1842

SHORTLY after his arrival at Bombay Major Outram received a flattering letter from Lord Auckland, offering him the Political Agency in Lower Sind in the room of Sir Henry Pottinger, whose retirement would take effect from January 1, 1840. The compliment thus paid him was materially enhanced by Lord Auckland's knowledge of the fact that Outram had always strongly condemned his Afghan policy, and even foretold its disastrous failure.[1]

His friends in India were not backward in their congratulations. One of them, our old acquaintance Mr. Bax, disclaimed all credit for having helped him forward on the road to success. "You will get to the top of the ladder," he wrote, "as you deserve. . . . Your own right hand, your own sound heart and sound sense, your own energy and enterprise, have accomplished everything, and I knew, a dozen years ago, they would raise you to fame whenever opportunity offered." [2]

Embarking from Bassein on January 13, 1840, Outram landed at Mandâvi on the 22nd. In passing leisurely through Cutch, he spent some days with Sir Henry Pottinger at Bhûj, and gleaned from him much useful information concerning affairs in Sind. His further progress thence to Haidarabad was made all the easier for the help his party received from the Amîrs of Lower Sind. His arrival at Haidarabad on February 24 was marked by every token of respectful and friendly greeting from members of the reigning family.[3]

"We have much to do to set our house in order," he writes in April to his mother, "and I foresee stirring

[1] *Outram Services.* Letters to Mr. Willoughby, Secretary to the Bombay Government.
[2] *Outram Letters.* [3] Goldsmid.

times in which I must take a foremost part." The new Resident at Haidarabad took up the work that lay before him with his usual vigour and enlightened zeal. Chief among the fruits of his earlier labours were the reduction of taxes on inland produce brought to the British camp at Karâchi, the relief of the Indus traffic from excessive tolls, and the beginnings of a friendly understanding with Mir Sher Muhammad of Mirpur, which ripened in the following year into a treaty warmly approved by the Indian Government, and gratefully indorsed by the Secret Committee in Leadenhall Street.[1] "The documents," wrote the committee, "relating to the renunciation by the Amîr of Mirpur of the right to levy tolls on the Indus, furnished additional proof of the zeal and ability with which Major Outram discharges his important functions."[2]

Meanwhile Outram's anxiety regarding the progress of Russian arms and intrigues in Central Asia had been allayed by the disastrous issue of Perovski's march across the Turkman steppes upon Khiva. "We shall now have plenty of time," he writes to his mother in July 1840, "to render secure our new positions on the Indus at any rate, if not in Afghanistan, which is and will be for some time to come internally very disturbed. . . . Maggy has of course announced her arrival in Bombay. . . . I am preparing a good house in a nice garden overhanging the banks of the Indus, and as our communications now will be rapid and easy by steamer, I think we may make it out tolerably well by going to Karâchi on the coast for the hot months always, where the climate is then delightful. . . . I see no reason for fearing that I shall not be able to pay you a visit in three years at the outside, for by that time I shall be sure of high employment when I return to India."

His hopes, however, of a speedy reunion with his wife had to be deferred for several months. It was not until December of that year that the building and furnishing

[1] In this street stood the old India House, from which the Court of Directors through their Secret Committee dictated or controlled the actions of their servants in all parts of India.

[2] *Outram Testimonials.*

of the new Residency had been completed. At last, however, at the close of January 1841, his wife entered the new home which Outram had prepared for her. He still clung to the hope that as soon as Haidarabad grew too hot for her personal comfort she might be able to recruit her strength among the cool sea-breezes at Karâchi.

Early in June Mrs. Outram fled to Karâchi, whither her husband hoped to follow her before long. "Unfortunately," he writes to his mother, "I am unable to leave my post at present, but then I don't care for heat. I shall join Margaret at Karâchi as soon as I can get away." After a few months spent at Karâchi under the roof of Brigadier Farquharson, Mrs. Outram returned to Bombay, "where I hope," writes her husband, "she will be comfortable in a house she has hired for herself till she goes home, which she purposes doing either in January or March, and I confidently trust to join her there in two years, for everything promises a successful work to me in settling this country, and I consider that time ample." [1]

Besides her delicate health, Outram had yet another reason for sending his wife away on a long leave of absence from her husband's side. Lord Auckland's confidence in the agent of his own appointing had already declared itself in an order placing the whole of Sind, with the transmontane province of Khelât, under Outram's political charge. Outram saw that his new sphere of duty would make imperious demands upon his time and strength in a country which offered no fit resting-place for an invalid wife. As early as August 18, he had taken a hasty leave of the Haidarabad amîrs, and given his last instructions to Captain Leckie concerning the proper treatment of those princes. The kindly and generous spirit of those instructions may be inferred from one of the most pathetic incidents in Outram's career.

On December 5, 1840, died Nur Muhammad Khan, the acknowledged head of the Haidarabad amîrs, whose old distrust of England's policy had given place under Outram's soothing influence to a feeling of sincere friendship for his powerful neighbour. On the morning before

[1] *Outram Papers.*

his death "the amîr," writes Outram, "evidently feeling that we could not meet again, embraced me most fervently and spoke distinctly to the following purport in the presence of Doctor Owen and the other amîrs: 'You are to me as my brother Nasir Khan, and the grief of this sickness is equally felt by you and Nasir Khan: from the days of Adam no one has known so great truth and friendship as I have found in you.' I replied, 'Your highness has proved your friendship to my government and myself by your daily acts. You have considered me as a brother; I feel for your highness, and night and day grieve for your sickness;' to which he added, 'My friendship for the British is known to God, my conscience is clear before God.' The amîr still retained me in his feeble embrace for a few moments, and after taking some medicine from my hand, again embraced me, as if with the conviction that we could not meet again." [1]

For some days before the amîr's death, Outram had been a regular visitor at his bedside. On one of such occasions the dying prince beckoned his brother Nasir Khan, and his youngest son Husain Ali, to his side. "He then took a hand of each," says Outram, "and placed them in mine, saying 'You are their father and brother, you will protect them,' to which I replied in general but warm terms of personal friendship."

During a second visit to the amîr on the same evening Husain Ali came into the room "and whispered in the ear of his father, who smiled, and informed me that the Khanum (the mother of his sons) sent to say she hailed me as her brother with much gratification, to which I made a suitable acknowledgment. On inquiry afterwards I learned that this is considered an extraordinary proof of friendship, such as has never heretofore been displayed except to the nearest relations." [1]

How rightly Nur Muhammad reckoned upon Outram's loyal friendship, and how nobly Outram struggled, for his dead friend's sake as well as England's honour, to avert misfortune from the family thus bequeathed to his guardian care, the reader of these pages will learn later on.

[1] Despatch of December 6, 1840, to the Government of India.

In the latter part of August 1841 the new agent for Upper Sind and Khelât was speeding up the Indus to Sakhar, whence on the morning of the 25th he started on camel-back for a ride of 250 miles across Sind to Quetta, on the farther side of the Bolân Pass. Accompanied by one hardy servant, also mounted on a camel, he reached Dâdar at the foot of the Bolân in five days. The journey was accomplished "at a season of the year," says a well-informed writer, "when most men would have regarded an order to undertake it as little short of sentence of death."

Halting for two days at Dâdar, he pushed on through the Bolân Pass, which no one hitherto had dreamed of entering without a strong escort, and arrived at Quetta on September 2. On learning the issue of this adventurous ride in the hottest season of the year, Lord Auckland wrote to express his "satisfaction at the promptitude with which you have joined the headquarters of your office."

At Quetta Outram's first care was to conciliate the young prince, Nasir Khan of Khelât, whose father, Mihrâb Khan, had fallen two years before in defence of his own capital. After the fall of Khelât the young Brahui prince, scorning submission to Shah Shuja, had led the remnant of his followers into the hill country about the Bolân. For many months the brave young prince strove, not always unsuccessfully, to avenge his father's wrongs upon the invaders of his father's realm. Khelât itself fell for a time into his hands, and several parties of British sepoys were waylaid and destroyed or put to flight. But the recapture of Khelât by Nott, and the crushing defeat of his faithful highlanders at Mustang, sent Nasir Khan a heartsick wanderer among the wilds of Biluchistân.

The Indian Government still had a conscience, and offered for a small consideration to acknowledge Nasir Khan's title to the greater part of his father's dominions. But the son of Mihrâb Khan was slow to accept the proffered friendship of his victorious foes. It was only a few weeks before Outram's arrival at Quetta that Nasir Khan could bring himself to comply with Colonel Stacy's

earnest invitations to a friendly conference on the future of Khelât.

At last, on September 4, 1841, the young Khan was met by Colonel Stacy and conducted with all due ceremony into Quetta, where a friendly message awaited him from Major Outram. Next morning at a darbar, attended by several British officers of rank, he was introduced to the new Political Agent, who received him with every mark of respectful courtesy. "The youth," writes Colonel Stacy, "was rather embarrassed at first, but on Major Outram's assuring him of the kindly feelings of government towards him, he expressed his desire to become an ally of the company," of whose justice and liberality he had often heard. "He had come," he added, "to enrol himself amongst the number of their servants, to live under the shade of their flag; and he was willing to agree to whatever terms the company might prescribe." [1]

Outram's kindly words and frank geniality took the young prince's heart as it were by storm. His old distrust of the man who had played a conspicuous part in the assault upon his father's capital gave place to a feeling of utter confidence in this new friend, whose quiet sympathy lightened the burden of his sorrows, while his cheery counsel inspired him with the hope of brighter days to come.

Escorted by a body of British troops, the young Khan was duly conducted by Outram to Khelât, where, in the presence of his chief sirdars, he signed the treaty of friendship between himself and the East India Company. On the same afternoon he was publicly installed by Outram in the seat of his ancestors. After the ceremony the khan shook hands with each of the British officers there assembled, while a royal salute was fired in good style from his highness's own guns. "The young chief," says Outram, "was visibly affected—almost to tears—by the good feeling displayed towards him by the English gentlemen." [2]

So successful were the measures taken by Outram, that he won the hearts not only of the Khan himself, but of all

[1] Colonel Stacy's letter, quoted by Goldsmid.
[2] Outram's letter to Mr. John Colvin.

his Brahui nobles, who had been fiercely exasperated by the slaughters of 1839 and the sack of Khelât.[1] It was this act of timely conciliation which saved from disaster the troops of Nott and England in the dark days that were about to follow.

In the middle of October Outram quitted Khelât for Dâdar, where for a time he established his headquarters, and busied himself in keeping order and guarding the roads between Sind and Biluchistân against the marauding tribes that infested the mountain passes. He had hardly settled down to his work on the Sind frontier when the first mutterings of a storm that boded mischief to our garrisons beyond the Khaiber caught his attentive ear. Emissaries from Kabul and Kandahar were already passing down to Quetta and Northern Sind, preaching a holy war against Shah Shuja and his English allies. While Macnaghten was reporting "all quiet from Dan to Beersheba," Outram had learned enough to convince him that nearly all Afghanistan was seething with rebellion, against a monarch whose sole claim to his people's allegiance rested on a few thousand British bayonets, backed by a score or two of British guns.

On November 2, 1841, at the moment when he was about to succeed Sir William Macnaghten as envoy to Shah Shuja, Sir Alexander Burnes fell a victim to the policy which he had once opposed. The help which he had asked for from the cantonments outside Kabul never came, and he was cut to pieces by a furious Afghan mob, in the vain attempt to pass through them disguised as an Afghan. That murderous outbreak in Kabul city was to mark the beginning of a period perhaps the most sorrowful in the history of British India before the great Mutiny of 1857. It became the signal for a revolt which spread unchecked day by day in the face of some 5000 good fighting men outside the city, whose leaders proved quite incapable of acting promptly for a common end.

It seemed as if the Nemesis of triumphant wrong-doing had suddenly found us out, and paralysed the hands and brains of our civil and military chiefs at Kabul. The rout of our mishandled troops at Behmaru on November 23

[1] *Outram Services.*

was followed by weeks of divided counsels and palsied inaction within a beleaguered intrenchment, held by a garrison benumbed with cold, hunger, and despair. One last wild effort made by Macnaghten on December 23, to secure the safety for our starving people by sowing dissensions among their foes, was rewarded by the pistol-shot which ended his own life and sealed the doom of Elphinstone's dwindling army.

It is needless here *infandum renovare dolorem* with a detailed account of the yet darker days that followed the envoy's death. On the morning of January 6, 1842, in compliance with a treaty signed by the leading Afghan chiefs, some 4500 Europeans and sepoys, with nearly 100 women and children and 11,000 camp-followers, marched off from Kabul through the falling snow towards a country which very few of them were ever to behold again. On the 13th of the same month some men of Sale's garrison at Jalalabad descried a solitary horseman feebly urging his jaded pony towards the walls of that friendly stronghold. It proved to be Dr. Bryden, the only man of Elphinstone's army who had fought his way through a week of fearful suffering from Afghan savagery, aided by an Afghan winter, to a place of rest and safety on the road to Peshâwar. Of the thousands that left Kabul on January 6, 120 men, women, and children survived as prisoners in the hands of Muhammad Akbar.

Very few of the camp-followers survived the horrors of that awful retreat, which had soon turned into a wild pell-mell rush through passes blocked with snow, and crowned with Afghan marksmen greedy for revenge and plunder. Of the sepoy regiments a few score frost-bitten wretches straggled ultimately into Peshâwar.

The tidings of that great disaster, the most shameful which had ever yet befallen our arms in Asia, sent a thrill of wrathful dismay through every English heart in India. "I have proved a false prophet," wrote Outram on February 10 to Sir James Carnac, "as regards the issue of affairs at Kabul; but who could conceive that 5000 British troops would deliberately commit *suicide*, which literally has been the fate of the Kabul garrison? From first to last such a tissue of political and military mis-

management the history of the world has never shown, and such *dire* disgrace never heretofore blotted the British page."

"Had we retained our hold on the Bâla Hisar, doubtless our troops in the camp when at the last extremity would have cut their way to the fortress; so we can only account for their not doing so by the circumstance of the Shah—in whose power we so foolishly placed it—having refused us refuge!

"Being cut off from that retreat, and devoid of supplies, I can imagine the troops becoming dispirited, and at last *driving their leaders* to seek for terms; but I could not have believed that any British officers could have consented to such terms as appear to have been entered into; shackling their country by conditions which it is dishonourable—and will be a vital blow to our power in India—to abide by; besides being in every respect the most disgraceful treaty that Britons with arms in their hands *ever* submitted to,—that too after proof of the utter futility of all such engagements with their savage enemies, in the murder of our envoy and attack on our camp during the armistice."

In the same letter he rejoices to hear that General Sale has refused to evacuate Jalalabad; and he hopes that General Nott will hold Kandahar and Khelat-i-Ghilzai, "where there is nothing to fear." But he has grave doubts concerning the safety of Ghazni, and fears that Colonel Palmer's garrison will pay the penalty of our recent blunders in Kabul. "Within my own charge," he adds, "I confidently trust to all going well, notwithstanding the volcanoes around us."

In order to prove that he had not been a false prophet except in one particular, Outram encloses "extracts from my correspondence from Afghanistan, when we first entered that country in 1839, from which you will see that I *then predicted everything that has come to pass* so far as the *Afghans* are concerned, though certainly I never could have believed that *our troops* in that country could be humbled to such a depth of degradation." [1]

[1] *Selections from the Private Correspondence of Lieut.-Colonel Outram, concerning affairs in Afghanistan and Sind.* 1839-42.

A few days earlier he had written to his mother: "Let me again assure you that you have no cause to be anxious about my charge or myself because of what has happened at Kabul, which you will learn by this opportunity. This country is a level plain, below the passes, where successful opposition never could be made to our troops. At Kandahar we have an overwhelming force which nothing in Afghanistan could conquer, and at Quetta we have a strong brigade posted in such a manner that the position is impregnable, and while we hold those positions there is no fear of disturbance in the countries below the passes, besides which there is no fellow-feeling between the Afghans and Bilûchis, and troops are pouring into the country from Gujerât and Karâchi which nothing in Sind could withstand or would attempt to oppose. Consequently the amîrs would not dare to rebel. Be under no anxiety, therefore, on my account, my dearest mother; the outbreak at Kabul I foretold, and recorded the prophecy three years ago, but we are far differently situated in Sind and in this country. I expect to have everything settled in this quarter by about the end of the month, when I shall move to Sakhar and get under cover of a house for the hot season, unless I may have to go up to Khelât, which I don't think likely."

On February 20, 1842, the retiring governor-general, Lord Auckland, wrote Outram a farewell letter declaring his "assurance that you have, from day to day, since your late appointment, added to that high estimate with which I have long regarded your character, and which led me to place confidence in you. It is mortifying and galling to me to feel that plans, which you had nearly brought to successful maturity, for great improvement, for the consolidation of security and influence, for the happiness of the population of immense tracts, and for your own and our honour, should be endangered by events of which our military history has happily no parallel. You will, I know, do well in the storm; and, I trust, that as far as the interests confided to you are concerned, you will enable us to weather it." [1]

How richly Outram repaid the confidence thus accorded

[1] *Outram Testimonials.*

him a sympathetic historian has set forth in glowing words: "Outram was supreme in Sind, and a heavy weight of responsibility fell upon him. But he was equal to the occasion. His was it in that conjuncture not only to maintain the peace and security of the country immediately under his political care, but to aid our imperilled countrymen in the territory beyond the Bilûchi passes. He stood on the high road to Kandahar. If that road had been closed, if Sind and Biluchistân had risen against us, it would have gone hard with our beleaguered garrisons in Western Afghanistan. But the country did not rise; and Outram, all his energies roused into intense action, grieving over the dishonour that was falling upon the nation, and vehemently protesting against the recreant counsels of those who would have withdrawn our beaten army within the British frontier without chastising the insolence of our enemies, did mighty service, at a most critical time, by throwing troops, stores, ammunition, and money into Kandahar." [1]

Speaking in the House of Lords, February 26, 1843, Lord Auckland declared that "to no man in a public office was the public service under greater obligations than to Major Outram; a more distinguished servant of the public did not exist, and one more eminent in a long career. Major Outram exerted himself in collecting camels and stores; from Rajputana, Jindpur, and other places 3000 camels were obtained, and marched on April 10 from Sakhar to Quetta, and thence to Kandahar; and with these camels General Nott was enabled to effect his march [to Kabul], for which he was indebted, in a great degree, to the promptitude and zeal with which Major Outram acted." [2]

He protested again and again with honest fervour against Lord Ellenborough's avowed intention to retire from Afghanistan without making an effort to retrieve the tarnished honour of our arms, or to rescue the British captives from the hands of the Afghans. "Nothing is easier," he wrote on one occasion, "than to retrieve our honour in Afghanistan, and I pray God Lord Ellenborough

[1] *Cornhill Magazine*, January 1861.
[2] *Outram Testimonials.*

may at once see the damnable policy of shirking the undertaking."

In the course of February 1842, Outram had been specially active in furnishing General England with all needful means for the march of a strong brigade through the Bolân Pass to Quetta, in charge of ample treasure and supplies for Nott's garrison at Kandahar. His one anxiety at this time was to strengthen Nott's hands at Kandahar in the hope of bolder counsels prevailing at Calcutta. Happily for Outram's peace of mind, as well as the national honour, Lord Ellenborough's views regarding the Afghan problem were not shared by the two veterans who were burning for an opportunity to vindicate the national honour in spite of the governor-general himself. General Nott was of one mind with Outram in his resolution to hold his ground at Kandahar against all assailants until events should compel him to cut his way back to Quetta. General George Pollock, an old artillery officer who had fought under Lord Lake and done good service in Nipal and Burmah, was now intrusted with the task of leading a British army through the Khaibar Pass and joining hands with Sale at Jalalabad. He, too, had a will of his own which enabled him in due time to carry his victorious troops a good deal further than Lord Ellenborough had at first designed.

Outram's letters of this period to friends or fellow-workers in all parts of India show how strenuously he pleaded for that free hand which Lord Ellenborough still shrank from granting to our commanders in Afghanistan. Whether he writes to his old friend Mr. J. P. Willoughby at Bombay, to his able assistant Captain Hammersley at Quetta, to Captain Henry Lawrence at Peshâwar, or to Mr. Herbert Maddock of the Bengal Secretariat, he is always harping on the ease with which Nott and Pollock could march on Kabul from opposite quarters to avenge the disasters and the shame of the past winter, and to rescue our compatriots from a prolonged and cruel captivity.

In his letter of March 13 to Mr. (afterwards Sir Herbert) Maddock he speaks of a severe illness from which he had just recovered in time to leave Dâdar for the more central,

if even hotter, neighbourhood of Sakhar. During the fierce heats of a Sindian June he travelled all the way back from Sakhar to Quetta, where he arrived on the 11th, two days after the despatch thence of a large convoy of camels for Kandahar. By that time he knew that Nott was in "direct and quick communication with General Pollock" at Jalalabad. The two generals understood each other: Lord Ellenborough's latest order had allowed them to stand fast until October. Meanwhile they still hoped that something might induce his wavering lordship again to modify his own plans in compliance with the pressure which they and their friends might yet bring to bear upon the Indian Government.

They had not to wait long for the next swing of the official pendulum. On July 4 the governor-general issued from Allahabad an order which relieved many a brave heart from torturing suspense, and virtually gave his two generals the free hand which they had well-nigh despaired of obtaining. The old order for withdrawal was still to hold good; but Nott was allowed, at his own risk, to choose between retiring into Sind by way of Quetta, and retiring to Peshâwar by way of Ghazni and Kabul. Pollock, for his part, was empowered to move forward in concert with Nott, should that officer "decide upon adopting the line of retirement by Ghazni and Kabul." [1]

It is hardly necessary to say that neither general shrank from accepting the grave responsibility thus laid upon his shoulders by a governor bent on proving his own consistency at the expense of his moral courage. On August 9, at the head of 8000 choice troops of all arms, Nott began his memorable march upon Ghazni and Kabul, leaving England to conduct his spare troops, guns, and stores back to Quetta, on their way home through Sind. Eleven days later, Pollock also led his avenging army, strengthened by Sale's garrison, out of Jalalabad, timing his forward movements so as to keep step with the force advancing from Kandahar.

Meanwhile Outram at Quetta was slowly recovering from a dangerous illness brought on by "the worry

[1] *Afghan Papers.*

of mind and body to which I had been incessantly exposed of late, and watching by the deathbed of poor Hammersley for several nights."

On England's first advance in April from Quetta towards Kandahar he retired in haste before a few hundred tribesmen defending a breastwork which his own troops could have carried with little loss. In excuse for his own shortcomings he complained that Hammersley had failed to warn him of the enemy's movements. Hammersley became the scapegoat for England's default of duty. The government ordered his removal from political employ; but Outram, resenting the injustice done to a zealous public servant, retained him at his post on the plea that his presence there was absolutely needed. Outram's noble disregard of orders, and his persistent pleadings on behalf of his injured friend, were rewarded only by a semi-official reprimand. The subsequent illness and death of Hammersley may have helped to account for the brain fever of which Outram so nearly died.

In the first days of October, however, we find Outram in the field again, leading a body of Brahui horsemen to guard the flanks of England's column on its march homeward through the Bolân Pass into the plains of Sind.[1]

[1] *Outram Services.*

CHAPTER IX

WITH NAPIER IN SIND. OCTOBER 1842–APRIL 1843

THE injustice done to Hammersley by the Indian Government was not the only cause of Outram's bitterness against the posturing proconsul, who cherished a lofty scorn of the whole race of public servants known in India as Politicals. In fulfilment of the pledges given by Lord Auckland, Major Outram had secured the loyalty of the young Khan of Khelât and his Brahui followers by restoring the whole of the Shâl valley to the son of its former ruler. "I complain," he writes to Colonel Sutherland on September 29, "not of being bandied like a racket-ball up and down this *infernal* pass, because it is my duty to go wherever it is thought I am most required; but I do complain of the *lackey* style in which I am treated by the governor-general; of the bitter reproof he so lavishly bestows on me when he thinks me wrong and I know I am right; of the withering neglect with which he treats the devoted services of those in my department; of the unjust sacrifice of one of my most deserving assistants; of the unceremonious dismissal of five others without any communication to myself whatever on the subject.

"Such treatment, caused solely by his lordship's vexation at my advocacy of the advance on Kabul and poor Hammersley's cause, would have goaded many men to madness; but I verily believe it has been the resurrection of me from the very jaws of death—like Marryat's middy—for, when in extreme danger the other day (brought on, by the bye, by attendance on the deathbed of poor Hammersley, whose death the medical men declare was accelerated, if not positively caused, by the treatment he received), the most insulting letter I ever received in my life, and which I am sure Mr. Maddock, or any other gentleman secretary, would not have penned of his own

accord, arrived; my eager desire to reply to which gave a fillip to my system from which I benefited at any rate."

Outram's reply to his lordship's censure would, he declares, have ensured his destruction "had it contained anything that could be refuted; but, on the contrary, elicited only acknowledgment, an apology being due for a positive and unfounded insult." [1]

Pushing on ahead of England's troops, he reached Dâdar on October 7. Leaving Dâdar on the evening of the 10th, he breakfasted at Sakhar on the morning of the 12th. Here for the first time he met the redoubtable Sir Charles Napier, whom Ellenborough had already intrusted with the supreme control of all civil and military affairs in Sind. The two men seem at that time to have been agreed on the policy to be pursued towards the amîrs. "Major Outram," writes Napier, "is of my opinion, and I like him much, for that reason probably, for I confess not to like those who differ in opinion with me." [2]

Outram was also satisfied with his new acquaintance. "I have now," he writes to George Clerk on October 16, "a most able and upright coadjutor in General Napier, a man after my own heart, and under whom I consider it an honour to serve."

In the same letter he congratulates his correspondent on his promotion, "who felt so deeply our national degradation, and so nobly advocated the only honourable course we could pursue for the retrieval of our fame, and rescue of our captive countrymen. Thank God, we have escaped from the lowest depth of degradation into which we were about at one time to plunge, and *should have sunk*, had it not been for the stand against it made by our generals in Afghanistan, backed by the advocacy of such men as Mr. Maddock and yourself."

Writing to Willoughby on the 22nd, he says: "Sir Charles and I are working heartily together to put matters on a better footing in Sind, for which a new treaty will be necessary; and I think we have grounds sufficient to

[1] Outram's Private Correspondence.
[2] *Life of General Sir Charles Napier, G.C.B.* By William Napier Bruce. Murray, London.

warrant dictating our own terms. *I*, however, ostensibly have nothing to say to the matter, his lordship having apparently thrown me overboard, and no longer addresses me on any subject!"

By this time, however, the blow which Outram had foreseen was about to fall upon him. In spite of Ellenborough's previous assurances, Outram was suddenly removed from his post. "His lordship having failed in convicting me of any fault," he writes to Willoughby, on October 26, "has recourse to a general measure by which he sweeps me off with the whole department. A 'new-broom measure,' *which it will take some trouble hereafter to remedy the effects of.*

"As I before told you I should do, I return to my regiment a poorer man than when I left it twenty years ago, but with a lighter heart than I have enjoyed for some months past. I feel emancipated from bondage of the most degraded nature, and am only too much obliged to Lord Ellenborough for saving me from breaking my own head by resigning."

Before leaving Sind, Outram placed before Sir C. Napier a full and clear statement of our relations with the amîrs, and of the measures which Napier and himself had deemed requisite for the readjustment of those relations. Napier's testimony to the help which Outram had given him was amply rendered in his letter of October 28: "I cannot allow you to leave this command without expressing to you the high sense I entertain of your zeal and abilities in the public service, and of the obligations I personally feel towards you, for the great assistance you have so kindly and so diligently afforded me; thereby diminishing in every way the difficulties that I have had to encounter, as your successor in the political department of Sind."[1]

At Sakhar, Outram counted many friends and admirers among the officers under Napier's command. On November 4, 1842, they invited him to a grand farewell dinner, at which Napier himself presided. After the queen's health had been drunk with all the honours, the gallant chairman delivered the following speech:—

[1] *Outram Services.*

"Gentlemen, I have told you that there are only to be two toasts drunk this evening. One, that of a lady, the queen, you have already responded to; the other shall be for a gentleman. But, before I proceed any further, I must tell you a story. In the fourteenth century there was, in the French army, a knight renowned for deeds of gallantry in war, and wisdom in council; indeed, so deservedly famous was he that, by general acclamation, he was called the knight *sans peur et sans reproche*. The name of this knight you may all know was the Chevalier Bayard. Gentlemen, I give you the Bayard of India, *sans peur et sans reproche*, Major James Outram, of the Bombay army."

The applause which greeted these words of the veteran warrior testified to the hearty response they evoked from nearly a hundred throats. Outram was deeply moved by the cheers that emphasised Napier's crowning compliment. For some moments after rising to acknowledge the toast he stood as if dumb before his expectant audience. The speech when it did come glowed with a natural eloquence of a full and grateful heart. In acknowledging the honour paid him "by such a man as Sir Charles Napier, and so cordially echoed by such an assembly," he accepted it only on behalf of the "political corps of Sind and Biluchistân, of which I was till lately the chief, and receive it as a generous requiem on the demise of that body."

He went on to thank the officers of the Indian army for the help they had so generously rendered in maintaining the peace of the provinces intrusted to his charge. "We now depart from this country," he added, "with the innate gratification of knowing that during our administration, and throughout the most exciting period the pages of our Indian history can show, that not a human life has been sacrificed within the limits of Biluchistân (beyond that of criminals formally executed); that not a particle of property has been pillaged, not a habitation has been destroyed, not a field has been laid waste, and that the population has been converted from our bitterest foes to friends who now crave British rule.

"As to myself, gentlemen, I say with truth that

although I now return to my regiment a poorer man than I left it three years ago, I do so a far prouder man than I had ever hoped I could have acquired the right to hold myself,—proud in the best sense of the term, and rendered so by the high opinion which has this night been so publicly expressed of me by Sir Charles Napier, and so warmly responded to by this great company, to the agitation caused by which I beg you to attribute my confused address; for although prepared to see the many gallant comrades who have so kindly met to do me honour on this occasion, I certainly never could have contemplated so overwhelming a compliment as was conveyed by the comparison your distinguished president was pleased to institute." [1]

Returning later in the same month to Bombay, Outram received the congratulations of his own government on "the satisfactory terms under which he had made over his late important charge to Sir C. Napier," followed by an assurance "of the high gratification which they had derived from observing the eminent zeal and ability with which he had discharged the important duties confided to him during the three last eventful years." [2] The governor himself, Sir George Arthur, hastened to offer him the best appointment then at his disposal. But Outram would accept no kindness that might delay for an hour longer his return home.

His arrangements for the voyage were already completed, when a sudden message from the governor-general once more frustrated his dearest hopes. "Alas! there is much between the cup and the lip in this world," he writes to his mother on December 16; "I am ordered back to Sind! not *asked* to suit my own convenience as to going or not, but *ordered* positively to go, in order to officiate as a commissioner in negotiating the new treaties with the amîrs of Sind; so go I must, much to my disgust, although it is looked upon by my friends as much to my advantage, as proving to the world (our little Pedlington) that my late removal from office was not owing to any fault on my part, and that I still retain the confidence of government. . . .

[1] *Bombay Times*, November 1842. [2] *Outram Testimonials.*

"I can only refer you for consolation to the gratifying account of a public dinner given to me here the other day, the largest that has been ever given here to any individual except Mr. Elphinstone, and Sir J. Malcolm, I am told, at which almost every male member of the society either attended or put down their names as subscribers, and the governor and the commander-in-chief each deputed one of their staff on the occasion. I have been quite overwhelmed with kindness and attention, which will far more than compensate me for Lord Ellenborough's contumely, and loss of any share in the honours which will, I suppose, be bestowed on those prominently concerned in the Afghan retrieval, for which I beg you will not make any stir. I really begin to have a contempt for such baubles, seeing how they are bestowed. I embark for Sind in a steamer at four this afternoon, and expect to be at Sakhar by the end of the month."

Outram arrived at Sakhar on January 3, 1843. On the 12th he writes to his mother from Imâmgarh, "a small fort situated in the midst of the desert about 100 miles a little to the eastward of south of Khairpur, the capital of Upper Sind, a stronghold where the chiefs of Sind are in the habit of taking refuge when in rebellion or pressed by foreign invasion, on which account Sir Charles Napier determined to destroy the place, and advanced with a light force for the purpose in eight marches from Diji, where I joined him the day before he started, having reached Sakhar on the evening of the 3rd, from whence I made his camp on the 4th." [1]

Napier's daring march across the Sind Desert from Diji to Imâmgarh was declared by the Duke of Wellington to be "one of the most curious military feats he had ever known or read of." On January 6, 1843, he set out with a squadron of Sind horse, two large howitzers of the camel battery, and 350 men of the 22nd Foot mounted on camels, two to each in *kajâwas* or panniers. The eighty miles were accomplished in seven marches; "the first three," says Outram, "through thick jungle, and a not very bad road, the remaining four through an ocean

[1] *Outram Letters.*

of loose sandhills, sometimes very high and steep, over which we had much difficulty in taking the guns."

The desert stronghold was found empty, and the fortifications were blown up with the powder they contained. It was a novel and brilliant feat of arms, accomplished without the loss of a single man; and as a means of frightening the amîrs into submission it was not without important effect.

Leaving the ruined fortress on the 16th, Napier marched southward to disperse a gathering of hostile tribes at Dinghi, a fort about midway between Khairpur and Haidarabad. Meanwhile, on the night of the 15th, Outram had been despatched by Napier to Khairpur with instructions to summon the amîrs of both provinces to appear at that place in person, or through their vakîls, on January 25, in order to complete the new treaty with the Indian Government. Resolved to make one more effort to save Mir Rustam, the aged chief of the amîrs, Outram turned aside to visit the amîr's camp a few miles from Diji. "The old chief and all about him received me," he says, "very civilly, and appeared grateful for the trouble I took on their account, but their confidence in me was evidently much shaken."

The intrigues of Rustam's rival, Ali Murâd, were already doing their work; and the old chief's mistrust of his visitor's intentions was further confirmed by Outram's assurance that it was not in his power "to alter the arrangements which had already been decided by the governor-general." Outram expressed his earnest desire "to settle all details, and the arrangement of the territory that remained, as much as possible, fairly towards all parties. The amîr then remarked, 'What remains to be settled? Our means of livelihood are taken;' adding, 'Why am I not to continue Rais for the short time I have to live?'"[1]

By the evening of the 16th Outram arrived at Diji after a journey of ninety miles, completed on one camel through a hostile country, with two Bilûchi horsemen for his escort. By January 25 not a single amîr from Upper Sind had responded to Outram's summons for the meet-

[1] Goldsmid.

ing at Khairpur; the term of grace was extended by Napier to February 6. Meanwhile Outram at his own request was allowed to go on to Haidarabad. "I am sure," wrote Napier, "they will not resist by force of arms, but I would omit no one step that you or any one thinks can prevent that chance."

Reaching Haidarabad on February 8, Outram at once held a series of conferences with the amîrs of both provinces. The commissioner tried his best to dissuade the assembled princes from demanding redress for the wrongs inflicted on their beloved rais, Mir Rustam, through the treachery of his younger brother Ali Murâd. Unless the turban were restored to Rustam, and the march of Napier's troops at once arrested, they could not restrain their Bilûchi soldiery from plundering far and wide. At last, however, on February 12, the hateful treaty was signed and sealed in Outram's presence by nearly all the leading amîrs. On his way back from the port where the treaty had been signed, Outram and his officers were assailed with curses by a crowd of citizens and soldiers, who were hardly restrained from bloodshed by the presence of an escort furnished from the amîrs' own troops.

On the following day the amîrs sent to warn the commissioner that their Bilûchi soldiers were getting out of hand. If Major Outram stayed at the Residency they could not answer for the result. Outram assured the amîrs' messengers that their masters would be held responsible for the conduct of their subjects. As for retiring from the Residency, he declared that he would not budge an inch, nor place an additional sentry at his door.

On the morning of the 15th large bodies of horse and foot, numbering about 8000, were seen advancing towards the Residency compound, a square enclosure skirted on three sides by a wall barely five feet high; while the fourth looked upon the river, whence the company's steamer the *Planet* could rake the enemy at need with the fire from her single twelve-pounder. For more than three hours Outram's slender garrison of 100 men, the light company of the 22nd Foot and a small body of sepoys, the whole commanded by the gallant Captain

Conway, nobly stood their ground against overwhelming odds. By that time the ammunition was running very short, and the *Satellite* steamer had reached the scene of conflict without any fresh supplies of men or cartridges. Meanwhile the enemy were bringing up some guns to bear upon the Residency itself. The next hour, 12 to 1 P.M., was spent by the little garrison in masking their retreat with all the baggage from a position no longer tenable. "It was resolved," wrote Outram, "as a preparatory measure, to abandon the front positions of the compound. Accordingly, at a preconcerted signal, the parties posted there fell back to the Residency, which then became the front line of defence.

"The hour allotted for carrying off the baggage having terminated, the retreat was sounded, on which all posts except one were abandoned, and the men closed in double march at a gate appointed. When formed, Captain Conway marched the party by sections to the river front of the still guarded post, and then marched in column directly down to the steamer, the march being the signal for the last batch of defenders to drop from the windows and cover the retiring column by skirmishing to the rear in extended order."

By this time the enemy had placed three guns under the trees in front of the gate where our soldiers had last formed. "But their fire," adds Outram, "was almost entirely kept under by the *Planet's* single twelve-pounder; and the detachment was embarked without loss, the wounded and corpses of the slain having been previously removed on board."

Outram's whole loss in those four hours of continuous fighting amounted only to three men killed, twelve wounded, and four camp-followers missing; while the enemy had lost more than sixty killed, and probably four times as many wounded. Thus, in spite of every advantage, the assailants had completely failed, in Outram's words, "to force an imperfect low-walled enclosure of 200 yards square, defended by only 100 men against countless numbers possessing commanding positions and cover up to our walls on three sides." [1]

[1] *Outram Papers.* Marshman's *History of India.*

On February 16, Outram and his gallant little band arrived at Matâri, sixteen miles above Haidarabad. Here they fell in with the advanced-guard of Napier's army. On the same day he reported himself to Sir Charles Napier, whose admiration of his recent exploit is thus recorded in his subsequent despatch of the victory of Miâni: "The defence of the Residency by Major Outram and the small force with him, against such numbers of the enemy, was so admirable that I have scarcely mentioned it in the foregoing despatch, because I propose to send your lordship a detailed account of it, as a brilliant example of defending a military post."

In compliance with his chief's instructions, Outram started on the same night with 200 men to set fire to the woods of the Shikârgah, or hunting-ground of the amîrs, which were supposed to cover the flank of the amîrs' forces. Throughout the greater part of the next day, famous in history for the battle of Miâni, he was employed in trying to destroy a large tract of forest, which, owing to the absence of wind, "burned," he says, "very slowly and partially. We only saw one body of about 500 of the enemy, who made off on observing our approach; we heard firing in the direction of the army, which continued till 1 P.M."

He would have taken his men round the forest so as to fall upon the retreating enemy. "The officers, however, considered their men too much knocked up to attempt an enterprise involving a farther march of some miles. We returned to our vessels about sunset, and shortly after learned from the natives the severe action which had taken place."

Napier held that Outram's operations "would have been most important to the result of the battle. However, the enemy had moved about eight miles to their right during the night, and Major Outram executed his task without difficulty at the hour appointed—viz., nine o'clock—and from the field we observed the smoke of the burning wood arise. I am strongly inclined to think that this circumstance had some effect on the enemy. But it deprived me of the able services of Major Outram, Captain Green, and Lieutenants Brown and Wells,

together with 200 men, which I much regretted for their sakes."

On the 18th Outram rejoined the victor of Miâni, encamped on the Indus within striking distance of Haidarabad. The field of battle, through which his road lay, "plainly showed, in the bright moonlight, from the heaps of slain covering it, how severely contested the action must have been. We were soon in possession of the particulars of this very sanguinary, at one time doubtful, and finally decisive conflict. Our loss, in proportion to the numbers engaged, was very heavy: 19 officers and 256 men, and 95 horses killed and wounded out of about 2700 actually in the field. There were many chiefs, and upwards of 5000 killed and wounded of the enemy."

By noon of the same day several of the Haidarabad amîrs had surrendered on the only terms—"life, and nothing else"—which Napier would deign to grant them. The swords which they had laid at the stern old warrior's feet were at once returned to them; and one of their number, Husain Ali Khan, was forthwith set free at Outram's own intercession, "out of respect to the memory of his late father, Mir Nur Muhammad, who on his deathbed had consigned the youth to my guardianship." [1]

On the following day Napier marched past Haidarabad and encamped close to the ruined Residency. Believing that nothing more could be done pending the receipt of fresh orders from the governor-general, Outram, with Napier's consent, embarked on the 20th for Bombay. Two days later he wrote from Tatta to his friend Lieutenant Brown, to whose charge the captive princes had been confided: "Let me entreat of you, as a kindness to myself, to pay every regard to their comfort and dignity. I do assure you my heart bleeds for them, and it was in the fear that I might betray my feelings that I declined the last interview they yesterday sought of me. Pray say how sorry I was I could not call upon them before leaving; that, could I have done them any good, I would not have grudged any expenditure of time or labour on their behalf; but that, alas! they have placed it out of

[1] Goldsmid. Napier Bruce.

my power to do aught, by acting contrary to my advice, and having recourse to the fatal step of appeal to arms against the British power."

It was with a heavy heart that Outram paced the deck of the steamer which bore him back to Bombay. He had witnessed the failure of all his efforts to save the reigning princes of Sind from the ruin they had helped to bring upon themselves. And the warmth of his friendship for the great captain, with whom his own nature had much in common, could not blind him to the war of sentiment and opinion already blazing between them on some vital questions of public policy.

Landing at Bombay before the close of that eventful February, Outram had no reason to complain of the greeting which awaited him from all classes of his countrymen. The governor himself, Sir George Arthur, received him as a personal friend, and persuaded him to defer his departure homewards for at least another month, in case his services might still be needed by Sir Charles Napier. "It never occurred to me," he writes to the governor on February 28, "that possibly Sir Charles, in his kind consideration for my personal convenience, may have let me come away sooner than he otherwise would have wished; and it is with compunction that I reflect on the enormous labour which he certainly will have to go through during the coming hot season, much of the minor details and drudgery of which I might save him from.

"If such is really the opinion of Sir Charles, I would rejoin him with alacrity and pleasure on the footing of an acting aide-de-camp, as which I should have no voice of my own in the *policy* Sir Charles might adopt, and merely should have to carry out to the best of my ability the details which he might intrust to me, which would be far preferable to me to the situation in which I was formerly placed, when, *having a voice*, I was bound to raise it as my conscience dictated."

Writing to Napier himself about a week later, Outram will not presume "to think that I could be of much use in a purely military line, but it would gratify me to share your fatigues and dangers, and I should be no longer called upon to officiate out of that line. . . .

"I am sick of *policy;* I will not say yours is the *best,* but it is undoubtedly the shortest—that of *the sword.* Oh, how I wish you had drawn it in a better cause!"

When Outram, however, did volunteer to join a detachment preparing to embark for Sind, the Bombay Government deemed it inexpedient, in view of his former services and position, to accept his offer. Meanwhile, on March 25, his many friends in Bombay held a public meeting, at which it was unanimously resolved to present him with a sword, of the value of 300 guineas, and a costly piece of plate. "I have always felt," wrote Outram in return to Mr. Le Geyt, "that to obtain the applause of my comrades in arms is the highest honour to which I could aspire; but when I perceive men of all classes unite with them in according to me this distinguished mark of approbation, I feel my merits have been greatly overrated, and that it is to their partial estimate of the services I have performed that I am indebted for this splendid token of their approbation.

"I accept with gratitude the sword thus presented to me. It will be my most cherished possession while I live, and on my death it shall be bequeathed to my representative as the most highly valued gift I can bestow." [1]

On April 1, 1843, James Outram went on board the steamer which was to carry him as far as Suez on his way home through Egypt. A day or two earlier he had received from Dr. Carr, the Bishop of Bombay, a Bible and Prayer-Book, accompanied by a letter, which accounted for the absence of the rev. donor's name from the list of subscribers to the Outram testimonial. "I felt," he wrote, "that I could not consistently take part in the offering of a sword, as it is the object of my office and ministry to keep the sword in its scabbard, and to labour to promote peace. With these views, and with feelings of great respect for the intrepid bravery, ability, persevering activity, and, I will add, forbearance towards the weak, which have marked your conduct, I venture to offer you a small tribute of respect, and to request your acceptance

[1] There were no fewer than 511 subscribers to this testimonial. The sword was duly made by a London firm, and delivered to Outram in the following October after his return from France.

of a Book, a blessed Book, in which you may find support in the hour of trial, and consolation at that time when the sword must be laid aside, and when external things must cease to interest. In it, my dear sir, is to be found a peace which the world cannot disturb. I pray that this peace may be yours; and with sentiments of much admiration and respect, believe me to be, sir, very sincerely yours, THOMAS BOMBAY."

CHAPTER X

ON FURLOUGH AND AFTER. APRIL 1843–MAY 1845

WRITING to his mother from Malta on April 29, Outram thanks heaven that "I am now on the high road towards you, and, God willing, shall be at Motherbank on the 13th, out of quarantine on the 14th, and on my way from London to Scotland on the 17th, so you may calculate on what day I am likely to be with you. I shall stay as long as I can, and then return to London, where I expect to have much to occupy me for a month or two. When I see you all my plans will be arranged."

Once more, however, circumstances conspired to upset his plans. For some days after his arrival in London, Lord Ripon, then President of the Board of Control, had no leisure to grant him the interview for which he had applied. Outram's first care on returning to England was to plead the cause of the despoiled and exiled amîrs of Sind with the minister who controlled the foreign affairs of the East India Company. For this purpose he presented Lord Ripon with a copy of his journal, which contained a full report of his conferences with the amîrs before the battle of Miâni. This report he had forwarded in February to Sir Charles Napier, who acknowledged the receipt of it, but for some reason or another withheld its contents from the governor-general.

In his letter of May 16 to Lord Ripon he pledges himself "to maintain the truth of everything that is stated in those papers," which show, among other things, that the amîrs "never contemplated opposing our power, and were only driven to do so from *desperation*." In these documents Outram also foretells "evil consequences hereafter if we do not take advantage of our position as conquerors magnanimously to pardon the amîrs, at least to the extent of restoring their possessions if not their

sovereignty, thus showing to the princes of India that territorial acquisition is not really our object or desire." [1]

It was too late, however, for human eloquence to avert the issues of accomplished facts. Even before Outram left India Napier had won his crowning victory over the amîrs' forces; the whole of Sind had been formally annexed to British India; and her exiled princes had been carried off as state prisoners to their future homes at Poona and Barackpore. From a statement put forth many years afterwards by Mr. Gladstone, it appears that the ministry of Sir Robert Peel entirely disapproved of the course adopted by their governor-general. But they felt themselves powerless to undo what Ellenborough had already done; for, in Mr. Gladstone's words, "the mischief of retaining was less than the mischief of abandoning" their new conquest.[2]

Outram's persistent pleadings on behalf of the Sind amîrs with prominent statesmen and East India directors served, at least, to bring out the sentimental side of the story told in official despatches, and secured a respectful hearing for his own version of the matters in dispute between himself and the Indian Government. From Lord Ripon he obtained an assurance that the documents suppressed by Napier should find a place in the coming Blue-Book on the affairs of Sind. And it may have been partly due to Outram's influence that the Court of Directors passed in August resolutions condemning the policy which had turned the land of the amîrs into a British province.

Beyond that burst of harmless thunder the Court of Directors did not care to go. Lord Ellenborough was not recalled; the exiled princes remained in exile; and Napier proceeded to govern Sind with the strong hand of a great soldier, guided by the skill and genius of a resourceful statesman.

In July 1843, Outram saw himself gazetted Lieutenant-Colonel and C.B.,—two distinctions which, in the words of Mountstuart Elphinstone, "had been promised, or more than promised, long ago. Had he received these

[1] Outram's Correspondence with the Authorities in England.
[2] *Contemporary Review*, November 1876.

honours at the time, he would now, on the principle which must have been observed, of advancing each officer one step, have been made aide-de-camp to the queen and K.C.B." In the same letter to Mr. John Lock, an East India director, Elphinstone declares that, "besides his ample share in the planning and conduct of various military enterprises, his political services for several years have been such as it would be difficult to parallel in the whole course of Indian diplomacy. . . . Considering all these services, and the high station held by Colonel Outram when he performed them, the appearance of his name among crowds of subalterns is rather a humiliation than an honour." [1]

Colonel Outram's share of the Sind prize-money amounted to the value of £3000. Of this timely addition to a moderate income he refused to accept a single farthing for his own use, handing the whole sum over to various charities in India.

Meanwhile, in the early summer of 1843, Outram joined his wife and mother at Cheltenham, where he spent some happy weeks varied by occasional visits to London. During his stay in that once favourite resort of Anglo-Indians he was invited to meet a number of friends and admirers at a dinner to be given in the Plough Hotel. He declined the honour on the plea of his health, for he was only just recovering from a huge Sind boil upon his cheek. Before the close of the season he took his wife and mother to London, where the former was duly presented, together with Mrs. Bax, at court.

A brief experience of London gaieties and sight-seeing was followed by Outram's journey to Scotland on visits of a few days each to his sister, Mrs. Sligo, and his father-in-law. Rejoining his wife at Brighton, he took her on with him to Paris by way of Dieppe. The close of September found them back again in Brook Street, where he stayed until his return to India by the mail of December 1.[2]

During the voyage he won the friendship of Mr. Inglis Money of the Bengal Civil Service, who in a letter to Sir Francis Outram tells how one day, when the ship was

[1] *Outram Testimonials.* [2] Goldsmid.

rolling heavily, "a sergeant's wife with a baby in her arms had hold of the top of the companion-ladder, and did not know how to get down it to the lower deck. There were three young fellows standing close by smoking, and apparently amused at her predicament. Just as I was on the point of starting to help the poor woman, your chivalrous father darted past me and, getting hold of the companion-ladder, helped her down as tenderly and carefully as if she had been his own mother."

This abrupt curtailment of Outram's furlough sprang from his own eagerness to serve his country at a critical moment in her Indian affairs. In November it was known that a revolution had occurred at Lahore, and that Sher Sing, who had succeeded his famous father Ranjit on the throne of the Punjâb, had been murdered by his own minister, Dhyan Sing. This event was followed by others which threatened to involve the rulers of India in a war with their whilom Sikh allies.

In the first days of the new year, 1844, Outram landed in Bombay armed with a letter from the Duke of Wellington to the commander-in-chief, Sir Hugh Gough, in which he was strongly recommended for employment, in the event of war with the Sikhs. By that time, however, Sir Hugh had brought his brief campaign against the Gwalior Marâthas to a victorious ending, while the chances of armed strife beyond the Satlaj seemed still remote.

On the 23rd Outram writes to his wife from Asirgarh, on his way to the governor-general's camp at Gwalior. Three weeks later, on his way back from Gwalior, he acquaints his mother with the failure of his attempt to speak with Lord Ellenborough face to face. "Fancy my being in the same camp yesterday with Lord Ellenborough, to whom I proffered my attendance as in duty bound, and to show that I did not shun to meet his lordship after all I had done at home! He, however, had no wish to meet me, and declined the interview, unless I would state my reasons in writing: so we did not meet."

Lord Ellenborough, however, offered him the political charge of Nimâr, a district lying to the north of Khandesh. This appointment, so inferior to anything he had held

before, he was at first inclined to reject. But the advice of his friends prevailed upon him to accept the offer of a post which was probably at that time the best that the government could bestow. On March 10 he reached Mandlesar, the headquarters of his agency, "situated on the banks of the Narbada, on the road between Asirgarh and Mhow." Here he found "a good house and garden, a doctor and his wife, and one or two officers. A detachment of troops is always stationed there; it is a pretty place also, so I daresay Margaret will not dislike it."

During his travels of the past two months he had seen "Agra, the Taj, and Gwalior, which alone would repay the journey, and met with much civility and attention from everybody except Lord Ellenborough."

"My life," he adds, "is that of a perfect hermit. I go to office at sunrise, stay there till ten o'clock, receiving petitions, and transacting business personally with the natives; breakfast at ten; then in my office at home official correspondence, etc., till dinner at four; ride out after dinner, then tea and read till bedtime."

Meanwhile his letters to his friends in India and at home were always harping on the subject that engrossed his thoughts, the injustice done to the amîrs, and their champion, by a ministry which refused to lay before parliament certain papers bearing on questions raised by the annexation of Sind. The recall of Lord Ellenborough in May, followed by the arrival of his successor, Sir Henry Hardinge, failed to comfort his sorely troubled spirit, or to save some of his correspondents from unmerited reproach for their seeming lack of sympathy with his own especial grievance. By the middle of September he had thrown up his appointment, and started for Bombay with the intention of returning home in the following month.

At Bombay he was still awaiting the answer to his request for permission to return home when the news of a rebellion in the Southern Maratha country impelled him to delay his departure, and to place his sword at the disposal of the Bombay Government. Sir George Arthur gladly accepted his offer, and proposed to send him into

the disturbed provinces as political agent in room of Mr. Reeves, who, being a civilian, was deemed less suitable for such a post than a military officer at a time when war was already raging. Outram, with his wonted chivalry, refused to supersede a gentleman for whose talents and character he had a high respect, and who was thoroughly acquainted with the state of affairs in the Southern Maratha country. At the same time he expressed his readiness to act in conjunction with Mr. Reeves so long as the war lasted. Sir George Arthur avowed his hearty approval of Outram's generous scruples, and directed him to proceed on " special duty " to the seat of war.

On October 11 Outram joined the camp of Brigadier Wallace in front of the fortress of Samangarh. On the morning of the 13th the fort was carried by storm, Outram himself leading the way inside, and standing for a moment alone among the enemy. On the same day he took part with Captain Graeme and a wing of the 5th Light Cavalry in their successful pursuit of a large body of the rebels. For his services throughout that day he received the cordial thanks of the brigadier commanding.

The camp of General Delamotte became the next scene of Outram's activities. As special commissioner and chief intelligence officer he kept a close watch upon the movements of the insurgent leaders, while using his best efforts to win their submission by offers of a general amnesty. Had those efforts been backed by the timely movements of an armed force, the rebellion might have collapsed before the middle of November. It was not until the close of that month that Delamotte appeared before Panhala, a hill-fort in the State of Kolhapur, whose boy ruler had fled for shelter to the British camp.[1]

On December 1 our batteries opened fire upon the stronghold, which was stormed the same afternoon in gallant style—Outram, as usual, being among the foremost to mount the breach. Several of the ringleaders fell in the assault, many prisoners were taken by the troops posted outside the fort, and before evening the neighbouring fort of Pâwangarh fell without a struggle into our hands.

[1] *Calcutta Review*, September 1845. *Outram Services*. Goldsmid.

As the fighting in those districts now seemed virtually over, Outram returned to Bombay in the middle of December for the purpose of taking his passage to England. But the military commanders had reckoned without their defeated foes, who prepared to renew the struggle below the Ghâts among the rocky jungles of Sawant-Wari. The Bombay Government, however, still needed the help of so tried and trustworthy an agent, and Outram promptly offered to return to the seat of war, and there organise and lead a body of light troops.

Landing at Vingorla in the first days of January 1845, he selected two or three good officers for service on his staff, with whom a week later he arrived at the town of Wari, where he proceeded to organise a column 1200 strong, made up of Europeans, sepoys, and local troops, with a few sappers and a light field battery. "Never," says his great contemporary, Sir Henry Lawrence, in the *Calcutta Review*, "was the magic power of one man's presence more striking than on Outram's return to the seat of war." His first act was to detach 100 men under an English officer back to Vingorla, to allay the panic which had spread to that place. From Wari he himself pushed on with the bulk of his troops towards the Sivapur valley, with a view to attacking the rebels on that side, while three other columns were moving against them from as many different quarters.

Of all these columns Outram's alone was entirely successful. In spite of all hindrances he made his way from one point to another of an unknown and difficult country, capturing stockades, villages, and forts, with only one partial check, and driving the last of the insurgent chiefs across the border into the Portuguese territory of Goa. The combined movement had begun on January 20. By the end of that month the last band of insurgents had been dispersed, and the boldest of their leaders slain or captured. At Kolhapur a British officer ere long replaced the native minister, and the political control of Sawant-Wari was finally intrusted to the capable hands of Captain Le Grand Jacob, who, in Lawrence's own words, "is, like Colonel Outram, a good soldier as well as an able and conciliating civil officer."

Outram's brilliant services during the past few months, "the energy, boldness, and military skill" displayed by him, "and the rapidity and success which characterised all the movements of his detachment," were gratefully acknowledged both by the Bombay Government and their commander-in-chief."[1]

Early in February 1845 Sir George Arthur offered him the post of Resident at the court of Satâra, in the small Maratha kingdom, then ruled by a direct descendant of that daring Sivaji who first taught his countrymen to defy the armies and humble the pride of a great Mughal emperor. It was not, however, until three months later that Outram found himself free to take up his new duties, leaving to his successor, Captain Jacob, the management of a tranquillised and orderly Sawant-Wari, and carrying away with him the thanks of the Supreme Government for his skilful handling of some delicate negotiations with the Portuguese Government of Goa.

[1] *Outram Papers.*

CHAPTER XI

FROM SATÂRA TO BARODA. MAY 1845–NOVEMBER 1848

On May 26, 1845, Colonel Outram reached Satâra in company with his wife, who had rejoined him earlier in the month at Bombay. On April 22 he had written to his mother about his future plans: "I have had much to undergo and struggle against during the past six months, but have passed through the ordeal with increased credit, and believe I stand higher than ever in the estimation of government, even that of Bengal, having received congratulations of Sir Henry Hardinge on the success of my measures in this country; but I certainly cannot rest under the misrepresentations cast upon me in the Napier book, and hope it may induce government to permit me to defend myself, in which case I have no fear of the result. . . .

"I have been so incessantly occupied since the first volume of William Napier's *Conquest of Sind* came out that I have had no time to turn my attention to the subject, and purposed waiting for the second to tackle both at once, but the second does not now appear likely to come out, as I understand the duke *frowns* upon it; but there is too much in the first for me to pass over, and as soon as released from my present duty I shall turn my attention to it."

His present duties included the chief command of all the troops quartered in Satâra. During the worst of the summer heats he went with Mrs. Outram up the Ghâts for a few weeks' sojourn in the cool mountain air of Mahâbaleshar. Here, too, he found more leisure for completing his commentary on Sir William Napier's version of the events which issued in the conquest of Sind. Before the close of September he had already sniffed the first tokens of impending war along the valley of the

Satlaj. However pacific were our own intentions towards the Government of Lahore, he felt that the Sikh soldiery might prove so uncontrollable that the collision so long expected might come at any moment. "I cannot resist, therefore," he writes to Colonel Gough, "again soliciting permission to join the army said to be about to assemble under the commander-in-chief, on the mere chance of hostilities, as a volunteer."

In his answer of October 17, Colonel Gough assures Outram that the commander-in-chief "at present sees no chance of active service either in the Punjâb or elsewhere"; and that his excellency would deem it "quite out of his province to order the attendance of an officer belonging to another presidency."

Sir Hugh Gough's soothing assurances failed to quench Outram's yearning for fresh fields of military adventure. On December 18 he applies to the governor-general through his secretary, Mr. Frederick Currie, for permission to join the headquarters' camp as a volunteer, if he can obtain a few months' leave of absence from his government. Sir Henry Hardinge referred the matter to his commander-in-chief, who replied on January 4, 1846, through his secretary, Captain West, that he would be happy to see Colonel Outram in his camp, if he could obtain the necessary leave of absence.

By that time Gough had already won two hard-fought battles with the great Sikh army which had poured across the Satlaj before the middle of December 1845. The campaign, however, was not yet over. Armed with the sanction of his own government, Outram had arranged his dâk from Satâra to the headquarters' camp at Firozpur, when on January 20 "Sir George Arthur received a letter from Sir Hugh Gough of such a nature as caused him to withdraw the leave which had been granted to me."

"Thus has been suddenly dashed the hope of my life for years past," he writes to Captain West on January 24, "for which I returned to India before the expiration of my furlough in November 1843, in the full confidence that the recommendation of the Duke of Wellington would ensure my admission to the glorious field of the Punjâb, which I considered was the only one worthy of

a soldier likely to occur in my day, and the last chance I should ever have of serving under the banner of a Peninsular hero." [1]

The reasons for this sudden change of front are set forth in Captain West's letter of February 19 to Colonel Outram: "I have delayed a few days to reply to your letter from Satâra, thinking, as has turned out to be the case, that the decisive victory of Subraon on the 10th instant would change the face of affairs from a warlike to a peaceful hue; and when I laid your request before his excellency the commander-in-chief, he replied, 'Write to Colonel Outram that I could have no *personal motive* in interdicting his joining the army; on the contrary, that I had every desire of making the acquaintance of so gallant and distinguished an officer.'

"It was, however, suggested to his excellency, when Sir C. Napier was summoned to join the army of the Satlaj, that there might be some awkwardness on your both being present with it; and acting upon this view of the case, his excellency did write to Sir G. Arthur pointing out the inconvenience which might arise, and which to others did appear sufficiently obvious to merit consideration."

The writer goes on to say that Gulâb Sing has agreed to all the terms proposed by the governor-general. "As matters have assumed an aspect so decidedly peaceable, his excellency thinks it would be as useless writing to Sir G. Arthur on the subject as it would be unprofitable to yourself to make so long a journey for nothing.

"I can fully sympathise in your disappointment at not having witnessed our glorious and hardly-contested campaign; it has been bloody indeed; the Singhs have proved themselves no mean or contemptible enemy; it has been the severest fighting that ever occurred in India.

"Had you quitted Bombay to join the army on the permission from his excellency accorded in my letter, you would probably have been too late for the battle of Subraon. However, I repeat again, I can well understand your feelings on this occasion, recollecting as I do

[1] Outram MSS.

my own vexation at missing the battles of Miâni and Haidarabad." [1]

The war, indeed, had come to an end with the crowning victory of Subraon. Outram, however, felt as one who had been cheated of his heart's desire by what appeared to him a paltry subterfuge. Why should the fact of his having quarrelled with Sir Charles Napier suffice to disable him from rendering loyal service to the leader of an army in which his adversary happened to hold high command? As the force which Napier assembled at Rohri never crossed the frontier of Northern Sind, while Outram had sought only for a place in the fighting line, the likelihood of any meeting between the queen's and the company's officer would have been infinitesimal. Even if they had met, Napier surely would not have wished, in the words of Outram's previous letter, "to thwart a soldier's desire to serve his country in the field; and as it was never my intention to intrude myself personally upon the commander-in-chief, Sir C. Napier would have no cause for complaint on that score. Neither is it, I should hope, to be apprehended that I could ever so far forget my duty as a soldier and the respect due to that officer's position, as to conduct myself otherwise than I ought to do towards him, should we personally meet."

Meanwhile Outram was engaged in passing through the Bombay press the last sheets of his commentary on General Sir William Napier's *Conquest of Sind*, a work in which the well-known historian of the Peninsular War sought to vindicate his brother's dealings with the amîrs of Sind by savagely aspersing the character and conduct of the man whom Sir Charles Napier had once extolled as the Bayard of India. It was only in the previous June that Outram had read the second volume of this remarkable outburst of brotherly devotion; and he had hastened to acquaint its author with "my intention to publish, as soon as possible, as full and complete refutation as circumstances admit of all the calumnies and misrepresentations which, with the manifest object of raising your brother's character at the expense of mine, you have published against me."

[1] Outram MSS

The commentary was printed in Bombay merely for private circulation, but a London edition, revised and expurgated, came out a few months later from the press of Messrs. Blackwood under the title of *The Conquest of Sind: a Commentary*. Many of the misstatements in Sir William Napier's work "are exposed," says a writer in the *Calcutta Review*, "with unsparing freedom, but in a tone of great moderation, in Colonel Outram's commentary, which presents, in many respects, a remarkable contrast to the work upon which it comments."

Of Outram's commentary, in the words of the same writer, "it may, in brief, be said, that without displaying the fitful eloquence or the practised literary skill of the military historian, it evinces a thorough mastery of the subject on which it treats, and it is written in clear, forcible, and unaffected language, with an earnestness that bespeaks the author's honesty of purpose, and with a scrupulous accuracy to which his opponent can lay no claim."[1]

It is needless here to dwell upon the furious controversy aroused by these two rival retrospects of the events which issued in the conquest of Sind. Wild words wandered to and fro for several years between the partisans on either side, and even Outram was stung into making rash charges against Sir Charles Napier, which he afterwards saw reason to qualify or withdraw. Of Outram, however, it may truly be said that in all the heat of this polemic word-throwing he "nothing common did, nor mean." He never knowingly hit his assailant below the belt, nor could he stoop to fling back the kind of mud with which Sir W. Napier had wantonly bespattered him.

As to the main question at issue between himself and Sir C. Napier, it seems only fair to admit that each of them, looking at a different side of the shield, may have acted rightly from his own point of view. While Outram clung to his belief in the good faith of the amîrs, and their readiness to accept, with certain limitations, the terms proposed by the Indian Government, Napier, on the other hand, had started with a firm conviction of their secret hostility to a power whose real strength they had been

[1] *Calcutta Review*, December 1846.

tempted to undervalue. Napier declared that the safety of his small army had been gravely imperilled by Outram's ill-timed appeals to the magnanimity of Sher Muhammad, the "Lion of Mirpur," while Outram complained that his last efforts to conciliate the amîrs had been foredoomed to failure by Napier's sudden march towards Haidarabad. The two men, in short, had been working upon lines so clearly divergent that misunderstandings, leading by degrees to an open rupture, would inevitably ensue. One is reminded of the eager disputants in Merrick's amusing tale concerning the colour of the chameleon. In the light of subsequent history it may even be argued that Outram's policy of trust in the amîrs would have proved less wise for practical purposes than Napier's policy of vigilant coercion.

In March 1847 Outram obtained a month's leave on medical certificate to Bombay. It does not appear, according to Sir F. Goldsmid, that he suffered from any serious ailment; but the sedentary life which he had lately been leading, added to the long mental strain of paper controversy, may have driven him to recruit his health among the sea-breezes and social recreations of Malabar Hill. He had not long returned to Satâra when Sir George Clerk, the new Governor of Bombay, offered him the post of Resident at Baroda, the chief native state on that side of India. This appointment was at that time the highest which the Bombay Government could bestow; and Sir George Clerk had warmly sympathised with Outram's earnest efforts to secure an honourable retreat from Afghanistan. He had followed Outram's subsequent career with admiring interest, and in May of this year he gladly offered him an appointment worthy of his deserts. "My appointment," writes Outram to his mother on May 17, "to the highest political situation under the *Bombay* Government, is looked upon by the service generally as a triumph over the Napiers; but I shall never consider myself righted until I am replaced in political employment under the Government of India, from which Lord Ellenborough removed me, and until the condemnation his lordship recorded against me, respecting Sind, is expunged."

The Baroda State was one of those Maratha kingdoms which the vassals of the Peshwas had carved out for themselves in the eighteenth century from the ruins of the old Mughal Empire. Outram was no stranger to some parts of the country now placed under his political charge. His official experiences in Khandesh and the Mahi Kanta from 1835-38 had thrown much curious light on the dealings of native officials throughout the provinces governed by the gaikwâr.[1] His new appointment seemed to open to him a wide field of administrative reform, and he "hastened," says an able writer, "to enter on its duties, cheered with bright visions of the lasting benefits which he hoped to confer on the prince and people of Baroda.

"But these visions were not destined to be realised. Before he could mature his plans he was grieved to discover that the corruption, which in former days he had helped to combat, was not extinct; that the long-cherished popular belief in the corruptibility of the Bombay Government still survived; and that this belief was not less potent for mischief than he had found it to be in 1837. The further he carried his inquiries, the more forcibly was the conviction impressed on his mind. And he saw that till a more healthy moral tone could be introduced into the native department of his diplomatic establishment, and a more elevated estimate of the integrity of Bombay functionaries forced on the native community, vain must be his efforts to promote the mental or material improvement of the people." [2]

The task to which our modern Hercules addressed himself might have taxed the courage of him who slew the Hydra and achieved the cleansing of the Augean stables. Outram's own particular monster was called by the natives *khatpat*, a term which included every kind of corrupt influence, from bribery to blackmailing. In Baroda the trail of this serpent was over all departments of public business, and its poisonous breath seems to have

[1] Gaikwâr, or cowherd, was the title bequeathed to his successors by Pilaji Gaikwâr, the Maratha peasant who founded the reigning dynasty of Baroda.

[2] *Outram Services.*

tainted the official atmosphere of Bombay itself. "The great art of life," as Kaye has well observed, "is to make things pleasant. A troublesome man is the despair of his superiors; he must have as good stuff in him as you, James Outram, if his stirrings do not bring him to grief."[1]

How zealously the new Resident went to work may be seen from his letters of July 1847 to his assistant, Captain Fulljames, at Ahmadabad. After recounting the misdeeds of one Baba Nafra who had just been arrested on the charges of bribery and abduction, he goes on to speak in no flattering terms of Narsu Pant, for several years the confidential agent at the Baroda Residency. "A cunning fellow like Narsu Pant would have little difficulty in trumping up false charges. But Mr. Narsu's tether is very short, and I doubt not that in a few days his own misdeeds will be fully exposed—he must be quaking in his shoes, knowing as he does what there is against him."

In another letter he gives his assistant "full authority to search the magisterial and other judicial records—the records of the Kolie corps, etc., etc.—and to quote from them whatever may be necessary to your report on the state of the police and working of the corps, and everything connected therewith."

"Your report," he adds, "will, I have no doubt, be sufficient to afford government ground for utterly reforming the whole system of police, and on handing it up I shall submit the reorganisation I would recommend; so if you have any further suggestions to offer beyond those you have already given me, let me have them by the time I receive your report." And he concludes by telling Fulljames to be in no hurry with his report; "it is of more importance it should be full and convincing than that it should go in soon."

Writing again to Fulljames on December 1, with regard to some further reports on the police, Outram suggests that he might "find a way to comment on the ill-working of those united functions (revenue and magisterial) without appearing unnecessarily to intrude what must be so unpalatable to the Civil Service, and if

[1] *Cornhill Magazine*, January 1861.

your and Wallace's supplementary reports come through me, I will then take the opportunity to say my say also."

Referring to a case of opium robbery which had not yet been brought clearly home to the actual culprits, although so many persons had been confined on suspicion, "I wish much," he says, "you would try by a second examination of the prisoners in Ahmadabad to elicit further evidence, otherwise I fear it never will be brought home to the rascals." "Might you not," he adds, "with sanction of the judge, hold out a promise of pardon to one or two of them if they gave such information as will lead to the conviction of the culprits? or might you not get some of those who are to be released on security, to come forward as queen's evidence?"

In the year 1848 a change of ill-omen to Outram occurred in the Government of Bombay. His staunch friend Sir George Clerk was driven by ill-health to resign his office, and Lord Falkland was sent out to fill his place. Towards the end of April Outram's home at Baroda was saddened by the untimely death of Mrs. Outram's brother, Lieutenant Anderson, who had been foully murdered, together with his civil colleague, Mr. Vans Agnew, by the soldiers of Mulraj, the Diwan or Governor of Multan. The two victims of unforeseen treachery had been deputed by the Lahore Darbar to instal a new governor at Multan in the room of Mulraj, who had lately tendered his resignation. With regard to Lieutenant Anderson, Outram writes to his mother on May 16: "It is indeed a sad, sad termination to the career of one of the noblest young men I ever knew, when he thought he had attained a sure path to fame and honour. Our last letter from him, written the day he embarked at Lahore to sail down to Multan, was full of hope and joy." [1]

While Herbert Edwardes was leading his Bannu levies across the Indus to the very walls of Mulraj's stronghold, it was becoming daily clearer that the outbreak at Multan had set fire to the fuel of a general Sikh revolt against a government impelled by British officers and protected by British bayonets. Outram, as usual, longed to play his part in the coming struggle between the whole Sikh nation and the government of Lord Dalhousie, who had

[1] Goldsmid.

gone out to fill the place vacated by Lord Hardinge. In a letter to Sir Frederick Currie, who was acting at Lahore as British Resident in the room of Sir Henry Lawrence, absent for a time on sick-leave to Europe, Outram urged the propriety of securing the services of the Sind camel corps, and a regiment of Sind horse, for the defence of Bhawalpûr from the inroads of the Multani rebels.

For this end he was ready to act in concert with Major John Jacob. "If you intrust my friend Jacob and myself with this duty," he writes, "depend upon it we shall not lie idle, nor allow the Multanis to cross to this side of the river with impunity, and shall so puzzle Mulraj by our feints and movements as to deter him, in a great measure, if not altogether, from attempting any distant operations until our regular army can come down upon him." [1]

Shortly afterwards he applied to Lord Dalhousie himself for employment on a roving commission of the kind already proposed. The governor-general expressed his readiness to further Outram's wishes; but in view of pending arrangements for the despatch of a Bombay column to co-operate with the troops of Bengal, he held it better that Outram should apply to his own government for the requisite permission. The consequent reference to Bombay resulted only in a polite refusal of Colonel Outram's request.

On September 12, 1848, Outram left Baroda on medical certificate, arriving five days later in Bombay. In the autumn of the previous year he had been attacked with erysipelas, which nearly caused his death. A year later, excessive brain-work in a very unhealthy climate had developed symptoms so alarming that his medical advisers insisted on a complete change of scene and air. The six weeks that Outram spent in Bombay were chiefly employed in vainly urging the government to carry out some of the measures advocated in his official reports on the state of things at Baroda. At last, on November 3, he embarked with his wife for Suez, whence Mrs. Outram would pass on to her Scottish home, leaving her husband to recruit his health and enlarge his mental outlook by a lengthened sojourn in the land of the Pharaohs and the Ptolemies.

[1] Outram MSS.

CHAPTER XII

FROM BARODA TO EGYPT AND BACK AGAIN. NOVEMBER 1848–FEBRUARY 1852

After landing at Suez, Colonel and Mrs. Outram proceeded across the desert in one of those vans which carried passengers between Suez and Cairo in the early days of the overland route from India to England. Towards evening they came across a van which was bearing Sir Henry Lawrence back to the Punjâb after an absence of less than a year. The meeting between these two men, who had never seen each other before, is described by Lady Lawrence in a letter to her son Alexander: "Our vans stopped; papa got out, and, in the twilight, had ten minutes' talk with Colonel Outram. They have long known each other by character, and corresponded pleasantly, but had never met before. There is much alike in their characters; but Colonel Outram has had peculiar opportunities of protesting against tyranny, and he has refused to enrich himself by ill-gotten gains. . . .

"Colonel Outram, though a very poor man, would not take money which he did not think rightfully his, and distributed all his share in charity—giving £800 to the Hill Asylum at Kussowli. I was glad, even in the dark, to shake hands with one whom I esteemed so highly." [1]

Early in December Outram parted from his wife at Alexandria on board the steamer which was to convey her back to England. Finding Alexandria intolerable after her departure, he returned up the Nile towards Cairo in the steamer which had brought him down. At Cairo he began to study Arabic with a view to extending his travels as far west as Tunis. A qualified teacher had been found for him by the well-known missionary,

[1] *Life of Sir Henry Lawrence.* By Sir Herbert Edwardes and Herman Merivale, C.B.

Mr. Leider. "As I have had no practice," he writes to Mrs. Outram, "in learning languages for thirty years past, I fear I shall prove a very stupid pupil." In the following year, however, his letters from Bombay served to convince him that his scheme for visiting Tunis was a vain thing under the terms of his furlough to Egypt. "I am informed," he writes, "that my tether extends only to 36 degrees of north latitude, and 30 longitude E. of Greenwich."

Before leaving India he had been ordered by his doctors to keep always moving as the best means of regaining his health. The first two months of 1849 were occupied by him in a careful survey of the route across the desert from Keneh to Kosseir, the same route which Bairds' Indian contingent had traversed in the opposite direction during the war with Napoleon in 1801. On this occasion he was accompanied by Mr. Stuart Poole, nephew of the well-known Arabic scholar, Edward Lane.[1]

On mounting his camel at Keneh for the trip across the desert Outram wore a regulation sword. "Don't wear that, Colonel; they will find you out," entreated Mr. Poole. "Do you think," he answered, "I will wear anything but the queen's sword?" So he went undisguised, and the suspicions that his frankness excited nearly "led to my being carried off during his absence." On his previous voyage up the Nile as far as Thebes he had taken note of every good military position along the route. "He would say of a fine temple, 'What a splendid position!' With a great respect for learning, he cared very little for antiquities."

In his account of the trip Mr. Stuart Poole was deeply impressed by "the strength and individuality of his disposition, his warmth of heart, his great unselfishness, his absolute confidence in me. . . . At that time he seemed to me in full strength of body and mind. He struck me as not unlike Cromwell in face, though of a far more refined type, marked in the firm and delicate modelling of the mouth, especially in the upper lip. He had a soldier's piercing eyes, changing in a moment

[1] Author of *Modern Egyptians*, and translator of *The Arabian Nights*.

from command to gentleness. In speech he was hesitating, but when he was warmed by his subject he could speak forcibly. He was consumed by ambition, yet I never knew a more modest man."

Just as they were setting out on their return journey from Kosseir, the news of the hard-fought and only half-won battle of Chilianwâla excited Outram to the verge of madness. "I will go back at once," he said, "and serve as captain in my old black regiment." During their voyage down the Nile to Cairo Outram "kept the boatmen at work night and day. Sleeping in the cabin next to his, I was constantly roused by his shouts to the exhausted men to go on rowing. A mutiny broke out, and the men were taken before a Turkish governor, who politely offered to have them bastinadoed all round. Outram, of course, could not consent, and the old state of things returned."

By the time the travellers reached Cairo they knew that Lord Gough had won the crowning victory of Gujarât, and Outram "was full of regret for the discomfort his impetuosity had caused."

One characteristic incident of the return voyage must not be omitted. "One day when we had no meat for dinner I shot a pigeon. Outram, ardent sportsman as he was, said to me sadly, 'I have made a vow never to shoot a bird.' He would not eat the bird, which was given to an old peasant woman, and we dined as we could."[1]

So intense had been Outram's anxiety concerning the progress of our arms in the Punjâb that on one occasion he sped down the Red Sea to Aden, intending if need arose to catch the first steamer thence for Bombay. "Every officer," he writes to his wife, "who has eaten the company's salt is bound to do so likewise in whatever part of the world he may happen to be situated." Happily the news that reached him by the next homeward mail seemed to justify his immediate return to Suez, and to his self-appointed task in Egypt. The date of this Aden episode is not given by his biographer, but in all likelihood it occurred just after his journey across the desert to Kosseir.

[1] Goldsmid.

By the end of March 1849 Outram was speeding down the Nile to Damietta, on the eastern mouth of that river. After a long and careful inspection of a town which had once been the centre of a thriving trade, he returned to Cairo about the end of April. In the following month he started on a similar errand for Rosetta, on the western mouth of the Nile; but on this occasion he was too ill to leave his boat, and the visit had to be deferred to a later season. In June we find him at Alexandria, suffering from a sharp attack of spinal rheumatism, brought on by imprudent bathing. To shake off this painful malady he started on the 20th for a cruise along the Syrian coast. The first days of his voyage were days to him of unspeakable agony. He lived entirely upon tea, and was unable to walk without support. After a while his health began to improve, and soon after landing at Smyrna he reported himself as nearly free from pain, and able at last to sit up and write.

By the middle of August he was strong enough to make an excursion to Beyrout, whence he rode up to the Lebanon, where, says Sir F. Goldsmid, "he had once contemplated passing the hot weather. But the trip was enough to satisfy him, and he forthwith rode down again." In a letter of October 2 to his wife, written shortly after his return to Cairo, he declares that he was never better in bodily health. In the course of the same month he made another trip to Damietta, to complete his survey of that neighbourhood. A second visit to Rosetta furnished him with fresh materials for the report on which he was engaged. This report was afterwards completed at Cairo, and is, in the words of his biographer, "an admirable example of the useful account to which an able and active-minded soldier may turn a twelve or fifteen months' furlough in a foreign country."

The body of this exhaustive memoir, compiled for the instruction of the Court of Directors, comprised more than a hundred pages of closely printed foolscap. Of the twelve sections into which it was divided, "the first," says Sir F. Goldsmid, "deals mainly with the fortifications of Alexandria, but is in other respects a political review; the second is a valuable notice of the resources of Egypt,

touching on military establishments, revenues, agricultural products, and means of transport; the third is a retrospect of French campaigns under the first Napoleon; and the remaining nine may be generally classed together under the heads of political, strategical, and hypothetical."

The appendices were even bulkier than the Memoir itself. From Mr. Stuart Poole we learn that his uncle Mr. Lane and his brother rendered Outram no little service in the preparation of this report.

In April 1850 the document was laid before the Government of Bombay, by whom it was duly forwarded to Lord Dalhousie for transmission to the Secret Committee in Leadenhall Street. The governor-general entirely concurred with Lord Falkland in the tribute paid by the latter to the "distinguished and honourable zeal" displayed by Colonel Outram in his country's service, "under the pressure of ill-health and other unfavourable circumstances." Lord Palmerston, who was then at the Foreign Office, testified to the value of Outram's Memoir, and declared his belief that, if the Russo-Turkish differences had continued, Outram would have been asked to remain in Egypt.

In his reminiscences of this period Mr. Stuart Poole touches upon some noteworthy traits in Outram's vivid personality. "At this time," he says, "I saw much of Colonel Outram. His conversation usually turned on the wrongs of the amîrs of Sind, the Baroda bribery, and not seldom on the native races and how they should be governed. It now strikes me that he lost mental strength from the power an *idée fixe* had of getting entire command of him. On native questions, I may add, that without being sympathetic, owing possibly to his want of linguistic facility, he was full of a desire for equal justice to all, and commented on acts of spoliation or harshness with the keenest indignation. He was so sensitive to fair play that he spoke of being hurt with his brother officers for picking off Afghan matchlock-men who innocently came within range of their rifles. He never could be made to tell or verify any story of his own achievements. Whatever I knew came out by accident. Thus once he said, 'I like that stick; I took a hill-fort with it!' Another

time he told how, as a subaltern, he had called out the commander-in-chief of the Bombay army for not giving him a chance of active service in Burmah, when that gallant old officer, while regretting he had not the chance of a shot at Outram, whose challenge no one at Puna would carry, yet sent him at once to the front.

"Even the incidents of his tiger-hunts were withheld from us. The deep scars on his head were admitted to be the marks of claws, but he would never acknowledge or deny the story that his head was once in a tiger's mouth, when a well-directed bullet from a friend's gun relaxed the brute's jaws. He lived sparingly, but lavished everything in presents to his friends. His only amusement was chess, and his only indulgence smoking either a hookah, of which he took half-a-dozen whiffs, or a cigar."

"I wish," continues Mr. Poole, "I could remember his conversation on political matters, but except in the cases of Sind and Baroda, and his strong indignation against those who would not have rescued our captives in Afghanistan, I cannot venture at this distance of time to put on paper what he said of those high in office. He had a strong feeling of personal responsibility, and spared no one who was not true to this test. Consistently he was the first to see and reward merit in young men." [1]

On January 21, 1850, Outram started from Suez on his return to India, landing at Bombay on February 7. In the previous December he had written from Cairo to Captain Fulljames: "Thank the Lord, my pilgrimage is now nearly over. I never was more tired of anything in my life, and most willingly would have gone back months ago, could I have had any excuse for returning before my time was up. I tried it once, and got as far as Aden, but the termination of the war, which I there learned, deprived me of that plea, so I had to come back £12 out of pocket by the trip. I should return by this mail had I not two more journeys to make to complete my inspection of Egypt, which I may as well finish since I am about it."

His moods at this period seemed to have varied like the play of light and shadow across a wind-stirred landscape. According to his biographer, his letters home in

[1] Goldsmid.

1849 betrayed a marked unwillingness to resume his duties at Baroda. He had even applied to Lord Dalhousie for the next vacancy at Nagpur. "He would have almost preferred retirement from the service altogether, had his means permitted; and to have become Lieutenant-Governor of Addiscombe, in succession to Sir Ephraim Stannus, then shortly to retire, would have been to him a most acceptable contingency." Still longing for home, he appears to have indulged in visions of some quiet retreat, where "he and his wife and son might live together in peace until time should bring about a more propitious state of things."

In Bombay he enjoyed for a time the hospitality of his old friends the Willoughbys, pending their departure thence to Mahâbleshwar. He was cheered, too, by welcome letters from the Lawrences at Lahore, in one of which Lady Lawrence tells him how "we often talk of our *ten minutes*' acquaintance with you in the desert, and only wish it could be carried somewhat further."

Outram returned to Baroda in May, determined, in spite of all discouragement from headquarters, to carry on his thankless crusade against *khatpat*. On the following day, the 9th, Captain and Mrs. Fulljames came to stay with him, and relieved for a time what he called "the melancholy of the great house." Between 4 A.M. and sunrise he would take his morning ride, after which he usually sat at his desk until his breakfast hour at nine. Half an hour later he returned to his work till sunset. A drive to the parade-ground, followed by half an hour's walk, filled up his time before dinner, after which he generally wrote for two or three hours; retiring punctually to rest at 9 P.M. Although he liked the officers and found their messes good, he never dined at mess. "As I always go to bed at nine," he writes, "to enable me to get up before daybreak, I cannot suit myself to the late hours."

His assistant, Lieutenant Battye, "kind and honest-hearted as ever," was always present at the dinner-table, where several officers from camp were often welcome guests. For their amusement he resolved to "perpetrate one piece of extravagance. . . . The grand undertaking is a bathing-tank, to be erected beside the well near the

flagstaff: it is to be forty feet long and twelve broad, which will be a great luxury to all, for at present there is no place where they can get a swim."

"My crusade against corruption goes on," he writes to his wife in December; "no light work," as we have seen already. But the incessant occupation appeared to agree with him, for he "never was better." Christmas, however, brought with it the inevitable longing to strike work at Baroda and hasten homewards to his family circle. "Oh, how I wish," he writes, "I could be of the party! What a contrast to a happy Christmas is my solitary condition here!" Battye had gone away for two months' leave on account of ill-health, and he was once more alone. He was still busily engaged in "prosecuting corruption cases," despite the ill-will he encountered from natives of all classes. "I am progressing slowly but surely," he writes, "in spite of every obstacle, and assuredly shall succeed; but the villainy, hypocrisy, and unblushing perjury I meet with at every turn, together with the apathy of the government, so thoroughly have disgusted me that I am determined to shake the dust off my feet and leave Baroda when I have finished the work."[1]

In April 1851 we find Outram in Bombay, exchanging warm farewells with his old friend Willoughby, who was about to return home. "With his departure I feel," he said, "as if almost my last tie to India were severed." Before the end of May he was back again in Baroda, disheartened by the failure of the Bombay Government to make good their promises of support in his campaign against corruption. They appointed a special commission to retry the cases which he himself had carefully investigated, and that arch-offender Narsu Pant, against whom the Resident had sent in five damning charges, became once more free to parade the streets of Baroda in all the pomp and splendour of his former greatness.

By this time Outram saw that the days of his official life at Baroda were already numbered. In October he forwarded to Lord Falkland's Government, for submission to the Court of Directors, a long and fearless report on the *khatpat* cases. "In framing that report," he says,

[1] Goldsmid.

"I deemed it my duty to leave nothing untold which was requisite to enable the Court of Directors (from whom the Bombay Government had withheld my appeals) to judge of the nature and propriety of those official obstructions which had been thrown in my way." [1]

Lord Falkland's answer to so direct a challenge was not long in coming. It seemed to the Bombay Government that Outram's report was couched in terms disrespectful to itself, and likely to impair its friendly relations with the gaikwâr. An angry letter from the governor in council dispensed with Outram's services in Baroda, but allowed him to withdraw in the manner least offensive to his own feelings, and least calculated to embarrass the government. Outram replied by requesting leave to visit the Presidency for a month from December 15,—an arrangement which, he trusted, would give the government sufficient time for appointing his successor.

"Do not fancy," he writes to his mother, "that I am at all cast down by this. I fully expected it, and am not sorry to get away from this sink of iniquity; though, of course, I should have preferred a more honourable retreat."

"You must not think," he adds, "that I am coming home to *agitate*, or to induce the court to censure or annul the measures of the Bombay Government. Under any circumstances I should never be induced to place myself in opposition to my own government; and the wording of their present letter certainly would not warrant me in doing so now."

He would simply leave it to the Court of Directors to decide whether he could have acted otherwise than he had done; for "I am certain that a careful perusal of the whole correspondence, and especially of the *khatpat* report, upon which the government's letter is based, will assure the court that however right government may be in removing me from hence, there rests not the shadow of a stain on my character as a man or as a diplomatist." [2]

There was one circumstance in Outram's career in

[1] *Baroda Intrigues, and Bombay Khatpat.* By Lieutenant-Colonel Outram, C.B. Smith, Elder, & Co., London.

[2] Goldsmid.

Baroda which he had never mentioned to his own family, or even to any of his friends in Bombay. There is no doubt that his life was attempted, not once, but several times during the progress of his *khatpat* crusade. The strange and mysterious illness which had driven him to Egypt was attributed by his doctors to poison, administered either in his food or in the hookah which he generally smoked. Similar practices were employed against him after his return to Baroda.

In a confidential letter of October 1850 he tells Captain Eastwick how he had lately been on the eve of succeeding in his investigations "regarding Baba Nafra's villainy in the Jatabai affair." Up to that time he had been in good health, and it was most important that his health should remain good. "I began to fall into a somnolent condition, and to present all the symptoms which medical men consider to indicate the operation on the system of narcotic poison." After much puzzling, his doctors suggested something wrong in the tobacco which he used. "In the most off-hand manner I expressed to my servant my fear that the tobacconist of whom I had bought it might have given me an inferior quality. The man instantly grew as white as a black man can become, trembled all over, and began asseverating in a confused and conscience-stricken manner that he had not put any poison into the *goracho;* a suspicion I had not expressed. . . . Next day I thought it right to tell him that, whether justly or unjustly, the doctor thought I had been tampered with, that if I died my body would be examined and the cause of my death ascertained, and that, if poison were detected, suspicion would then fall on him as having supplied my *chillams*."

From that day forward the old symptoms abated, and had not since returned. "But you rarely fail," he adds, "to find a stick when you wish to strike a dog, and there are more ways than one of hocussing an obnoxious Resident." [1]

It appears that subsequent attempts to poison him were frustrated by the vigilance of kind Dr. Ogilvie and a few other friends. Besides other precautions, the good

[1] Goldsmid.

doctor, in the words of Sir F. Goldsmid, "combined with four or five associates in an arrangement that one of the band should partake of every dish which the Resident tasted—a task of some risk in more ways than one, for he seemed to have a preference for what was most indigestible."

The new year, 1852, found Outram once more in Bombay, drafting the last pages of his Baroda report, looking up old friends, and interviewing members of the Bombay Council, all save the governor himself, who refused to grant him a private audience. On February 17 he embarked for Suez, and landed a month later at Southampton.

CHAPTER XIII

ON THE FLOWING TIDE. MARCH 1852–NOVEMBER 1854

FROM Southampton Outram hastened to rejoin his wife and son in some quiet lodgings bordering on Mayfair. A visit to Brighton during the summer was followed by a trip to Boulogne and Paris. At watering-places and in Paris "it amused him," says a trustworthy informant, "to sit out on the frequented promenades and watch what was going on—always with a cigar in his mouth, and, if possible, with an Indian friend. But his acquaintances were not necessarily Anglo-Indians: he had a great faculty of attracting strangers and making the most of their society. His frank and open manners and quiet fun made him an agreeable companion, and wherever he went he picked up friends who retained an unusually permanent interest in their fellow-traveller."

Intolerant of aimless idling, and having no special resources, he always "liked to be where 'something was going on'—he did not mind what, so long as there was not quiescence or stagnation. When anything occurred to cheer or interest him his spirits would visibly rise, and he would shed his brightness around."

In places such as Brighton he delighted in the varied aspects of the sea, and the light and movement of a crowded beach. He would go out sailing in the roughest weather, bribing the boatmen to encounter perils from which they would else have shrunk.

Returning to London in November 1852, Outram was just in time to attend the funeral of his old friend the great Duke of Wellington, who was buried in St. Paul's Cathedral amid "the noise of the mourning of a mighty nation." From that time until July 1853 he appears never to have quitted London except for a short visit to Scotland in the spring. During the greater part of this period his mother had her place of honour in the Outram

household, enlivening, says her biographer, "many a sociable breakfast by her wit and freshness."

The presence of a friend at breakfast or dinner was always welcome, and he liked to meet people at his club; but he steadily refused to go out to parties, or pose in public among the lions of the hour. After breakfast he would betake himself, cigar in mouth, to the Oriental Club, returning home to prosecute his researches into Baroda affairs, to write his letters, and to interview his friends in parliament and the India House. His evenings were usually spent at his club, or among congenial associates at the Cosmopolitan. Meanwhile his wife and her son Francis spent many an hour in copying out all manner of notes and documents bearing upon Outram's official past.

Towards the close of October 1852 was issued, in two huge volumes of a Parliamentary Blue-Book, a full but ill-digested report on all matters connected with the *khatpat* scandals and Colonel Outram's enforced retirement from Baroda. This Blue-Book contains the answer given in June by the Court of Directors to Lord Falkland's spiteful charges against his plain-speaking subaltern. It contains also the dissents recorded from certain passages in the court's despatch by directors of such mark as Colonel Sykes, Captain Eastwick, Messrs. W. B. Bayley, and Ross Mangles. Thirteen dissidents in all were found to differ from their colleagues, mainly in condemning the removal of Colonel Outram from a post in which he was rendering the highest service to the Government of Bombay. These gentlemen were virtually of one mind in holding that Outram's intemperate language towards his official betters was fully condoned, if not wholly justified, by "the zeal, ability, and fearless energy which that officer was bringing to bear upon the important object of his investigations, and which it was the bounden duty, as assuredly it was the interest, of the Government of Bombay to encourage and support." [1]

The Court of Directors seem, in fact, to have halted between two opinions, "scarcely knowing," in the words

[1] *Baroda and Bombay: a Narrative drawn from the Papers laid before Parliament.* By John Chapman.

of Sir John Kaye, "whether to applaud what he did, or to censure his manner of doing it. Bound to maintain the authority of their distant rulers, and to condemn insubordination of language, the directors of the company could not help feeling, not only that he had done nobly, but that he had done well—that he had promoted their interests whilst he was demonstratively asserting his own honesty and courage." But for the intervention of the Board of Control, they would probably have insisted in reinstating Outram in Baroda. They went so far, at any rate, as to express their hope "that, when Lieutenant-Colonel Outram shall return to India, you will find a suitable opportunity of employing him where his talents and experience may prove useful to the public service."

It was not, indeed, with Lord Falkland's approval that Outram was destined to return in triumph to his former post. In a happy moment the Court of Directors decided to transfer the political charge of Baroda from the Bombay Government to the governor-general himself. They also requested the Marquis of Dalhousie to find suitable employment for Colonel Outram on that officer's return to duty.

Early in July 1853 Outram sailed from Southampton on his way through Egypt to Calcutta. At Alexandria he stayed a fortnight, in hopes of being required to proceed to Constantinople for active service in the war which then seemed imminent between Turkey and Russia. Once more his dreams of military renown were to be quashed by a message from the "Great Elchi," Sir Stratford Canning, who assured him that there was no present likelihood of an appeal to arms.

Outram reached Calcutta on September 12. A welcome letter from Lord Dalhousie awaited his arrival. "We had bedrooms adjoining," says Mr. Inglis Money, "in one of the houses near the Bengal Club. One morning he brought his breakfast into my room and this letter. . . . Lord D. towards the end wrote that he deeply regretted there was nothing in his power to offer him that would compensate for his brilliant services."

In this letter Dalhousie said that the post of Resident at Haidarabad, for which Outram had been recommended

by the Court of Directors, had already been promised to a civil officer of high standing and long service. But, he added, "I have officially told the court that if I am to take charge of Baroda, as they desire, I must choose my own agent; and that my first act would be to replace you in that Residency." [1]

On September 13 Outram had his first interview with the great proconsul, who was bent upon transforming the conquered Punjâb into a model province, who had just been adding Pegu to the dominions of the East India Company, and whose reforming hand was making itself felt for good in a hundred ways throughout the length and breadth of our Indian Empire. The interview was long and most satisfactory, as Outram tells his wife. The governor-general, who was still reeling under the shock caused by the death of his beloved wife on her voyage home, "expressed his regret that he could not show any hospitality, being unfit company for any one. In fact he sees no one, and never moves out of his room even for a drive. He is, however, assiduous in business, and the amount of work he gets through is, I am told, perfectly astonishing; indeed, excessive work seems to be his only solace under his deep affliction."

Outram, for his part, had "every reason to be thankful" for the result of an interview which sent him back in triumph to Baroda "as the governor-general's agent, with his full support." Pending the needful arrangements for that end, Outram stayed on in Calcutta as an honorary member of Dalhousie's personal staff. After Dalhousie's return from a tour through Pegu, Outram was employed by his new chief to write an important "Memorandum on the Invasion of India from the Westward."

From his frequent interviews with the head of the Indian Government he seems to have come away spell-bound by the inherent kingliness of Lord Dalhousie's mien and bearing. He told Dr. Alexander Grant, his lordship's physician and trusted friend, "that he had had interviews with the Duke of Wellington, with Sir Robert Peel, and other leading statesmen in England, but never felt such awe and such a feeling of inferiority as in inter-

[1] *Outram Papers.*

views with Lord Dalhousie, who had ever been most kind to him." [1]

Before the cold season of 1853-54 came to an end Outram had grown heartily tired of the idle kind of life he was leading in the City of Palaces. After attending a banquet given in his honour by Chief-Justice Sir James Colville and a large number of his countrymen, he left Calcutta in the latter part of February 1854. In Bombay he met with a hearty welcome from the new governor, Lord Elphinstone. In company with his former assistant, Captain Battye, he arrived at Baroda on March 19. On the following day he paid his first visit to the gaikwâr, who after a moment of awkward silence received the reinstalled Resident with his accustomed courtesy.

Under Outram's steady insistence his highness ere long found himself constrained to get rid of his favourite minister and kinsman, the *Bhao*, whose removal was demanded by the governor-general himself. To all the gaikwâr's pleadings on this matter Outram turned a deaf ear; and a month later he was able to report that " the gaikwâr has not only dismissed the *Bhao* as required to do, but has gone much further, having expelled him from the country, and dismissed all his allies besides, solemnly pledging himself never to readmit any of them to his counsels." By that time also the infamous Narsu Pant had disappeared not only from Baroda, but from the world in which he had intrigued so long and so successfully.

In May Outram was warmly congratulated by Lord Dalhousie on the complete success of his mission to Baroda. " The mingled sternness and consideration with which you have treated the gaikwâr will, I hope, have a lasting effect on the gaikwâr himself; and will teach both him and those about him, that while the Supreme Government is desirous of upholding him, it must be obeyed in all things."

In the same letter Dalhousie was " concerned to learn that the transfer to the new appointment at Aden is not agreeable to you. The triumph to you seemed to me so

[1] *Physician and Friend.* Edited by John Smith, C.I.E., LL.D. John Murray, 1902.

great, and the post was one I thought so much to your mind, that I supposed it would be very acceptable to you.

"The despatch will show you that not only your pecuniary interests have been saved from harm, but that a strong opinion has been recorded that your acceptance of the transfer, far from being an impediment to your promotion to higher office hereafter, greatly strengthens your claims. I hope this provision will remove some of your distaste." [1]

The governor-general had already given Outram full authority to summon his successor, with permission to leave for Aden at any moment after Major Malcolm's arrival. On June 7, 1854, Outram left Bombay on board the company's war-steamer *Ajdaha* to take up the post of commandant and political agent at Aden, the Gibraltar of the Arabian Sea. The weather was rough, the lascar crew were weak and utterly inefficient for the work required of them, and the supply of coal threatened to run short. It was sixteen days before Captain Barker dropped anchor in the port of Aden with scarcely a ton of coal to spare.

At that time a strong hand and a clear head were especially needed for the safeguarding of our new possession at the south-western corner of the Arabian Peninsula. In the short space of three months the new Resident succeeded in disarming the hostility of the neighbouring tribes, and in making British influence respected outside the borders of his command. Nor did he neglect the well-being of the troops intrusted to his charge. "It has been my unfortunate destiny," he writes in August to Lord Elphinstone, "to expose evil of one sort or other wherever I go." Thanks to his exertions, the tanks and wells, which had hitherto supplied the garrison with impure and brackish water, were soon to undergo so thorough a cleansing that a gallon of pure sweet water could be issued daily to each soldier." [2]

In a like spirit he selected a large plot of ground on the

[1] *General John Jacob.* By Alexander Innes Shand. Seeley & Co., 1900.

[2] *Notes on Outram.* By the Rev. G. P. Badger.

northern side of the harbour, where potatoes and other vegetables might be grown for the use of dwellers in the cantonment.

Outram had started for Aden in the highest spirits; "as merry as a marriage-bell" were the words he used in one of his letters home. But the climate of that Arabian Eden soon told so harmfully upon his outward man that we find him writing in September to acquaint Lord Elphinstone with his failing health and the need of temporary absence from his duties. At this juncture he received from Lord Dalhousie the welcome offer of the best appointment within his lordship's gift—namely, the post of Resident at the Court of Oudh.

While gratefully acknowledging the "very distinguished honour" thus accorded him, Outram protested that he would ill deserve the confidence placed in him by the governor-general if he failed to bring to his lordship's notice a fact which might disqualify him for so important a post. "I allude to my ignorance of the Persian language, in which I understand the Resident's transactions with the Court of Oudh are conducted, and a thorough knowledge of which may perhaps be deemed essential to the representative of government at that court." As the state of his health, however, demanded a change of climate for a short period, Outram proposed, with the sanction of the Bombay Government, to proceed at once on sick-leave to Calcutta, "in order, should your lordship still deem me worthy of holding the Lucknow Residency, I may not cause any inconvenience to the public interests by unnecessary delay."[1]

Reassured on this point by Dalhousie himself, Outram quitted Aden on October 27, by the mail-steamer, which called there on its way from Suez to Garden Reach. A few days earlier he had handed over the charge of his office to his old friend and fellow-campaigner, Colonel (afterwards Sir) William Coghlan, K.C.B., of the Bombay Artillery. The regret which Lord Elphinstone expressed at his departure was shared, in the words of his able assistant, the Rev. G. P. Badger, "by all the surrounding tribes, who had learned during the short space of four

[1] Outram MSS.

months to dread him as an enemy, and to love him as a friend."

On the eve of his departure he found time to acquaint his mother with the good fortune which had befallen him, and to announce his plans for her future welfare. "You can now, therefore, have no scruple to receive from me whatever may be necessary to your comfort. I formerly said £500 a-year, but I can well afford much more than that, if you could but be prevailed upon to expend it.

"Lucknow is a delightful climate I am told, and we have a favourite hill station within three days' march to go to in the hot weather, where the climate is equal to that of Italy. We are looking for the English mail, and I trust it will bring a letter from you giving a good account of yourself, and assuring me that you will now keep a maid and a carriage." [1]

By the middle of November he landed once more in the populous city on the Hugli, after an absence of only nine months, the greater part of which had been passed in strenuous official labours.

[1] Goldsmid.

CHAPTER XIV

NEW HONOURS AND WIDER OUTLOOKS. DECEMBER 1854–DECEMBER 1856

BEFORE Outram reached Calcutta Dalhousie had started on a voyage along the coast of Orissa in quest of the health which grief and overwork had broken down. But the instructions which he had left behind him for the guidance of the new Resident were duly imparted to Outram by Sir John Low, who had lately taken his seat in the Supreme Council. Outram learned, in the words of Kaye, "the settled resolution of government to wait no longer for impossible improvements from within, but at once to shape their measures for the assertion, in accordance with treaty, of the authority of the paramount state. But it was not a thing to be done in a hurry. The measure itself was to be deliberately carried out after certain preliminary formalities of inquiry and reference. It was Outram's part to inquire." [1]

On his way up the country Outram met with a cordial welcome from General Sleeman, the late Resident at Lucknow, who had hailed in his successor the very man whom he himself would have selected for such a post. "Had your lordship," he had written in September, "left the choice of a successor to me, I should have pointed out Colonel Outram; and I feel very much rejoiced that he has been selected for the office, and I hope he will come as soon as possible."

At Cawnpore, where he arrived on December 2, Outram spent two days in receiving visits from the functionaries whom the King of Oudh had sent forward to prepare the way for his arrival at Lucknow. On December 5 the new Resident made his formal entrance into the capital of Oudh, "attended by the Residency officers, with a large procession of elephants, camel-men, cavalry, and infantry.

[1] Kaye's *Sepoy War*.

The heir-apparent—the king being indisposed—met the Resident half-way between the Dil Khusha and the Residency. Outram left his own howdah for that of the heir-apparent, and the procession then went on, attended by great crowds, among whom money was scattered, to the Moti Mahal palace, where a banquet was prepared, followed by elephant and other wild-beast fights." [1]

In January 1855, Mrs. Outram rejoined the husband from whom she had parted in the summer of 1853. Outram had already plunged with his wonted zeal into the work that lay before him. "He used to rise," says his biographer, "before it was light, and, after a few minutes' walk on the flat roof of the Residency, set to work, pausing only to eat a hurried breakfast, till time for the evening drive, which he underwent as a necessary penance. In the morning he was occasionally and with difficulty persuaded by his wife to accompany her in the carriage; but such an act was the mere pretence of an airing. Though by dint of much persuasion he had been led to purchase a riding-horse, to get him upon it was quite another matter. He is said to have only accomplished one or two rides, and these apparently because he wished to inspect some buildings."

In the midst of his new labours he still hankered after more active service at the seat of war in the Crimea. "I must confess," he writes to a friend in March, "I am beginning to despond regarding the war in the Crimea. I don't like trusting to any co-operation from the Turks from Eupatoria. They certainly will be defeated by the Russians if they move out of their intrenchments, and I see not how otherwise we can assemble sufficient forces to complete the investment of Sebastopol, and at the same time keep in check the enormous army Russia will now have in the Crimea."

At Kars also affairs looked so gloomy that he regretted the mistake he had made in coming out again to India. "All the pomp and luxuries I here enjoy are grating to my feelings, for I feel that I ought to be sharing the dangers and privations of my comrades in the field."

[1] *Recollections of my Life.* By Surgeon-General Sir Joseph Fayrer, Bart., K.C.S.I., LL.D. Blackwood, 1900.

The news which reached him four months later evoked some comments of a more cheerful nature, although he felt that nothing less would satisfy him than the expulsion of Russia from Georgia and Circassia, as well as the Danubian provinces.

With all his eagerness to press matters against Russia, he agreed with Lord Dalhousie as to the impolicy of despatching any more European troops from India to feed the war in the Crimea. When the news of the Santal rising in Birbhum reached Lucknow, he wrote on July 28: "And *now* it is doubly certain that his lordship would not sanction the despatch of more troops from India, since the insurrection which has lately broken out in Bengal (which, though not very formidable, will take time and considerable troops to put down) shows how well prepared we ought to be for such *émeutes*, this of the Santals being the last that could have been anticipated, they being the least warlike, and naturally the most peaceable of our Indian subjects." [1]

Before the end of March Outram had forwarded to his government a careful and exhaustive report on the condition of Oudh from the first years of the century onward. Long before 1855 it had become clear that some radical change was needed in the government of that unfortunate country. One governor-general after another, from Lord William Bentinck to Lord Hardinge, had striven to check misrule in the fair province which Wellesley had raised into a kingdom. Ever since Wajid Ali's accession in 1847, matters had been going steadily from bad to worse. General Sleeman's reports from the Residency had shown that such things as government, law, and justice had no existence in Oudh—that the strong everywhere preyed upon the weak, that the Garden of India was fast becoming a thorn-covered wilderness, that violence and rapine stalked through the land, while the king amused himself with a court of fiddlers, singers, buffoons, and dancing-girls.

All these evils Outram found flourishing as rankly as ever in 1855. He too, like Sleeman before him, called upon the governor-general to enforce his treaty rights

[1] Rev. Dr. Badger's *Notes on Outram*.

against a dynasty which in fifty years had continually broken all its pledges, and to assume the government of a country whose native rulers could not be trusted to govern it for themselves.

In the preparation of this report Outram had been largely aided by Dr. (afterwards Sir) Joseph Fayrer, who combined the duties of medical officer and political assistant to the Lucknow Residency. Possessing that knowledge of Persian which Outram lacked, Fayrer had been requested to furnish his new chief with a daily *précis* of the events recorded by a native scribe in the court circular of his time and country. "Strange reports," says Fayrer, "thus reached me of the king and his doings. His various proceedings in the harem and court; the presents he gave, the honours he conferred, and the promotions he made; the oppression of the *amils* (tax-collectors), the resistance of the zemindars and talukdars, their fights and the consequences, made a story that no one could have imagined."

"The following," he adds, "will give an idea of one of the daily reports: 'His majesty was this morning carried in his *tonjon* to the Mahal, and there he and So-and-so [ladies] were entertained with the fights of two pairs of new rams, which fought with great energy, also of some quails. Shawls worth Rs. 100 were presented to the jemadar who arranged these fights. His majesty then listened to a new singer, and amused himself afterwards by kite-flying till 4 P.M., when he went to sleep. Reports have come from the village of —— in the district of —— that Ram Sing, zemindar, refused to pay Rs. 500 demanded of him by the *amil*, whereon his house was burned; he was wounded, and his two sons and brothers have absconded. Jewan Khan, *daroga* of the pigeon-house, received a *khilat* of shawls and Rs. 2000 for producing a pigeon with one black and one white wing. His majesty recited to the Khas Mahal his new poem on the loves of the bulbuls,' and so on."

In spite of his new surroundings and improved prospects, Outram's health remained far from good, and Fayrer was often called upon to prescribe for him. "He was a great smoker," writes Sir Joseph, "was hardly ever without a cigar in his mouth; and this I tried to alter, but with

little success. I wrote him a very strong letter on the subject, hoping it might have some effect. He replied very kindly, saying how implicitly he believed in all I said, but that he could not do without his cigars."

Before the close of 1855, Dalhousie had returned from the Nilgiris to Calcutta, bowed down and crippled by a wasting disease, but intent upon doing his duty to the last, and leaving no arrears of work for his destined successor. On January 2, 1856, he received from the Court of Directors their final answer to his previous minutes on the past and present condition of Oudh. That answer he could only read as a positive order to annex the kingdom misruled by Wajid Ali. Had any choice been left to him, he would have preferred to govern Oudh directly through competent British officers, in the name and for the ultimate good of the reigning dynasty. But the mandates of the India House were to him as decrees of fate, and he spent the last days of his Indian rulership in carrying out a measure the virtual justice of which he could not dispute.

In prompt answer to Dalhousie's summons, Outram hastened down to Calcutta to take counsel with his chief on the best means of accomplishing the task imposed by their honourable masters. Returning a few days later to Lucknow, Outram lost no time in laying before the king a letter from the governor-general, explaining the terms of a draft treaty which his majesty was courteously invited to sign. Wajid Ali fell to weeping, called himself a miserable wretch, placed his turban in the Resident's hands, and with a curious mixture of pride and humility refused to sign a covenant which left him still a sovereign within his own palace, with a handsome yearly allowance for himself, his family, and his retinue.

Seeing that no words of his could move the royal voluptuary from his set purpose, Outram withdrew from the presence to arrange the next scene in that historic drama which began a century earlier in the days of Clive. On February 7, he issued the proclamation in which Dalhousie declared Oudh thenceforth a British province. Sir James Outram, K.C.B., was appointed chief commissioner; his civil officers proceeded to take

charge of their several districts, while British troops held the capital, and the people everywhere submitted quietly to their future masters.

"Everything," wrote Outram a few days later to the governor-general, "has been going on most satisfactorily. The populace of the capital appear to have already forgotten they ever had a king, and display the same civility to Europeans they were previously so noted for. Even the higher classes and nobles of the court appear already reconciled to the change. In the districts our proclamations have been heartily welcomed, I am informed, by the middling and lower classes, and even the higher display no dissatisfaction; while the more powerful talukdars and chieftains in the provinces are turning their allegiance with alacrity."

He was "greatly gratified by the zeal displayed by all the civil officers, not one of whom has grumbled in the slightest degree at being ordered off into the jungles the moment after coming off long *dâk* trips without tents, kit, or servants, to find shelter as they best can in the towns or villages." [1]

For his tardy promotion to a Knighthood of the Bath the new chief commissioner was mainly indebted to the strong representations made on his behalf by the retiring governor-general, who in September 1855 had written to the powers at home a letter reviewing Outram's past career, and frankly avowing his opinion "that General Outram has not received the reward that was his due. I venture humbly to express my hope," he adds, "that before quitting the shores of India I shall enjoy the deep gratification of seeing the gracious favour of the crown extended to this most gallant and distinguished officer."

Writing from Galle on March 14, Dalhousie sent Outram his hearty congratulations "on the well-earned honour," which he had just seen mentioned in the *Gazette*. "And now," he adds, "let me bid you farewell. As long as I live I shall remember with genuine pleasure our official connection, and shall hope to retain your personal friendship."

It was not long before the peace of Oudh became ruffled

[1] Outram MSS.

here and there by breezes ominous of possible storm. On February 29, the day on which Dalhousie received his successor, Lord Canning, on the steps of Government House, the chief commissioner wrote to acquaint the governor-general with the turbulent doings of two *najîb* regiments at Baraitch, who refused to have their arrears investigated by a special committee, or to take service under the new government. "As I suspect they are instigated to this by Rajah Mân Sing or the Tulsipur Rajah, who though professing loyalty are no doubt bitterly opposed to our rule, which would put an end to their almost independent power, and that they, the *najîbs*, purpose to instigate others to commence a sort of guerilla warfare so soon as the hot season will render the operations of our troops difficult."

He proposed to make an example of the malcontents in such a manner as would serve to overawe "the immense numbers of discharged soldiery now let loose on the country, and perhaps save further difficulty with other regiments not yet disposed of, which may be instigated to the same course through the same influences."

Turning aside from public and more personal matters, Outram bids his chief a regretful farewell:—

"It is with heavy heart I now say farewell to your lordship. May the Almighty in His mercy restore that health which has been sacrificed in the service of India, and may I yet have opportunities of proving my gratitude for the vast benefits and generous support I have received from your lordship, and more particularly by satisfactorily fulfilling the duties of the high functions you have intrusted to me, is the earnest prayer of, my dear Lord Dalhousie, your most deeply obliged and sincerely devoted servant, J. Outram."[1]

Under the heavy work that now devolved upon him, Outram's slender store of health soon dwindled away. Nor was the burden of his new and somewhat distasteful duties lightened by the growing friction between himself and some of his civilian colleagues, who aspired to govern

[1] Outram MSS.

Oudh according to the cast-iron methods enforced in the oldest of our Indian provinces. As early as April 1856 his watchful friend Dr. Fayrer "had to insist upon his leaving for England." Besides the acute rheumatism in his neck and shoulders, there were manifest symptoms of mischief in the brain, which nothing but immediate rest from work could overcome. On April 11, Outram announced to Lord Canning the imperative need for his temporary absence from Lucknow.

After making over his office to Mr. Coverley Jackson, and sending Lady Outram off to the hills,[1] her invalid husband hastened down the country to catch the next mail-steamer from Calcutta. On May 1 he had a long interview with Lord Canning, who "was very kind, and appears to have made himself thoroughly acquainted with Oudh politics."[2]

His chief object, however, was to impress his lordship with the need of taking "immediate measures for the better security of the fortress of Allahabad. I informed him that the gates were held only by sepoy guards, and that if a Sivaji should arise, he might any day obtain possession, by corrupting the sepoys, or by introducing any number of followers with concealed arms among the crowds of Hindu devotees who were allowed access on certain festival days to pay their devotions at the shrines within the fort."

On his way through Cawnpore, Outram had arranged with General Penny "to have 200 European troops in readiness to despatch by bullock-train to Allahabad so soon as he should receive the order from Calcutta, and I entreated his lordship to send the order without delay. He made a note of my suggestion, and appeared impressed with the advisability of carrying it out."

Outram also found time to write to General Anson, the new commander-in-chief, "informing him of what I had recommended, and begged his Excellency to see it done without delay."

We may imagine Outram's astonishment when on his

[1] Lady Outram went to Mussoorie, escorted by her son, now Sir Francis Outram, Bart., who had just come out to India as a qualified member of the Indian Civil Service.

[2] Goldsmid.

return from Persia to Calcutta in 1857, he found "that *nothing had been done*—that the Fort of Allahabad had been saved by a miracle! Had it fallen, the garrison of Lucknow would inevitably have been sacrificed like that of Cawnpore, for Havelock's troops could not have passed Allahabad to the rescue. And as it would have taken many months to equip an army at Calcutta for the siege of Allahabad, the Delhi force also must have been sacrificed, and India lost. Whereas had the precautions I proposed been adopted, a European regiment must have been retained at Cawnpore to supply the Allahabad garrison, and General Wheeler's party would have been saved." [1]

On May 3 the *Bentinck* steamed down the Hugli with James Outram on board. It was not before the middle of August that he reappeared in London, not much the better for his recent wanderings over sea and land. "As sea-air, change of scenery, and relaxation have been prescribed by the faculty as my best medicine," he writes to his mother from Suez on May 30, "I shall occupy myself at first, I think, in coasting from port to port along the shores of the Mediterranean—going, in the first instance, *viâ* Beyrout and Smyrna, to Constantinople, and thence, *viâ* Greece, to Malta; . . . thence I should coast along Italy, going inland to Rome and Milan, staying a few days at Naples, Leghorn, Genoa, and Marseilles, and thence to Paris and home."

He feared, moreover, that an earlier return home might involve him in heated discussions at the India House and other like annoyances, "which would keep me in London, and defeat the object of my sea trip to set me up."

For some days after his arrival he was confined to the house by severe rheumatic troubles. Early in the following month he was able to visit his aged mother in Edinburgh, where he owed to her timely intervention his narrow escape from death by suffocation. One night after he had gone to bed his old Portuguese servant blew out the gas in his room instead of turning it off. Luckily his mother, who was in the adjoining room, smelt the danger, and hastened into her son's room to ascertain the

[1] Goldsmid.

cause. "Her son was sleeping," says his biographer, "wholly unconscious of what had happened; though in another half hour the vapour might have done its deadly work upon him, or the house have been blown up."

A subsequent visit to his kind friends, Mr. and Mrs. Mangles, at Brighton, seems to have worked wonders upon Outram's bodily health. At the beginning of November he assures his mother that his complaint had left him; that the air of Brighton has invigorated him to such a degree that she would scarcely know him again.

While he was still at Brighton, it appears, according to Mr. Stuart Poole, that he was called upon by Colonel Sykes, who had come to tell him that the government had resolved to offer him the command of an expedition against Persia. "What! Persia?" exclaimed Outram; "I'll go to-morrow." On the afternoon of November 13, shortly after his return to London, he found a messenger awaiting him with a note from Colonel Sykes, "requesting my immediate attendance at the India Board. When I got there Mr. Vernon Smith [1] and the Chairs of the Court of Directors were in conclave. Mr. Smith then informed me that it had been decided in the Cabinet yesterday that I was to be offered the command of the army which had gone from Bombay to Persia, with diplomatic powers and the rank of lieutenant-general. I expressed, of course, my readiness and gratification; and was told that I should be required to go by the first mail if I possibly could, which I declared myself ready to do." [2]

To Outram this announcement came like the trumpet-call to an old war-horse. Five days later he embarked at Southampton by the old overland route through Egypt to Bombay. From Malta he writes to assure his mother of his entire freedom from any return of the old rheumatic

[1] Afterwards Lord Lyveden.

[2] "While the organisation of this expeditionary force was under discussion in Calcutta, the Commander-in-Chief, General Anson, requested Havelock's sentiments as to the fittest man to command it, and mentioned the name of General Stalker. Havelock stated that, without any disparagement of the merits of this officer, he considered General Outram to be suited above all other men for this important enterprise; and it was partly under the influence of this suggestion that the offer was made to him by the Home Government."—Marshman's *Life of Sir Henry Havelock*.

troubles. "I never felt better or stronger in my life—quite equal to any campaign."

"It is impossible to say," he wrote to Dr. Fayrer on December 20, "how long I may be occupied in Persia, as no one can foresee what may be the effect of our present demonstration on the shah; but it is hardly to be expected that he will at once submit to our terms, underhandedly encouraged to opposition, as he most likely will be, by French as well as Russian advisers, for both are interested in undermining our influence in Persia. You will, I am sure, consider that I could not in honour have declined so important a trust as has been imposed on me, sole diplomatic as well as military responsibility. I only hope I may prove equal to the emergency." [1]

On December 22, 1856, Sir James Outram landed in Bombay, whence a division of his army had sailed a few weeks earlier for the Persian Gulf, under the command of Major-General Stalker. The second division, under Brigadier-General Havelock, C.B., was being got ready to follow in the same direction. By Outram's special desire the command of the cavalry was to be intrusted to Colonel John Jacob, the brilliant soldier whose merits he himself had been among the first to extol.

[1] Outram MSS.

CHAPTER XV

THE PERSIAN WAR. JANUARY–JULY 1857

On December 27, Outram's generous instincts were gratified by the tidings of his old comrade's successful enterprise in the Persian Gulf. By the capture of Bushahr on the 10th, General Stalker had struck the first blow at Persian arrogance, and secured a firm base for the further movements of British troops. Meanwhile several causes detained Outram for some weeks longer in Bombay. Time was needed to complete the equipment of a fleet and army strong enough to ensure the speedy triumph of our arms. By some mischance Outram's brevet rank of lieutenant-general had been limited to India alone, and it was not until three days before his departure, in the middle of January 1857, that the mistake was duly rectified.

On January 27, Outram landed at Bushahr, where he met with a cordial welcome both from General Stalker and the British envoy, Mr. Murray. By the end of the month the greater part of Havelock's division had also arrived. Outram had already learned that the Persian Government were making great preparations to recover their lost stronghold. At Burasjun, about forty-six miles inland from Bushahr, the Persian commander had assembled a force nearly 8000 strong, with eighteen or twenty guns.

Outram resolved to attack the enemy at once, before he could be yet further strengthened. On the evening of February 3 he began his march at the head of 4500 men, half of whom were British, and eighteen guns, leaving a sufficient garrison in Bushahr. On the afternoon of the 5th, after a trying march of forty-one hours "in the worst of weather," his troops came within sight of the Persian intrenchments, only to find them vacant of any foe. A few horsemen alone were visible in the rear of the flying

enemy, whose retreat through strong mountain-passes Outram, with his small force, few cavalry, and slender commissariat, deemed it rash to follow. In the hurry of their flight, however, the Persians had left behind them vast heaps of warlike stores, enough for the feeding and equipment of a large army. Of these, all that was useful or portable was either brought away or given out among the troops, the remainder being destroyed upon the spot before Outram began his march home.

On the evening of the 7th, by the light of exploding magazines, the army began to retrace its steps towards Bushahr. It had not gone far, however, when the Persian horse began to worry its rear, and ere long to threaten it on every side. The halt was presently sounded, and the troops formed square to protect the baggage. Under a galling fire from four heavy guns they awaited the slow approach of dawn. The first light of morning revealed to our troops a Persian army from 6000 to 7000 strong, drawn up in fighting order on their left rear.

The order to advance was promptly given. Our cavalry and artillery swept forward, with the infantry behind them in double line. While the guns were doing their wonted duty against the Persian ranks, the Poonah Horse and the 3rd Bombay Cavalry made two dashing charges into the thick of the Persian bayonets. In one of their onsets the Bombay troopers crashed into a square of infantry, and riding through and through it, left nearly a whole regiment dead upon the spot. At sight of such slaughter the enemy broke and fled, throwing their arms away as they ran, and owing their escape from worse disaster only to the scant numbers of the British horse.

The fight had taken place near the village of Khushâb, some five miles only from Burasjun. By ten o'clock the victors found themselves easy masters of a field strewn with 700 dead, besides two field-guns and many hundred stand of arms. Our infantry never came within reach of the foe. Ten killed and sixty-two wounded, many of them during the night, made up the whole of the British loss. To Major-General Stalker and Colonel Lugard, chief of the staff, was assigned by Outram himself the

real credit for this achievement; their brave commander having in the first moments of the night-alarm been so stunned by the falling of his charger as to have only resumed his place in time to witness the enemy's final discomfiture. Before midnight of the following day, the 9th, most of our tired troops were back again at Bushahr, after another long march through a country in many places scarcely passable for the never-ending rain.[1]

Writing to Lord Elphinstone on February 15, Outram speaks of the hearty support which he had received from General Stalker. "Not content with seconding me in command, he insisted on my being his guest and sharing his tent. No brother could be more kind or cordial, and I shall be very sorry to leave him for a time. His position here will be very onerous until reinforced, or until I can return; for, on learning the diminution of the force here, the enemy may be encouraged to come on, though I do not think this immediately likely."

The experience gained on the march to Burasjun had taught him the futility of attempting, with his limited means, to reach the Persian capital by the way of Shirâz. He resolved therefore to make all due preparations for an attack upon Muhamra, a fortified town on the right bank of the Karun river, commanding at once the passage of the Euphrates and the approach by water to Ispahan. Some weeks had to elapse before the whole of the promised reinforcements reached Bushahr in transports towed by slow steamers. On March 4 he began embarking the troops detailed for service against Muhamra; but it was not until the 15th that Havelock with a wing of his 78th Highlanders joined the fleet anchored some thirty miles below Muhamra.

Meanwhile Outram had been detained at Bushahr by the illness and death of General Stalker, and the need of finding a competent officer to fill his place. Happily the arrival of Colonel Jacob, at the head of his famous Sind Horse, gave Outram the very man he wanted for the Bushahr command, and left him free at last to carry out his scheme for bringing Persia to her knees.

On the evening of March 21 the company's steamer,

[1] Trotter's *British Empire in India*, vol. ii.

the *Feroze*, bore Sir James Outram up to the fleet, already assembled off the Shat-ul-Arab mouth of the Euphrates. Three days later the war-steamers, commanded by Commodore Young, passed up the Shat-ul-Arab, towing the troop-ships, aboard which were distributed about 4900 soldiers, including 400 horse and two batteries of artillery. Some of the transports grounded on the way, and night had set in before the last of them dropped anchor off Hurteh, an Arab village just above the junction of the Shat-ul-Arab with the Karun, about thirty miles from the sea, and only three below Muhamra.

On the same day a mishap befell the *Feroze*, for a full account of which I am indebted to Captain Hewison, then a young naval officer on board the steam-frigate which carried Outram and his staff. "We were towing a large sailing-ship full of troops from Bushahr, and on entering the river grounded on a mudbank, and stuck fast until the tide rose. The sailing-ship, requiring less depth of water, ran into us, and embedded her stem in the centre of our stern, at the same time upsetting the large deck-house (where Outram and his staff were) with her bowsprit. We thought they were all killed by the roof falling on them, but, strange to say, with the exception of Dr. Badger, who had his face and eye badly cut, the others were hauled from under the roof unhurt, owing to four heavy brass stanchions round the hatchway that led to the sleeping-deck below preventing the roof falling flat, also a strong black-wood table. It created some little excitement on board, as you may imagine."

The next day was spent in preparing a raft for the mortar battery, and transferring guns, troops, and stores from the larger vessels into boats and small steamers. At daybreak of the 26th the mortar battery opened a heavy fire upon the enemy's works from the shelter of a low island. At 7 A.M. the men-of-war moved up the Karun under a raking fire, which none of them returned until they had all gained their proper places. Then in one and the same moment the din of their answering guns began. After two hours' steady pounding the fire from the fort batteries slackened more and more until it ceased; the signal for the transports soon brought them

up above the northernmost defences; and by half-past one the troops, all safely disembarked, began their march upon the enemy's intrenchments. But the enemy, commanded by Prince Mirza, were already in full flight, leaving behind them all their seventeen guns, much ammunition, and a vast amount of public and private stores. A scouting party of Sind Horse under Captain Malcolm Green followed the fugitives for several miles; but for want of sufficient cavalry and guns at the right moment it was impossible to continue the pursuit.

Muhamra, in fact, had been won by the warships of the Indian navy, consisting of four steam-frigates, one steam-sloop, and two sloops of war. "The gentlemen in blue," wrote Havelock, "had it all to themselves, and left us naught to do." The smallness of the British loss —ten killed and thirty wounded—was largely due to the foresight of Commander Rennie, who lined the bulwarks of each vessel with trusses of pressed hay, through which a Persian matchlock-ball could make no way. "Thus 300 bullets," says Lieutenant Low, "were found buried in the sides of the *Feroze*, and vast numbers were shaken out of the hay-trusses." The fire, moreover, from the enemy's guns had been unsettled at the last moment "by the bold step of closing on the batteries, by which the loss of the ships, engaging under a point-blank fire, at a range varying between 60 and 300 yards, was greatly reduced." [1]

In planning the attack on Muhamra, Outram had intended to take his post on board the leading ship. In vain did some of his officers point out the danger to which he would thus be exposing a life so important to the service on hand. Fortunately one of his most confidential friends determined to appeal to Outram's generosity by suggesting that "his presence with the leading ship might deprive the commodore and the Indian navy generally of some of the honour which was to be won." The bait took at once, and he arranged to follow in the *Scindian* after the forts had been battered by the men-of-war.

"As it proved, however," says Dr. Badger, "Outram

[1] Low's *History of the Indian Navy*.

did not thereby place himself beyond personal danger. As the different vessels moved up the river they were exposed to the fire of several field-pieces which the Persians had detached to arrest their progress, and to frequent volleys of musketry from behind the mud wall which enclosed the date-groves on its banks. The *Scindian*, carrying the old Indian jack, or gridiron, as the sailors call it, was specially marked for these attacks. A round-shot from one of their guns struck down Captain Havelock's servant and killed him on the spot, and a musket-ball was prevented from wounding Outram's foot by a lucky hookah which happened to stand before him. Outram at the time was calmly surveying the movements of the enemy on shore, dropping his glass every now and then to order the men, who belonged to H.M.'s glorious 64th Regiment, and who would be peering above the bulwarks, not to expose themselves. He had hardly uttered the words, 'Down, men of the 64th!' when a shower of balls from the shore rattled over the deck, happily missing the general, whose whole person was exposed to the assailants. 'They have put your pipe out,' was his only remark, addressing himself to his friend, who had been smoking the hookah, quite unconscious of the danger which he had escaped."[1]

On the 29th three small steamers, three gunboats, and as many ships' boats, carrying among them 300 British infantry, started up the Karum under the command of Captain Rennie in quest of the vanished foe. On the morning of April 1 a body of these, numbering 7000 infantry and many hundred horse, with six guns, were seen strongly posted near the town of Ahwâz, 100 miles up the Karun. A few rounds from the gunboats sent the brave army once more flying, with swarms of plundering Arabs at their heels. Two days were spent in carrying away the sheep, arms, and mules discovered in Ahwâz, and in distributing the captured stores of grain among the people of the country. On April 4 the flotilla steamed down again towards Muhamra.

In his despatch to the Indian Government, Outram dwells on the admirable manner in which his instructions

[1] Rev. G. P. Badger's *Notes on Outram*.

had been carried out, and on the "complete success which has attended the energetic and judicious measures adopted by all concerned; indeed it is impossible to calculate upon the advantages that must ensue from the successful result of this expedition, in the effect it will have upon the Arab tribes, who, in crowds, witnessed the extraordinary scene of a large army of 7000 infantry, with five or six guns, and a host of cavalry, precipitately retreating before a detachment of 300 British infantry, three small river-steamers, and three gunboats."[1]

A few days later the war was virtually ended by the truce which Outram ordered on hearing of the treaty then actually on its way from Paris for final ratification at Teherân. At Paris, on March 4, the English and Persian commissioners had signed an agreement which pledged the shah to renounce all claim of sovereignty over Herat, or any other Afghan province. In any future quarrel between Persia and Afghanistan England was to act as a friendly mediator. The treaty for suppressing the slave-trade in the Persian Gulf was to be prolonged for another ten years after the expiry of its original term; and in all matters of commerce and politics Great Britain was henceforth to stand on an equal footing with the most favoured of her rivals.

On April 14 the shah affixed his signature to a treaty which relieved England from further embroilment with a foreign power at the very moment when all her resources were about to be needed for the preservation of her Indian Empire. At Baghdad, on May 2, the final ratifications of the treaty were exchanged. On May 9 Sir James Outram issued a field-force order thanking the troops for their past services, and bidding them prepare for a speedy return to India.

By that time, indeed, he knew that his countrymen in Northern India were walking *per ignes suppositos cineri doloso*. Some weeks earlier the smouldering disaffection among the Bengal sepoys had blazed into open mutiny at Barrackpur and Bahrampur. All through March and April the tokens of coming evil had been growing more rife. Night after night fresh fires, whose origin remained

[1] Quoted by Lieutenant Low.

a mystery, broke out in the wide Ambâla cantonment; and the men who handled the new Enfield cartridges were exposed to the jeers and insults of their less loyal comrades. Early in April Lord Elphinstone had sent Outram an urgent request for the despatch of every European soldier with all possible haste to Bombay and Calcutta.

On the morning before their return to India the 78th Highlanders had been reviewed for the last time by their beloved general, Sir James Outram. But the men were not satisfied with a farewell of this formal nature. Through the mediation of their own officers, Colonel Stisted arranged with an officer of Outram's staff that the general should be detained in his tent on one pretext or another to receive their parting homage. Towards the evening the sound of their bagpipes announced their approach. After some persuasion Outram consented to come forth. "No sooner," says Dr. Badger, "was he seen by the men than they burst out into a cheer such as brave British soldiers only can give. Outram attempted to address them, but his sentences were interrupted by renewed outbursts which so much affected him that he could scarcely speak. An Italian officer in the service of the Pasha of Baghdad, who was an eyewitness of this scene, remarked to an officer of the force, 'I should be sorry to command a whole division of Persians against that one regiment of Highlanders.'"

Writing on April 27 to Lord Elphinstone, Outram pointed out that the mutinous spirit so rife in the Bengal army resulted from "the faulty system of its organisation, so different from that of Bombay, where such insubordination is scarcely possible; for with us the intermediate tie between the European officers and the men — *i.e.*, the native officers—is a loyal efficient body, selected for their superior ability, and gratefully attached to their officers in consequence. Their superior ability naturally exercises a wholesome influence over the men, among whom no mutinous spirit could be engendered without their knowledge, and the exertion of their influence to counteract it; whereas the seniority system of the Bengal Army supplies neither able nor influential native officers—old imbeciles merely, possessing no control over the men, and

owing no gratitude to their officers, or to the government, for a position which is merely the result of seniority in the service."

He had once spoken his mind on this subject to Lord Dalhousie, who assured him that he too had seriously considered the matter, and had consulted some of the highest officers of the Bengal Army. But they, "one and all, deprecated any attempt to change the system, as a dangerous innovation. Whatever the danger, it should be incurred, the change being gradually introduced; for, as at present constituted, the Bengal Army never can be depended on." [1]

Leaving his native troops and European artillery under Jacob's command to hold Bushahr until the Persians should have withdrawn from Herât, Outram hastened in the latter part of May to Baghdad, to take measures for ensuring the due fulfilment of the treaty on Persia's part.

At Baghdad he was tortured by fears "for my wife and son," as he writes to Mr. Mangles. "He is stationed at Aligarh, and she was with him when I last heard from her in the middle of May, but expected to leave for Landour in ten days. At that time all was tranquil in that quarter, but ere she could leave most probably the country may have risen, and God only knows what may have been her fate. It is dreadful to contemplate."

These fears were allayed soon after his return to Bushahr in the middle of June. "My wife and son," he writes, "had a narrow escape from Aligarh. . . . The sepoys at last broke out in mutiny, and all Europeans were obliged to fly. Our boy Frank placed his mother behind him on a pony, and carried her safely till they overtook a carriage on the Agra road, and they made good their way to Agra; but all their kit (including her jewels and some of my medals, etc.) was sacrificed, except the clothes on their backs. Her latest letter was dated 26th May, by which time she had recovered from her fatigues, but was in much anxiety about Frank, who forms one of a band of volunteers who scour the country to rescue isolated Europeans."

Lady Outram's letter to her husband had not told him all the facts. "The pony," says Sir F. Goldsmid,

[1] Goldsmid.

" rebelled against the double burden, and so they had to walk for more than half a mile through cantonments—the sepoys looting the bungalows as they passed. Lady Outram's thin shoes fell off, and her feet were much blistered by the hot sand."

On June 17, Outram started for Bombay in company with Colonel Lugard and the officers of his staff. From June 26 to July 9 he remained at Bombay as the guest of Lord Elphinstone, awaiting further instructions from Calcutta, and diligently revolving the best means of battling with the hurricane of revolt and bloodshed already raging over a large part of British India. Tired of waiting for instructions which never reached him, he embarked from Bombay on July 9 for Galle, whence he took the first available steamer for Calcutta.

CHAPTER XVI

ON THE WAY TO LUCKNOW. JULY–SEPTEMBER 1857

On the last day of July 1857, Sir James Outram, G.C.B., landed in Calcutta, having just received the Grand Cross of the Bath in reward for his services against the Persians. For our imperilled countrymen in India July had been a month of torturing anxiety, of incessant alarms, relieved by a few gleams of hope, too often swallowed up in a black cloud of unspeakable disaster. Even in the strongly governed, well-policed Punjâb the fear of Nicholson's avenging column had failed to avert a formidable outbreak at Sialkôt. The little army, which on June 8 had encamped before Delhi, seemed by the close of July as far as ever from the capture of a great walled city bristling with guns and garrisoned by more than 30,000 trained sepoys. In the North-West Provinces the fort of Agra was filled with fugitives from the neighbouring districts, and held by a garrison too weak to cope with the lawlessness everywhere rampant outside its walls. All Oudh was in wild revolt, and the untimely death of Sir Henry Lawrence in his Residency, which his foresight had made defensible, marked the first days of a siege memorable for the sufferings and the dauntless heroism of a few hundred men and women under the most trying conditions, in the face of overwhelming odds.

From Allahabad, succoured in the nick of time by Colonel James Neill and his Madras Fusiliers fresh from restoring order in Benares, General Havelock and his recent comrades of the Persian war had fought their way in triumph to Cawnpore against thousands of armed mutineers sent out for their undoing by the miscreant Nana of Bithur. They had already learned something of the fate which befell Sir Hugh Wheeler's hapless garrison in the last days of June, but they still hoped to rescue the women and children whom the Nana held in close captivity.

On the night of July 16, Havelock's weary soldiers slept on the parade-ground of Cawnpore, still unprepared for the crowning catastrophe, whose tokens on the morrow were to meet their eyes. Not until then did they learn the whole truth; how on the evening of July 15, the day of his last defeat, the ruthless Nana had caused the remnant of his captives—men, women, and children—to be shot down, hacked, stabbed, or beaten to death, within the bungalow which had been their prison for a fortnight past, and how next morning their mangled bodies had been stripped and tumbled into the nearest well. Two hundred in all, including those who had survived the slaughter of Fathigarh, appear to have perished on that night of horror. Of all the 900 souls who entered the doomed intrenchment in the first week of June, four only, two officers and two privates, survived to rejoin their countrymen at Allahabad.

Before the end of July, mutiny and rebellion were rampant also in the province of Bihâr, where the mutineers from Dinapore acted in concert with the armed retainers of Kunwar Singh. From his quarters at Government House Outram wrote on August 2 to inform Lord Elphinstone that events had occurred in Dinapore and elsewhere which required his "immediate services in command of the two divisions of the Bengal army," covering the whole distance from Calcutta to Cawnpore. Besides his appointment to this double charge, Lord Canning intrusted him a few days later with the post of chief commissioner in Oudh, left vacant by the death of Sir Henry Lawrence. His lordship further insisted on Outram's retaining the appointment of governor-general's agent for Rajputana, in spite of Outram's earnest desire to hand that post over to his *locum tenens*, Sir George Lawrence, "one of my companions in chase of Dost Muhammad over the Hindu Kush in 1839." [1]

On the evening of August 6, Outram started on his voyage up the Ganges with Colonel Robert Napier of the Bengal Engineers—afterwards Lord Napier of Magdala—for his military secretary and chief of the staff. "I take up a mountain train with me," he writes to Lord Elphinstone, "but no artillerymen are to be had, and I must

[1] Letter to Dr Badger.

extemporise a crew for the guns as best I can from among the sailors and soldiers. You will allow my prospects are not very brilliant, but your lordship may rely on my doing my best to uphold my honour as a Bombay officer, and to prove myself worthy of the confidence you have always placed in me." [1]

The soldiers to whom he refers belonged to the 5th and 90th Regiments of Foot. On his way up the river Outram learned how gloriously Vincent Eyre, at the head of 220 Europeans and three guns, had won his perilous way through thousands of Bihâr insurgents to the rescue of Wake's heroic little garrison at Arrah, at the very moment when hope had well-nigh given place to despair. At Dinapore, on the 18th, Outram received perhaps his first telegram from the new commander-in-chief, the veteran Sir Colin Campbell, who expressed the hope that Eyre's success in Bihâr would enable Sir James Outram to send on his European troops at once to Allahabad. "It is an exceeding satisfaction to me," Sir Colin added, "to have your assistance, and to find you in your present position."

Not until the evening of September 1 did Outram arrive at Allahabad. By that time Havelock had fallen back upon Cawnpore, disheartened by the failure of two attemps made in the teeth of appalling obstacles to relieve the daily dwindling garrison of Lucknow. He had even talked of retiring as far as Allahabad unless the reinforcements he sorely needed were sent up to him without delay. The prospect indeed was enough to daunt the most sanguine leader of troops in the field; for cholera, sunstroke, dysentery, and the inevitable losses in battle against heavy odds had reduced Havelock's effective strength from 1300 men to 700. His spirits had been further depressed by the knowledge that another officer was about to relieve him of his command.

On this point, however, Outram had already taken care to reassure him. On August 28 he had telegraphed to Havelock announcing his intention to retain that officer in command of the relieving force. "I shall join you with the reinforcements. But to you shall be left the glory of relieving Lucknow, for which you have already struggled

[1] Kaye's *Sepoy War*.

so much. I shall accompany you only in my civil capacity as commissioner, placing my military service at your disposal should you please, serving under you as volunteer." [1] This act of heroic self-abnegation, over which Outram had pondered long and anxiously, and which he lived sincerely to regret, was warmly commended at the time both by Sir Colin Campbell and the governor-general.

On the night of September 5, Outram began his march towards Cawnpore at the head of the 90th Foot, having sent on half of his force under Major Simmons in the first hours of the same day. At the second stage of his march he was joined by a strong company of the 78th Highlanders, despatched by bullock-train from Benares. On the morning of the 10th Outram despatched Major Eyre with two guns and 150 men mounted on elephants, to look after a body of insurgents who were threatening to outflank him. "As Major Eyre commands the party," he wrote to Havelock, "he will succeed if any one can in discomfiting the scoundrels." [2] Eyre discharged his errand so completely that few of the enemy escaped across the river.

On the morning of the 15th more than half of Outram's reinforcements marched into camp at Cawnpore. The rest were brought up later in the day by their noble leader, who found himself warmly welcomed, both by his friend and comrade of the Persian war and by Havelock's bold lieutenant, James Neill. He had intended, if need arose, to make Cawnpore by forced marches; but one day's experience convinced him of the danger of overtaxing the strength of men, some hundreds of whom had been cooped up for five months on board ship and in river-steamers. "As we have such favourable accounts of the Lucknow garrison," he wrote to Havelock on September 6, "and it being of importance you should receive your reinforcements in an efficient state, I propose to pursue the ordinary ten marches to Cawnpore." [3] Three days later he was able to telegraph to the commander-in-chief, "We are getting on better, as the 90th get more accustomed to their shore-legs." [4]

[1] Marshman's *Havelock*.
[2] Goldsmid.
[3] Goldsmid.
[4] Forrest's *Selections*, etc., vol. ii.

Thanks to Outram's timely dissuasions, Havelock's order for the immediate advance of his troops across the Ganges was countermanded, pending the construction of a bridge of boats on the Cawnpore side. During the three days spent upon this work by Crommelin and his sappers, aided by the coolies whom Mr. John Sherer, the energetic magistrate, had got together, Outram's magnetic influence made itself felt among all classes of his countrymen at Cawnpore. "Although every soldier," writes Captain John Robertson, "had perfect confidence in Brigadier-General Havelock, all who had served with Outram were delighted to see him again. . . . During the few days he was at Cawnpore he got up sports for the amusement of the men, as he had done in Persia, awarding prizes to the successful competitors. His unselfish and generous nature in allowing Havelock to command until the garrison of Lucknow had been relieved, was characteristic of the man. He never appeared to have any thought for himself." [1]

Mr. Sherer "felt somewhat nervous on entering a room in the large house on the bank, where he [Outram] had taken up his quarters—a little out of conversation, as one does find oneself when first in the presence of a person of whom one has heard much. The kindly face, the friendly hand extended, the entire absence of stiffness or self-consciousness—reminding me greatly, in this noble and natural simplicity, of Mr. Thomason—soon brought reassurance. He took the trouble to show me a map of Lucknow, and to explain some of the difficulties of reaching the Residency. And never neglecting an opportunity of encouraging what he thought was right, he told me he had not failed to observe how harmoniously all efforts for the objects in view were working together." [2]

On the morning of the 16th Sir James Outram issued the famous order which transferred to Havelock the sole command of the troops destined for the relief of Lucknow. "The important duty of first relieving the garrison of Lucknow has been intrusted to Brigadier-General Have-

[1] Outram MSS.

[2] *Daily Life during the Indian Mutiny.* By J. W. Sherer, C.S.I. Swan, Sonnenschein, & Co.

lock, C.B.; and Major-General Outram feels that it is due to this distinguished officer, and the strenuous and noble exertions which he has already made to effect that object, that to him should accrue the honour of the achievement. Major-General Outram is confident that the great end for which General Havelock and his brave troops have so long and so gloriously fought will now, under the blessing of Providence, be accomplished.

"The major-general therefore, in gratitude for, and admiration of, the brilliant deeds in arms achieved by General Havelock and his gallant troops, will cheerfully waive his rank on the occasion; and will accompany the force to Lucknow in his civil capacity as Chief Commissioner of Oudh, tendering his military services to General Havelock as a volunteer. On the relief of Lucknow the major-general will resume his position at the head of the force." [1]

That such an order, in Mr. Sherer's opinion, "did honour to his heart, no one, of course, could dispute. But there was no question of Outram's heart. He was known to be the most generous man alive. The difficulty that exercised many military minds was of a different kind. Can an officer, intrusted with a task by the queen, make that task over to another person?" What Outram himself thought upon this subject a few years later will be shown in a subsequent chapter.

In the early morning of September 19 the relieving column, now mustering about 3000 fighting men, began its fateful march over the bridge of boats into Oudh. Outram reined up his mottled roan horse on the mound where Mr. Sherer and a few other friends were standing. "He was bearded and sat erect, as if his youth had returned. The long array wound down to the water, and slowly crossed over into Oudh. Men of history were there: Havelock and Napier, Neill and Eyre; and many others. The pageant passed us; and by nightfall the troops were spread out on the opposite shore. Next day the heavy guns were taken over—a task of some trouble, of course." [2]

[1] Marshman. [2] Sherer's *Daily Life*, etc.

The first infantry brigade, commanded by Neill himself, consisted of the Madras Fusiliers, the 5th Fusiliers, the 84th Foot, and two companies of the 64th. The second, composed of the 78th Highlanders, the 90th Light Infantry, and Brayser's Sikhs, was led by Colonel Hamilton of the 78th. The field-batteries of Maude and Olpherts, together with Vincent Eyre's heavy guns and howitzers, made up the artillery brigade under the command of Major Cooper. Crommelin commanded the Engineers. To Captain Barrow of the Madras army had been assigned the leadership of the Volunteer Cavalry, about 150 in all, two-thirds of whom were officers in search of employment, indigo-planters, refugee tradesmen, and police patrols. Conspicuous among these for his powerful war-horse and the stout cudgel which he carried in the place of any other weapon, rode out Indian Bayard, in himself a host.

Only forty-five miles lay between the river and the goal of every man's desire. But the rainy season was not yet over, and for three days our men had to tramp along through a flooded country under a downpour of persistent rain. On the morning of the 21st they had marched only five miles from camp when the enemy were seen in great numbers with twelve guns about the village of Mangalwâr. A strong turning movement against the enemy's right was promptly seconded by a dashing charge of Barrow's volunteers, foremost among whom was Sir James Outram, as eager for the fray as when, many years before, he started in chase of Dost Muhammad. "A turn in the road," to quote from Mr. G. W. Forrest, "disclosed right ahead a dense body of rallied rebels. 'Close up and take order,' shouted Barrow, and in a word they plunged forward and rode into the mass, sabring right and left; Outram's malacca in full play. Pursued and pursuers rolled pell-mell along the road to Bashiratganj. Two guns behind an intrenchment barred the way. Barrow, his men following him, rushed at the earthwork and over it, cut down the gunners and captured the guns. The rebels were pursued and sabred through the town till the great serai beyond was reached. A hundred and twenty killed, two guns and the regimental

colours of the 1st Bengal Native Infantry captured, attested the vigour of the pursuit." [1]

For eight miles, as far as Bashiratganj, was the pursuit continued. Havelock gave the routed enemy no time to destroy the bridge over the Sai, or to carry across it more than four of their guns. That night the column bivouacked a little beyond Bashiratganj. On the 22nd it crossed the Sai, still under a drenching rain, and found shelter for the night in some neighbouring villages. During that afternoon the firing at Lucknow could be heard so plainly that a royal salute was fired from Eyre's 24-pounders, in the hope of its reaching the ears of our countrymen only sixteen miles away. But that hope proved fallacious, for the wind was blowing in the wrong direction.

On the 23rd Havelock's force marched on for some ten miles along a road lined by broad swamps to attack 10,000 or 11,000 rebels strongly posted about the walled park and gardens of the Alambâgh, the great summer palace of the kings of Oudh. In the face of a steady fire from many guns the assailants plunged through the intervening marshes, drove the enemy before them at every turn, and stormed the park with the adjacent buildings, taking five guns, and following up the routed enemy to the very skirts of Lucknow. Outram's volunteers and Johnson's irregulars vied with each other in deeds of successful daring, charging some of the guns, cutting down the gunners, and chasing the pandies back to their intrenchments beyond the canal. Sixty officers and men slain or wounded was the price paid by Havelock for a victory which placed him within arm's-length of his long-desired goal.

Barrow and Outram, joined by Olpherts with his light guns, had chased the rebels up to the Chârbâgh bridge which spanned the canal. The failing daylight stayed their further progress at a point too strong to be carried by a sudden rush. As Outram was riding back with his men he received a despatch announcing the fall of Delhi and the flight of its king. Later in the evening our wet and weary soldiers drank in the glad tidings from Outram's

[1] Forrest's *Selections*.

own lips as he passed along the lines of their respective bivouacs. The ringing cheers which everywhere followed the reading of Brigadier Wilson's letter seemed to find their answer in the booming of the guns from the hard-pressed garrison of Lucknow.

All that day, indeed, the people in the Residency had been listening with eager ears to the sounds of battle raging only a few miles off, sounds which eloquently confirmed the news brought back to Colonel Inglis on the night before by his faithful scout Angad. The letter which that brave old pensioner delivered into the colonel's hands had been written by Outram on September 20—"telling us," says Fayrer, "that a force had crossed the Ganges on the 19th and was advancing to our relief. The letter advised us not to leave the defences as they approached, and only to attempt to assist them in such a way as we could with safety. This news did good to all by raising our spirits and inspiring hope, which had at this time sunk very low."

On the following day, the 24th, Havelock resolved to give his men a full day's rest before the crowning struggle against immeasurable odds. The tents were pitched for the first time since the crossing of the Ganges, and the troops were thus enabled once more to enjoy the luxury of dry clothes. The only close fighting done that day arose from a sudden dash of hostile cavalry upon the weakly guarded baggage in our rear. One officer and several men were slain in the first surprise, before the rear-guard had learned to distinguish foes from friends. It was not long, however, before the assailants were driven back with heavy loss by the steadiness of the 90th Foot, and the timely onset of Olphert's guns. "Far greater annoyance," says Havelock's biographer, "was experienced from two of the enemy's 9-pounders placed near the Châbâgh bridge, in a thick wood which afforded no mark to our guns but the white puffs of smoke as they rose above the trees. Our six heavy guns endeavoured to silence them from daybreak till near evening, but with little success."

The two generals, Outram and Havelock, spent several hours of this day in discussing ways and means of carrying

out the heroic enterprise appointed for the morrow. Of the four routes leading to the Residency, Havelock would have preferred that which passed along the northern bank of the river Gumti, to a point which might afford an easy passage for his guns. But this route was declared impracticable, even for light field-guns, by Colonel Napier, who had just returned from a careful reconnaissance of a country water-logged by three days of incessant rain. It was finally resolved to force the Chârbâgh bridge, turn to the right along the canal, pass round the eastern side of the city, and make for the Farid Baksh, a palace near the Residency.

There was nothing, indeed, but a choice of evils for these two veterans to consider. Had time been of less importance, Havelock would have stood fast a few days longer in the Alambâgh until the drying of the ground enabled him to reach the Residency by the route of his own preferring, and even to escort the rescued garrison back in triumph to Cawnpore. But the latest messages from Colonel Inglis pointed to the absolute need of pressing forward at all hazards to the help of a garrison closely besieged, wasted by wounds, sickness, hardship in every form, and threatened by the imminent failure of its fast diminishing stock of food.[1] "It was certain," says Malleson, "that the Chârbâgh bridge and every inch of ground beyond it would be desperately defended." But every soldier in the force knew that he formed part of a forlorn-hope on whose success alone the life of every man, woman, and child in the Lucknow Residency would depend.

It was arranged that the baggage, with the sick and wounded, the hospital, and the reserves of food and ammunition, should be left in the Alambâgh, under the charge of six officers and 300 men, mostly footsore, commanded by Major M'Intyre of the 78th Highlanders. The position was further guarded by two 9-pounders and two of the heavy guns, beside those previously captured from the enemy.[2] The troops were ordered to take sixty rounds of ball-cartridge in their pouches, while a reserve of the same quantity was to be conveyed on camels. In

[1] Marshman's *Havelock* [2] Forrest.

spite of Outram's objections, Havelock, mindful of Keane's mistake at Ghazni, decided to take with him the rest of the heavy guns.

Less than five miles lay between the Residency and the Alambâgh. But many hours of the following day had to elapse, and many lions to be encountered by the way, before that march was fairly accomplished.

CHAPTER XVII

WITHIN THE LUCKNOW RESIDENCY. SEPTEMBER–NOVEMBER 1857

On the morning of September 25, as the troops were standing armed and eager for the work before them, Outram rode up to Havelock with the view of effecting certain changes in the movements ordered for that day. As the two were bending together over a map of the locality, a round-shot bounding over their heads seemed like the challenge to immediate and deadly battle. The advance was sounded, and Outram placed himself at the head of the first, or Neill's brigade, while Havelock followed in front of the second.

It was not many minutes before the fight began in deadly earnest. In spite of a tremendous fire from guns in front, and from houses and walls on either side, Neill's war-tried Fusiliers, stoutly aided by the men of the 64th and 84th Foot, by Maude's battery, and part of the 5th Fusiliers, ere long drove the enemy from a succession of gardens and walled enclosures which blocked the approach to the Châr-bâgh bridge.

As the column neared the bridge a halt was sounded by Havelock's orders. The bridge itself was defended on the Lucknow side by a battery of five guns, light and heavy, nearly hidden by a strong breastwork, on each side of which rose lofty houses held by a crowd of musketeers. For many long minutes the troops had to find what shelter they could from the hail of lead and iron that beat upon them, while Maude's guns kept up an answering fire upon the batteries in his front. Outram was struck by a bullet which pierced his arm; "but he only smiled," says Colonel Maude, "and asked one of us to tie his handkerchief tightly above the wound." Several times during the halt Maude "turned to the calm, cool, grim general, and asked him to allow us to advance,

as we could not possibly do any good by halting there. He agreed with me, but did not like to take the responsibility of ordering us to go on. At last Havelock sent the welcome order to advance."

At a word from Neill the Madras Fusiliers with a dozen or so of the 84th, covered by the fire from Maude's guns, rushed on with a cheer towards the bridge through a storm of grape-shot, and, before the enemy had time to reload, carried the breastwork, bayoneting the gunners and spiking the guns. At the same moment Outram emerged at the head of the 5th Fusiliers from the walled gardens which he had cleared of the foe. The 78th were left to hold the bridge with the adjacent houses until all the troops and baggage had passed.

Meanwhile the rest of the column marched quietly forward along the northern bank of the canal, hindered only by the dead weight of the heavy guns, which stuck fast at any part of the road where the mud lay deepest. Avoiding the certain dangers of the direct road to the Residency, Havelock finally struck off from the canal into a road which led northwards past the Sikandrabagh towards the line of palaces about the Kaiser Bagh, or King's Garden. Here on that afternoon the crowning struggle of an eventful day began. A fire of grape and musketry, under which, as Havelock said, "nothing could live," mowed down scores of brave men as they rushed across a narrow bridge that led to the shelter of some deserted buildings near the Chatar Manzil and the palace of Farid Baksh.

"The force," says Marshman, "was halted under the shelter of a wall of one of the palaces to allow the long column, the progress of which had been impeded by the narrowness of the streets, and by the heavy guns, to come up, and the troops obtained some respite." Ere long the 78th Highlanders issued from a road along which they had been stubbornly fighting their way for three hours against fearful odds. Daylight was now waning fast, and 500 yards of streets and lanes still lay between our foremost troops and the Residency. The heavy guns, the dhoolies full of wounded, the baggage, and the rear-guard were still some way behind, with the enemy all

around them. A few hours' halt at the Chatar Manzil would enable the rest of the troops with the wounded to close up; and meanwhile messages might somehow be exchanged with the beleaguered garrison. Outram, as cool-headed as he was chivalrous, urged upon Havelock the only course which prudence could have justified. "I proposed a halt," he wrote to Sir Colin Campbell, "of only a few hours' duration, in order to enable the rear-guard, with which were all our heavy guns, the baggage, and the dhoolies containing our wounded, to come up, by which time the whole force would have occupied the Chatar Manzil in security, which we were then holding, and from which we could have effected our way to the Residency by opening communication through the intervening palaces; in a less brilliant manner, it is true, but with comparatively little loss; at the same time offering to show the way through the street, if he preferred it."

Havelock, however, viewing the question from its sentimental side, would hear of nothing but an immediate advance; and Outram, vexed at heart but mindful of a soldier's duty, rode forward in the deepening twilight to show his countrymen the way across what to him was familiar ground.

The final advance was led by Stisted's Highlanders and Brasyer's Sikhs, who now formed the head of the column. "This column," in Havelock's own words, "rushed on with a desperate gallantry, led by Sir James Outram and myself and Lieutenants Hudson and Hargood of my staff, through streets of flat-roofed loopholed houses, from which a perpetual fire was kept up."

Meanwhile the spirits of the beleaguered garrison had been rising higher and higher as the sounds of that day's fighting drew hourly nearer. "At 4 P.M.," says Sir J. Fayrer, "it was reported that Europeans could be seen near Mr. Martin's house and about the Moti Mahal, and a continuous heavy musketry-fire, coming nearer and nearer, was heard. We could not see our friends, hidden as they were amongst the streets, but we could see that the enemy were firing upon them from the roofs of the houses, and from places of vantage. Very soon the

Europeans could be seen fighting their way through one of the principal streets, men falling rapidly, when, as Wilson says, 'once fairly seen, all our doubts and fears regarding them were ended, and then the garrison's long-pent-up feelings of anxiety and suspense burst forth in a succession of deafening cheers from every pit, trench, and battery; from behind the sandbags piled on shattered houses, from every post still held by a few gallant spirits, rose cheer on cheer. Even from the hospital many of the wounded crawled forth to join in the glad shout of welcome of those who had so bravely come to our assistance. It was a moment never to be forgotten.'" [1]

With an exultant hurrah the Highlanders and Sikhs, headed by Outram and Havelock, rushed through the evening shades into a whirl of outstretched hands and joy-flashing eyes, and voices feebly re-echoing the shouts that each fresh band of victors sent up to heaven in their turn. Strange hands wrung each other in familiar greeting; strange voices thrilled together with a rush of sympathy seldom shown even between the oldest and dearest friends. The ladies with their children crowded to the porch of Dr. Fayrer's house to see Outram and Havelock enter in, and to welcome the rough-bearded warriors who pressed forward to shake the hands of their rescued countrywomen, and to catch up the children one after another in their arms.

Among the new-comers who thronged the Residency, one man of superlative mark was missing. Brigadier-General Neill had fallen from his horse, shot dead by a sepoy marksman as he was leading his "Blue-caps," the Madras Fusiliers, towards the Residency by another road than that which Outram and Havelock had followed. Of him Kaye has well said, "Like the two Lawrences, like Outram and like Nicholson, he had wonderful self-reliance; and there was no responsibility so great as to make him shrink from taking upon himself the burden of it." [2] But for the crisis which brought him and his regiment round to Calcutta, the deeds of Colonel James

[1] Fayrer's *Recollections. The Defence of Lucknow.* By a Staff Officer. Smith, Elder, & Co.
[2] Kaye's *Lives of Indian Officers.*

Neill might never have filled a page in the annals of Indian history. Nor would his name have figured among the heroes to whom more than one speaker paid eloquent tribute at the great meeting held that winter in Calcutta. "He was an honour to the country, and the idol of the British army," said a soldier of the 78th Highlanders in a letter to his brother on September 20.

That evening Dr. Fayrer found his house filled with "officers and soldiers all showing the results of hard fighting. Dear old Outram, with him Colonel R. Napier as chief of his staff, Sitwell and Chamier, his A.D.C.'s, and W. Money, C.S., his private secretary, all entered by the Bailey-guard into my house. We felt as if it were all over now, though we knew, too, that this could not be the case, and very shortly realised that by finding ourselves as closely besieged as before.

"Outram and Napier both came in wounded: Outram had been shot through the arm and Napier through the leg. I dressed their wounds and made them as comfortable as possible. We had very little to offer them, but we did all we could. The enemy were still keeping up a heavy fire upon us, as if in defiance. We were reinforced, but not relieved in the sense that we had hoped to be."

During that night several hundred of Havelock's men still lay outside the Residency, between the Bailey-guard and the adjacent buildings. It was not until the next morning that the bulk of these troops made their way into the garrison lines. Not until the night of the 26th did the rear-guard, which had fought its way to the Moti Mahal palace, join hands with a strong column which Colonel Napier had led out in quest of the missing troops and guns.

Thus, after a close siege of eighty-seven days, had the Lucknow garrison been saved from untold disaster by the sturdy courage of the men who stormed the defences of the canal, and fought their conquering way through every barrier that frowned between them and the Bailey-guard. In the success so far achieved good generalship had borne but little part. "It is difficult," says Colonel Maude, "to resist the conclusion that the affair was a

muddle, however gloriously conducted, from beginning to end.

"The officers led their men right well; but of generalship, *proprement dit*, that day there was little if any at all." Outram of course "had his wits about him, and was cool and collected enough; but having voluntarily subordinated his rank, he could not take any independent steps without involving a grave breach of discipline, while the general who was nominally in command took no initiative action whatever." [1]

Out of the 2000 who marched out from the Alambâgh on September 25, no fewer than 31 officers and 504 men had been killed or wounded during the movements of that and the following day. The number of slain alone amounted to 196, of whom 77 were wounded soldiers who were either burned to death in their dhoolies or cut up by a merciless foe.

Among the first to grasp Outram's hand on the evening of the 25th was his brother-in-law, Lieutenant J. C. Anderson, who had lately succeeded the brave and resourceful Fulton as chief engineer in charge of the Residency. The war-worn general, with one arm in a sling and his head bare,—he had lost his forage-cap during the final advance,—returned all such greetings with a cordial word or smile as he passed on to take up his quarters in the long room of Fayrer's house, where Outram and Napier, lying side by side on two charpoys, talked to each other and gave their instructions, while their kind host busied himself in dressing their wounds and seeing to their comfort.

Next morning Dr. Fayrer met Sir James "wandering about with his coat in his hand, when he said, 'Do you think Mrs. Fayrer or one of the ladies could mend this for me?' He referred to the two bullet-holes. My wife mended it, and I provided him with a uniform cap with a gold-banded peak which just fitted him, so he was set up again in this respect."

On this day, September 26, Outram resumed the chief command of the troops in Oudh. His first step was to order the clearing out of the "Captain Bazaar," which

[1] *Memories of the Mutiny.*

lay disagreeably close to one part of the garrison's outworks. That task was thoroughly accomplished by Colonel Inglis and the 32nd Foot, after a struggle which issued in the capture of five guns, and the loss on our side of three killed, including one officer, and seven wounded.

On the following day, the 27th, "the palaces extending along, on the line of the river, from the Residency to near the Kaiser Bagh, were occupied for the accommodation of our troops. On the same day, at noon, a party consisting of 150 men made a sortie on another of the enemy's positions and destroyed four guns, at a loss of eight killed and wounded. At daylight on the 28th three columns, aggregating 700 men, attacked the enemy's works at three different points, destroyed ten guns, and demolished by powder explosions the houses which afforded position to the enemy for musketry-fire. This successful operation was attended by the serious loss of one officer and fifteen men killed and missing, one officer and thirty-one men wounded, the officer killed being Major Simmons, commanding her Majesty's 5th Fusiliers, most deeply regretted by the whole army."[1]

At the time when Outram wrote the lines just quoted he had come to the conclusion that only one course remained open to him. Recognising the hopelessness of any attempt to carry off the rescued garrison from Lucknow, he resolved to stand fast within the Residency until further help should come, to secure all possible supplies of provisions for his force, "and to maintain ourselves, even on reduced rations, until reinforcements advance to our relief."

During that last week in September many visitors came to inquire after Outram and his wounded arm. "Oh, damn the arm!" was the answer which Fayrer heard him give to one of these well-meaning questioners. He had been provoked beyond his wont by the ill-timed reference to such a trifle at a moment when affairs of the gravest public import were engrossing all his attentions. "We had nothing to give them [Outram and Napier] but commissariat rations," remarks Sir Joseph, "nor would they hear of anything being sent to them from

[1] Outram's despatch of September 30.

elsewhere. Something was sent to him one day beyond the ordinary ration; he was very angry, and refused to have it. Dear old fellow! He was indeed *chevalier sans peur et sans reproche.*"

From September 25 down to the arrival of Sir C. Campbell's relieving force in November, Outram, says Captain Robertson, "was untiring in his exertions to do everything in his power for us. He daily visited the sick and wounded, speaking words of kindness when he could do nothing better. His genial face and kind-hearted words did more for me than all the skill of my doctors." [1]

It had lately been Outram's secret ambition to obtain the Victoria Cross which the queen had instituted as a reward for signal deeds of valour at the close of the Crimean war in 1856. The Volunteer Cavalry unanimously recorded their votes for Sir James Outram on account of his gallantry at Mangalwâr. "Nothing," says Sir J. Fayrer, "would have pleased him more than to have it [the V.C.], but some wretched red-tapism prevented him from getting it because he was so high in command. I don't know what he thought about it, but I know what we all thought of it!" On learning what had happened, Outram requested the volunteers to cancel their election and choose some one else in his place. He would never have allowed them, he explained, to take such a step had he been aware of their intention, for he was of course ineligible as being the general under whom they served.

It was not merely personal ambition which inspired Outram's apparent rashness on the road to Lucknow. "I conceive," he wrote in 1859, "that as a soldier I was simply in the position of a mere volunteer during the period I abdicated the command to General Havelock. I am not so satisfied, however, that I can justly contend against the impression, which I regret to find is entertained by the governor-general, that I too readily ignored the responsibilities of the high civil position in which he had placed me, even whilst its duties were in abeyance from the impossibility of conducting them, while yet we possessed no footing in Oudh. In that view his excel-

[1] Outram MSS.

lency's arguments against the course I pursued on this occasion are too cogent, though so kindly and courteously expressed, to allow me to blind myself to the fact that I was not justified in so entirely losing sight, as I cannot but feel conscious that I did, of my position of Chief Commissioner of Oudh. But I beg to be allowed to urge as somewhat extenuating my apparent selfishness in seeking personal distinction in the field, while yet my civil functions were literally *nil*, that until Lucknow fell to our arms or returned to allegiance on relief of the garrison, there could be no possibility of a chief commissioner being required; and to effect the great object which we then had in view, every man of the force, military or civil, was required to do the duty of a soldier."

"But I hope," he goes on, "I was actuated by better motives than the mere seeking of personal distinction. I felt that it was more incumbent on myself than on any man in the force to show the soldiers that I did not shrink from any dangers to which they themselves were exposed, in a struggle which they all knew *I* had drawn them into. Our success depended on all being nerved by the same spirit; and the holding back of so prominent an individual as their late general, on the plea of his position as chief commissioner, would not have promoted such a spirit. It was an object certainly to inspire our small body of cavalry, in their first contest, with the enthusiasm required to carry them through what we knew they would have to encounter ere we reached Lucknow.

"But my interference was little needed to that end with men under Captain Barrow's command, and would not have been exerted, perhaps, had I had previous opportunities of testing that officer's qualifications for command. The cavalry affair, however, was mere pastime to what was before us when imperative duty demanded my exposure; for I state but the truth, to which the whole army will testify, declaring it in self-defence against the imputation of needlessly exposing myself, that had I gone to the rear when wounded on the morning of September 25, the column would not have penetrated into the city, nor without my guidance could it have reached the Residency."

I think that no impartial reader will hesitate to indorse Sir John Kaye's conclusion, "that to have done otherwise than he did would have been very much unlike all that we know of the character of James Outram. It was not in him when danger threatened to refrain from going to the front. That he was ambitious is not to be denied; but his ambition had but little of the common element of selfishness. He would never consent to rise at the expense of others, nor would he benefit himself to the injury of the state." [1]

As the enemy still continued from a battery across the river to annoy the defenders of the Redan, Colonel Maude contrived by a well-aimed shot, delivered at the right moment, to disable their heaviest gun. The good news soon found its way to Outram, who came down with one or two of his staff to see for himself the result of Maude's skill. "The Bayard of India said with his genial smile, 'I have heard of your feat of arms, Maude, and I now give you the highest reward it is in my power to bestow!' at the same time handing me a Manilla cheroot. A most seasonable gift it was, and I heartily and laughingly thanked the good general for it." [2]

The safety of the little garrison at the Alambâgh gave Outram food for grave anxiety in the first days of his renewed command. On the 28th he advised Major M'Intyre to do the best he could for the defence of his position. "Should you be assailed," he wrote, "you will be able to hold your own. The only damage they can do you is by firing long shots into the garden, but I trust the four guns left with you will soon silence such fire."

The failure of his cavalry on September 30 to force a passage through the enemy's lines decided him to work his way through the buildings along the Cawnpore road. For this end it was necessary to clear away the powerful battery which still annoyed our troops from the garden of Phillips's house, flanking the road aforesaid. "This was effected," wrote Outram, "on October 2, with the comparatively trifling loss of two killed and eleven wounded; a result which was due to the careful and scientific dispositions of Colonel Napier, under whose

[1] *Cornhill Magazine*, May 1863. [2] *Memories of the Mutiny.*

personal guidance the operation was conducted. Three guns were taken and burst—their carriages destroyed; and a large house in the garden, which had been the enemy's stronghold, was blown up."

The next few days were spent by our troops in working from house to house with crowbar and pickaxe, until a large mosque strongly held by the enemy effectually blocked their advance. The assailants therefore, on October 6, fell back upon Phillips's house after blowing up the principal houses between the mosque and their new position, which thenceforth became "a permanent outpost, affording comfortable accommodation to her Majesty's 78th Highlanders, and protecting a considerable portion of the intrenchment from molestation, besides connecting it with the palaces occupied by General Havelock."[1]

It was not long before Outram's fears for the safety of M'Intyre's garrison were dispelled by the timely arrival at the Alambâgh of successive convoys from Cawnpore. Meanwhile his mind had been relieved from a still heavier burden by the results of a scrutiny which Napier had conducted at his desire into the stock of food remaining within the Residency precincts. To his surprise Napier discovered that the stock of supplies laid in by the forethought of Sir Henry Lawrence would suffice to feed the enlarged garrison for yet another two months.[2]

A discovery so unexpected brought about a radical change in Outram's plans. Thenceforth no more sorties were allowed; and Outram resolved to make the best he could of his improved position pending the arrival of reinforcements from below.

"From this time," says General Innes, "warfare became one of mines, but on quite a different footing from that of the first siege. Then the struggle had been for life or death—a single sudden success on the enemy's part might have meant the irruption of the besiegers and the extinction of the garrison; but now there was no such risk—it was a case of pure underground contest, with no specially important result hanging on the issue. But throughout it, except at the start, the enemy always

[1] Outram's despatch of November 25.
[2] *The Sepoy Revolt.* By General M'Leod Innes, V.C.

failed, and the victory lay with the garrison. The *locale* of this contest was confined entirely to the new position."

On the 21st both Outram and Napier were described by Fayrer as doing well. "Outram is constantly about; he is utterly indifferent to fire; I have been about with him in many places where it was hot, but he takes not the slightest notice of it."

The enemy, whose numbers had lately been increased by thousands of sepoys from Delhi and elsewhere, still maintained a steady but well-nigh harmless fire upon Outram's garrison. In the city itself a boy king had been set up by the rebel soldiery, and in his name alone would the wily Rajah Mân Singh deign to treat with Lord Canning's chief commissioner. On October 27 Mân Singh's wakil, or envoy, had a long conference with Outram's private secretary, Mr. W. J. Money, which led to no satisfactory result. The great Hindu chieftain's offer to escort the women, children, and invalids to Cawnpore appeared to Outram more like an insult or a bravado than a mark of genuine courtesy.

The receipt of news from home was of course a rare event in the life of Outram's garrison. One day in October a messenger from the Alambâgh brought them a *Home News* of August 25. "Great interest expressed in it about us all. Troops are coming out overland to our assistance, and the prospects seem more cheering." [1]

On the 27th a letter was received from Cawnpore telling of the arrival there of Hope Grant's Delhi column, and of its successful fights with the rebels near Mainpuri and Cawnpore. Amidst his multifarious duties Outram kept up a brisk correspondence with the authorities, civil and military, beyond the Ganges. His messengers carried no private letters from any one in the garrison to friends outside. "Tell her I cannot write to her," were Outram's own words concerning Lady Outram in the postscript of a letter addressed to Captain Bruce at Cawnpore; "as our expensive *cossids* can only carry a *quill*, private communications have been forbidden to others, and I cannot, in honour, take advantage to write privately myself." [2] By way of precaution all letters sent from the Residency

[1] Sir J. Fayrer's *Recollections*. [2] Goldsmid.

were written in Greek characters. "You ask me to write in the English character," was Outram's answer to one of his officers, "so would the enemy wish me to do. As the only security against their understanding what we write in case our letters fall into their hands, the Greek character *must* be used."

On learning that an army of Gwalior mutineers had reached Kalpi on the Jumna, whence they would certainly march across the Doâb to Cawnpore, Outram wrote to Captain Bruce on October 28 urgently recommending the defeat and dispersion of the "Gwalior rebels" before any attempt was made to relieve himself. "We can manage to screw on," he added, "till near the end of November on further reduced rations. Only the longer we remain the less physical strength we shall have to aid our friends when they do advance, and the fewer guns shall we be able to move out in co-operation. But it is so obviously to the advantage of the state that the Gwalior rebels should be first effectually destroyed, that our relief should be a secondary consideration."

On November 3 a semaphore was set up on the top of the Residency, whence signals could be exchanged with the Alambâgh. On the same day Sir Colin Campbell arrived at Cawnpore. Disregarding, wisely or unwisely, Outram's counsel touching the Gwalior rebels, he decided to push on with the least possible delay towards Lucknow. On the evening of November 9, after a forced march of thirty-five miles, he joined hands with Hope Grant's column at Bantera, about five miles from the Alambâgh. At Bantera on the following morning a strange-looking creature appeared before the tent of the commander-in-chief. The grim old warrior came out to ask the newcomer's name and business. Pulling off his turban, the stranger drew from one of its folds a short note of introduction from Sir James Outram.

The bearer of the note was Mr. Thomas Kavanagh, a clerk in the company's service at Lucknow, who had persuaded the chief commissioner to send him forth disguised as a native, in company with a trusty native spy, upon an errand which Outram dared not ask one of his own officers to undertake. After a night of perilous

wandering through streets full of armed men, and through a country bristling with rebel pickets, Kavanagh had fallen in with a British outpost, whence he was duly conducted to Campbell's headquarters. Besides a number of verbal messages from the chief commissioner, Kavanagh had brought with him a plan of the city, a code of signals, and a letter in which Outram pointed out what seemed to him the easiest road for the relieving column.[1] Kavanagh himself remained at headquarters for the purpose of acting as guide to the advancing force.

In the evening of November 12 Campbell's force, amounting only to 5000 of all arms, encamped at the Alambâgh after a sharp skirmish, in which Hugh Gough's squadron of Hodson's Horse made a brilliant charge, resulting in the capture of two guns.[2] On the 14th, Sir Colin fought his way across country from the Alambâgh to the Dilkushâ Park and the Martinière, where the troops were halted for the following day.

Thus far Campbell had followed Outram's directions, but a reconnaissance made on the 15th decided him to take a wider circuit across the canal. "On the morning of the 16th," says Sir J. Fayrer, "the relief force moved early, and we heard the fire of their heavy guns distinctly. From the roof of the house we could see a good deal, and it was curious to feel that it was for us they were fighting! I could see distinctly in the distance cavalry, infantry, and artillery. We saw some of our mines explode at the Chatar Manzil, and several shells burst in the air. Rockets were being freely used, and some buildings were seen in flames. By the evening the relief force had got up to the Moti Mahal, so that they were now very near us. Some of our people made a sortie and stormed one of the enemy's positions."

Meanwhile the advancing force had to carry by storm the walled defences of the Sikandrabagh and the Shah Najif before that day's work came to a successful close. That evening 1800 rebels lay dead within the precincts of the Sikandrabagh alone.

On the 17th fighting was renewed at the Mess-House,

[1] Goldsmid; Forrest.
[2] Sir C. Campbell's despatch. Sir H. Gough's *Old Memories*.

where Peel's blue-jackets battered a way in with their heavy guns for Campbell's infantry. Before evening the victors had carried the wide enclosure of the Moti Mahal. Between this point and Outram's advanced post there intervened a quarter of a mile commanded by a line of sharpshooters and the guns from the Badshah Bagh. Along this perilous space Outram and Havelock, with their respective staffs, went forward on foot to welcome the commander-in-chief. "Passing unhurt," says Marshman, "through the first fire from the Kaiser Bagh, they reached the Moti Mahal in safety." As the party hastened through the passages and courts of the Moti Mahal a shell burst among them, which laid Havelock for a moment prostrate, but otherwise unharmed. Only twenty-five yards now divided them from Campbell's headquarters at the Mess-House.

Under a storm of fire from the Kaiser Bagh they sped in single file across that deadly passage. Outram and Havelock made their way unscathed towards the spot where Campbell awaited them; but the rest of the party, including Napier himself, were struck by the passing bullets. The meeting between the three veterans was, in Sir Hope Grant's words, "a happy meeting, and a cordial shaking of hands took place." Havelock's wan face lighted up a little on learning from his brave old chief that he had been gazetted K.C.B. The relief of the besieged garrison had now been accomplished. It only remained, as Sir Colin himself informed the two commanders, to carry out his original plan of withdrawing the whole of the garrison to Cawnpore before taking steps to deal with the Gwalior mutineers.

CHAPTER XVIII

ON GUARD IN THE ALAMBÂGH. NOVEMBER 1857–FEBRUARY 1858

On the following day, November 18, Outram and Havelock waited upon the commander-in-chief to express their views upon the course they deemed it best to pursue. They urged Sir Colin to drive the rebels out of the Kaiser Bagh, and then to continue holding the city with an adequate portion of the troops at his command. Sir Colin, however, insisted that "a strong movable division outside the town, with field and heavy artillery, in a good military position, was the real manner of holding the city of Lucknow in check." His ammunition also was running short; he deemed himself weak in infantry; and, strongest reason of all, the Gwalior insurgents might at any moment attack Cawnpore. For the present he would content himself with carrying off the Lucknow garrison, and holding the city in check by means of a strong force intrenched at the Alambâgh.[1]

The arrangements which Outram made by Campbell's orders for the safe withdrawal of many hundred men, women, and children from the ruined Residency to the ground prepared for them in the Dilkushâ Park were not completed until the 19th. "I have enough to do just now," he writes to Lady Outram on the 18th, "in arranging the difficult and delicate operation of the withdrawal of our troops with the vast number of women, sick and wounded (about 1500 souls). . . . My wound is entirely healed, and was nothing to signify, not having laid me up for a single day." [2]

About 3 P.M. of the 19th, some hours after the last of the sick and wounded had been safely borne away, the general exodus of the women, children, and non-combatants began. Many of them had to trudge on foot

[1] Marshman. [2] Goldsmid.

through five miles of heavy sand, while others were drawn slowly along by horses, too weak almost to carry themselves. More than once they had to run for their lives from a shower of grape or bullets; at other times a block in the narrow road kept them waiting for long minutes in sharp suspense. By the end of the first hour they reached the Sikandrabagh, where they received a kindly welcome from the commander-in-chief. A few hours' halt in that noisome neighbourhood enabled them to pursue the rest of their way in dhoolies provided by the old chief himself. The long procession took some hours more to reach the Dilkushâ. After all their past sufferings, in spite of their buried dear ones, and of the household goods they had been forced to leave behind them, their first night's quiet sleep in the tents prepared for them at their new resting-place, was an event to remember with special thankfulness in after years.[1]

Only one woman and two or three attendants were hurt on the way by hostile shot. Meanwhile the troops in garrison, under Outram's masterly management, were busied in preparing for their own departure. Of the guns they had served so well, some were burst on the spot, others were removed to the camp outside the city. The ordnance stores, the treasure, the remaining supplies of grain, the state prisoners, were all carried quietly away while the enemy's attention was drawn off by a steady cannonade of the Kaiser Bagh and other strong posts in the city.[2]

At length, on the night of the 22nd, silently, and in perfect order, the last body of Outram's soldiers—the 78th Highlanders and Maude's battery having the post of honour in the rear—stepped forth from the lights and fires of the battered Residency into the darkness of the long winding lane that still lay between them and comparative safety. The Highlanders were enjoined by Outram to avoid keeping step, lest the regular tramp should be heard by the enemy.[3] As Mr. Money passed out of the Bailey-guard gate he saw his noble chief hold-

[1] *The Polehampton Memoirs; Lady Inglis's Diary;* Forrest; Sir J. Fayrer.
[2] C. Campbell's despatch of November 25. [3] Goldsmid.

ing back. "The thought struck me at once that he wished to be the last man to quit the garrison—but it was not to be. Brigadier Inglis had observed the move, and at once said, 'You will allow me, Sir James, to be the last, and to shut the gates of my old garrison.' Outram at once yielded, and Inglis closed the gates."

From the Sikandrabagh Campbell himself, riding with Adrian Hope's brigade, covered the retreat which Outram had so skilfully planned. Not a hitch occurred throughout the movement, whose success depended on the intelligence and the discipline of all concerned. Not am an was lost in that night march through the midst of 40,000 or 50,000 armed foes. One officer, indeed, who had somehow been overlooked, awoke to find himself alone in the abandoned intrenchment. Horror-stricken, and hardly knowing which way to turn, he sped on from one deserted post to another as fast as fear could carry him, until, breathless and well-nigh crazed, he came up with a part of the British rear-guard. By four in the morning of the 23rd the last of our soldiers had reached the Dilkushâ. Some hours later the enemy were still blazing away at our abandoned posts, and repairing the breaches which our guns the day before had made in the Kaiser Bagh.

On one conspicuous leader in the fighting of the past six months death was already closing fast. Worn out with toil, anxiety, exposure, and hard fare, Sir Henry Havelock had fallen ill on November 20. Two days later he knew himself to be dying, and on the 24th he breathed his last, calmly and contentedly, in the camp at the Dilkushâ. Outram could not restrain his tears when he visited his dying comrade on the evening of the 23rd. Writing afterwards to Havelock's biographer, he speaks of his tenderness as "that of a brother. He told me he was dying, and spoke from the fulness of his honest heart of the feelings which he bore towards me, and of the satisfaction with which he looked back to our past intercourse and service together, which had never been on a single occasion marred by a disagreement of any kind, nor embittered by an angry word. . . . How truly I mourned his loss is known to God and my own heart."

On the morning of the 26th his remains were interred in the Alambâgh with all the honours that a crowd of mourning comrades, headed by Campbell himself, could bestow. "I myself," says Outram, "was denied the melancholy satisfaction of attending his honoured remains to the grave, by being left at Dilkushâ to bring up the rear division."

By way of precaution Outram afterwards caused the grave to be smoothed over. "At the same time," says his biographer, "he directed such minute measurements to be taken as to lead to the recognition, when required, of the precise site." According to Mr. Forrest, the mango-tree which marks the spot "still spreads its branches over his tomb, and the cross carved on it by the hand of Outram was a few years ago still discernible."

During the 24th the long train of women and children, together with the sick and wounded of the whole force, were escorted by Hope Grant's division to their temporary halting-place at the Alambâgh. "The difficulties and obstacles upon the road," says Sir J. Fayrer, "were indescribable, but every one was very kind to the sick and wounded, the ladies and children." Outram's division remained behind until the following day, "to prevent molestation," wrote Sir Colin Campbell, "of the immense convoy of the women and wounded, which it was necessary to transport with us."

To each and all concerned in the work thus far accomplished Sir Colin Campbell's despatch dealt out a liberal measure of just praise. Outram's able strategy, Hope Grant's untiring diligence, Peel's happy daring, the splendid rivalry of the Royal and Bengal Artillery, the steady zeal of the officers of the 9th Lancers and the Irregular Horse, who "were never out of the saddle during all this time," received from Sir Colin's pen no heartier tribute than did the fiery courage of the troops that stormed the Sikandrabagh, the soldier-like watchfulness of Brigadier Russell's column, and the matchless heroism of the whole force, which for seven days had formed "one outlying picket, never out of fire, and covering an immense extent of ground."

Admirable also had been the defence of the enlarged

position, as maintained by Outram for nearly two months between the first and the second relief of Lucknow. The manner in which a straggling, weakly guarded line of gardens, courts, and dwelling-houses, mixed up with the buildings of a hostile city, had been held against "a close and constant fire from loopholed walls and windows," and a fitful storm of grape and round-shot from guns, mostly within point-blank range, was a marvel of sturdy soldiership and engineering skill. Against twenty of the enemy's mines twenty-one shafts had been dug by Napier's engineers. Of the former, five only had been burst by the rebels, two of them quite harmlessly; while seven had been blown in by our men, and the enemy had been driven out of seven more.

As for the old garrison who had fought and suffered under Colonel Inglis, all England rang with stories of their prowess, and with heartfelt pæans over their success. All Europe hailed with half-envious admiration the victorious issue of a defence which Lord Canning might well place among the most heroic recorded in history—a defence which Campbell himself called magnificent, and which, to Outram's thinking, demanded the use of terms "far more laudatory," if such were possible, than those once applied to the "illustrious garrison" of Jalalabad.

On the 27th Sir Colin Campbell began his return march to Cawnpore at the head of 3000 men, amongst whom, says Mr. G. W. Forrest, "were the remnant of the gallant 32nd who had so stoutly defended the Residency, the sepoys whose fidelity and courage can never be too highly appraised, and the few native pensioners who had loyally responded to the call of Sir Henry Lawrence to come to our aid in the darkest hour." To them was intrusted the safeguarding of the rescued women and children, and some 1500 sick and wounded, together with the treasure, surplus stores, and the engineer and artillery parks. The march of a convoy extending over ten miles of road was inevitably slow, and not until the evening of November 30 had the whole of its precious burden been safely sheltered within Windham's intrenched position at Cawnpore.

"That fine noble fellow," as Sir Hope Grant calls Sir

James Outram, was left behind with 3500 men to hold the position around the Alambâgh until the commander-in-chief should return in the following year to expel the rebels from Lucknow. The position which Outram had to hold with this small force against any number of the enemy covered a circuit of about ten miles, extending across the Cawnpore road south-eastward to the old, half-ruined fort of Jalalabad. "Where this position," writes Colonel Malleson, "was not naturally covered by swamps he placed batteries, dug trenches, and planted abattis to protect it.

The troops under his command consisted of "the remnants of Havelock's noble force; the regiments Outram had brought up with him from Allahabad; and what the siege of Delhi had left of the gallant 75th. Weak in numbers were these battalions, but every man of them was a veteran to be relied upon. One, the 78th, had learned to love James Outram—no other word would express the truth—in Persia. The Military Train, as worthy comrades of the Volunteer Cavalry, and some good Madras troops, must not be forgotten in making up the total. Sir James had lost Colonel Napier, called away on other duty, but Colonel Berkeley proved an excellent chief of the staff. Colonels Hamilton and Stisted well led his two infantry brigades; while Vincent Eyre handled the cavalry and artillery to perfection, seconded by one whose dash had become proverbial even among Horse Artillerymen—Major William Olpherts."[1] Outram's numbers were made up to 4000 by a strong picket retained at Banni to guard the bridge over the Sai.

For the next few weeks Outram employed himself in strengthening his position, in keeping a careful watch upon the enemy's movements, and in making fruitless efforts to obtain supplies from the neighbouring villages. So strict and general was the blockade enforced by the

[1] This passage quoted from Goldsmid seems to need some correction. I have since been assured by Colonel J. P. Robertson, C.I.E., that the cavalry, consisting of the Military Train and a small body of Volunteer Horse, were placed under his sole command, and that he had to report directly to Sir James Outram, who afterwards paid the warmest tribute to Colonel Robertson's brilliant services.

rebel leaders that Outram was driven to depend upon Cawnpore for supplies escorted by troops whom he could ill spare from the defence of his own position.

The instructions forwarded by Campbell's chief of the staff, shortly after the rout of the Gwalior contingent, evoked from Outram so powerful a protest against unreasonable demands upon his military strength that he was allowed henceforth a free hand in matters bearing on the safety of his command.

Amidst all his difficulties he managed to keep himself thoroughly informed of the enemy's movements and designs. Few commanders, indeed, have ever equalled him in the excellence of his scouting arrangements. A great deal of his success in war has been ascribed by a competent critic to "his determination to obtain the best information of the enemy's strength and plans before acting. He was cautious in this, but when once on the field, he was all dash. At the Alambâgh his Intelligence Department was amazingly good. Again and again were his spies sent back before he would move from camp."

During the three months that he held his isolated position "he never harassed the soldiers," says Major Robertson, "by calling them out a moment before wanted to repel the repeated attacks of the rebels; and he dismissed them as soon as he could dispense with their services, generally ordering a dram or half a dram of rum to be issued if he had it to give. The result of this was, that when an alarm was given the men were on the ground at once."

Day after day in December the enemy had been employed in throwing up batteries, and in making hostile demonstrations along his lines. At last, on the 22nd, an attempt was made to sever Outram's communications with Banni. But the British general happened to be wide awake. At five of that morning he moved out with nearly half his force "in the hope of surprising the enemy, and intercepting their retreat to the city." Their main body retreated betimes out of Outram's reach; but the attack upon their rear was made so suddenly and followed up with so fierce a courage, that, in spite of their overwhelming numbers, they fled like frightened sheep,

with " the loss of four Horse Artillery guns, much ammunition, besides elephants and baggage, and some fifty or sixty men slain." According to Outram's report on this affair, there was " hardly a casualty on our side."

About a fortnight later Outram despatched a convoy of empty waggons to Cawnpore, guarded by 530 men with four guns. The strength of the escort on this occasion was due to the tidings which Outram's spies had brought him, of fresh movements planned by the rebel leaders against his rear. On hearing of an arrangement which seemed for the time to cripple the force about the Alambâgh, the enemy determined, in Malleson's words, " to make a supreme effort to destroy Outram." Accordingly on January 12 they issued from Lucknow to the number of 30,000. They massed this body opposite to the extreme left of Outram's position, then gradually extended it so as to face his front and left. To the front attack Outram opposed two brigades, the one consisting of 733 English troops, the other of 713, whilst he directed the ever-daring Olpherts to take four guns, and, supported by the men of the military train, to dash at the overlapping right of the rebels. Olpherts fell on them just as they were developing their overlapping movement, and not only compelled them to renounce it, but to fall back in confusion. The two brigades operating against the centre were equally successful. They not only drove back the rebels, but foiled an insidious movement which their leader was planning against the right of the British position. By four o'clock the rebels were in full flight. Their losses were heavy.

Four days later the enemy renewed their attack on several points of Outram's lines. One large body, led by a Hindu devotee dressed up as Hanumân the monkey-god, made a sudden dash on the Jalalabad outpost, but were soon repulsed by a well-aimed fire which laid their leader helpless on the ground. Throughout the day they skirmished ineffectually about Outram's left. Growing bolder in the falling darkness, they swarmed against the villages on our extreme left. But the withering fire of grape and musketry poured in by Gordon's men sent them flying with heavy loss. Meanwhile a large body

of horse which threatened the left rear was held in check and finally scattered by Olpherts' gunners and the men of the military train.

About the middle of February 1858 a return convoy laden with supplies had begun its march homeward from Cawnpore. But the famous *maulvi*, one of the most active of the rebel leaders, had sworn that he would capture the returning convoy. On the night of the 14th he set out from Lucknow at the head of a strong force, and took up a position whence he could fall with ease upon his expected prey. But Outram had already got some inkling of the *maulvi's* scheme. As a violent dust-storm was blowing on the 15th, under cover of which the assailants might gain their end, he ordered out two of Olpherts' horsed guns and a troop of military train to observe their movements. Some fresh troops, with the rest of Olpherts' battery, were sent on betimes towards the scene of danger.

Olpherts, however, had already made so spirited a charge upon the hostile cavalry escorting the *maulvi* himself that his supports came up only in time to quicken the enemy's retreat, and cover the return of the convoy to camp.[1]

On the morning of the 16th, to quote from Outram's own despatch, "the enemy filled their trenches with as many men as they could hold, and assembled in vast numbers under the *topes* [groves] in their rear; at the same time a body of cavalry and infantry was detached to threaten our left flank. . . . They made repeated demonstrations of advancing to attack, but their courage apparently as often failed them, and they almost immediately retired to their position. About 5.30 P.M. they suddenly issued in clouds of skirmishers from the trenches, advancing for some distance towards our batteries posted on the left and centre of our line, and opened a smart fire of musketry on the outpost of the left front village and advanced towards it in large bodies. They were repulsed by the picket, consisting of 200 men of the 90th Light Infantry under command of Lieutenant-Colonel

[1] Malleson. Forrest.

Smith of that regiment, losing a good many men, the 90th having three wounded.

"As soon as it was dark they concentrated a very heavy musketry-fire on the north and east faces of the Alambâgh, which they continued for about two hours, but fortunately did no harm; they did not all finally retire until 8.30 P.M. Their loss must have been severe, as their flashes gave an excellent line for our guns, which opened on them with shrapnel-shell and grape. Our loss during the last two days has been one killed and three wounded."

By this time the rebel leaders became aware of the great preparations which Sir Colin Campbell was making for the advance of a powerful army against Lucknow. A large convoy was coming up from Cawnpore, escorted by the greater part of Outram's cavalry. On Sunday, February 21, the war-worn Outram had again to meet the furious onsets of 20,000 rebels, and the fire of numerous guns, on all sides of a position weakened by the absence of some of his best troops. His spies, however, had forewarned him of the enemy's purpose; how the Hindus had sworn by the Ganges, and the Muhammadans on the Koran, that they would slay the Farangis or perish in the attempt.

The assailants, therefore, got nothing but disappointment for their pains. Dosed with grape from the British guns, their swarming cavalry checked by the bold advance of a few field-pieces and a few hundred horse, those threatening masses were chased back to the shelter of their own batteries with the loss of many hundred slain or wounded, against only nine wounded on our side.

"I am awaiting the junction of the chief," Outram writes on the 23rd to Dr. Fayrer, "and he appears to be awaiting the advance of Jung Bahâdur; in the meantime the enemy is becoming desperate, and has been rather restless of late and somewhat troublesome; but he lost so severely in his last attack on Sunday—at least 600 killed and wounded—that he has not plucked up heart yet to come on again."

On the 25th, however, the enemy made one last determined effort to destroy the garrison which had defied them for three months past. "The queen regent and her

son," says Forrest, "the prime minister and the principal nobles, mounted on state elephants, came out of the city to encourage the assailants and witness their triumph." But by this time Outram had been reinforced by several hundred horse and foot, and a battery of light guns. After a night-march of thirty-six miles, the main body of Hodson's Horse, led by the all-daring Hodson himself, had entered the Alambâgh in the early morning of the 25th, just in time to bear a noteworthy part in that day's decisive struggle.

The attack was delivered about 9 A.M. along the whole front of Outram's line. While large bodies of horse and foot, with three guns, bore down against his left, thirty regiments of foot, with 1000 horse and eight guns, were seen advancing against his right. "Of this number," writes Outram, "about one-half, with two guns, advanced towards our right rear, and, having occupied the *topes* immediately to the east of Jalalabad, commenced shelling that post heavily, evidently in the hope of igniting the large quantity of combustible stores at present collected there; while the remainder held in support the villages and *topes* directly in front of the enemy's outworks."

About an hour later, having given time for Barrow's Volunteers and Wales's Horse to sweep round on the enemy's rear, Outram delivered his counter-attack with the bulk of his available force. "The infantry," says Captain Sir J. Seton of the Madras Fusiliers, "did not come into effective action, so precipitate was the retreat of the enemy on receiving the fire of the horsed guns, and on becoming aware of two bodies of cavalry, of which one, advancing from the left of the British column, threatened to cut off his retreat, while the other, having made a *détour* by the village of Naurangabad, came on him from the opposite direction. Still there was time for the centre body of cavalry which headed the infantry column to dash into the retreating ranks and to capture two guns."

By 1 P.M. the foe had disappeared. "About 4 P.M.," says Outram, "the enemy again moved out against us. On this occasion they directed their principal efforts against our left, and evinced more spirit and determination

than they had hitherto done. Repeatedly they advanced within grape and musket range, and as they ever met with a warm reception from our guns and Enfields, especially from those of the left front picket, commanded by Major Master, of the 5th Fusiliers, they must have suffered severely."

During the night firing was renewed from time to time as the discomfited rebels sent parties forward to cover the removal of their dead. Their loss throughout the day was reported to have been from 400 to 500 slain, while Outram had lost no more than five killed and thirty-five officers and men wounded.

Thus ended the sixth and last attempt to overpower the little force which for three months had maintained its perilous watch at the Alambâgh over the rebellious capital of a province swarming with sepoy mutineers and the armed retainers of nobles and great landowners fiercely impatient of British rule. Outram's unsleeping vigilance, and the ready trust which he inspired in all who served under him, had now cleared the way for that final subjugation of Oudh which our arms and diplomacy had still to accomplish.

"Sir James," says one who knew him, "had a cheery word for officers and men at each post, generally some small compliment—such as a regret the enemy would not come on, because you're always so well prepared—and his visit seemed a welcome one everywhere. As you know, he could be uncommonly irate on provocation. . . . I was told that when he did 'let out' at any one, especially a youngster, he was not comfortable till he had made it up by some kind word or deed, and that as often as not a 'wig' ended by the offer of a cheroot—a valuable gift at the Alambâgh. His holster was stuffed with these luxuries instead of a revolver, and he dispensed them right liberally."[1]

"Full justice," says Mr. Forrest, "was not done by Sir Colin Campbell or the chief of the staff to Outram's defence of Alambâgh, which must be viewed as a fine example of courage and good conduct, and will always stand out as a glorious episode in the annals of the Indian Mutiny."

[1] Forrest's *Selections*.

CHAPTER XIX

WITH THE ARMY OF OUDH. MARCH 1858

Not till the end of February 1858 did Sir Colin Campbell leave Cawnpore to take command of perhaps the finest army that ever in British uniform stepped out on Indian soil. Four strong divisions of infantry, including that of Franks', who was marching up from the southern borders of Oudh, two good brigades of Sir Hope Grant's cavalry, three splendid brigades of artillery under Sir Archdale Wilson, and one of Engineers, made up an army of 25,000 men, two-thirds of whom were British-born. Outram, of course, commanded the first infantry division, which included the heroes of so many bloody fights between Fathipur and Lucknow—Neill's own Fusiliers, the 78th Highlanders, and Brasyer's Sikhs. To the second division, under General Lugard, belonged the 93rd Highlanders and the 4th Punjâb Rifles. Conspicuous among the regiments of Walpole's division were the 1st Bengal Fusiliers and the 2nd, or Green's, Punjâb Infantry. The war-worn 9th Lancers, Hodson's swarthy Horse, and the dashing Volunteer Cavalry formed the pick of Hope Grant's powerful array. The Engineer brigade might well be proud of such a leader as Robert Napier. In the long roll of battery-commanders the names of Turner, Tombs, Olpherts, Remmington, Middleton, Bishop, recalled many a great deed done before Delhi, or on the way to Lucknow, by the soldiers of an army renowned for matchless services in every field. Major Henry Norman, the adjutant-general, had won no small distinction during the siege of Delhi. As chief of the staff General Mansfield was in his right place. Dr. Brown, the superintending surgeon; Major Johnson, the assistant adjutant-general; Captain FitzGerald, of the commissariat; Captain Allgood, the quartermaster-general, were all officers of known worth in their several lines. Joti Parsâd himself, the great

contractor, came over from Agra to supply the means of feeding and moving Sir Colin's troops.

On March 2 Sir Colin, with the van of his fine army, passed by the Alambâgh on his way to the old camping-ground at the Dilkushâ. Outram came out to meet his chief and discuss with him the details of the campaign in which he himself was to play an important part, and concerning which he had more than once in the past month expounded his own views by letter to Sir Colin Campbell.

After a sharp skirmish, in which the enemy lost a gun, Sir Colin Campbell got firmly planted around the Dilkushâ, his right resting on the Gumti, while the advanced pickets held the Dilkushâ Palace on the right, the Muhammad-Bagh on the left front. Both points were strengthened with heavy guns, which kept down the fire from a line of outworks along the canal. The next two days were spent in bringing up the remainder of the troops, guns, and stores of all kinds from the rear. Colonel Campbell's cavalry brigade guarded the left of the camp, and scoured the country in front of the Alambâgh. Hodson's ubiquitous troopers kept diligent watch towards the fort of Jalalabad beyond the British left. On the 5th General Franks, true to the day appointed, was ready to fill up the gap which Outram's march across the Gumti would leave on the morrow in Campbell's line.

By this time Outram had left the Alambâgh to overlook the process of bridging the Gumti near the village of Bibiapur. "The chief," he wrote to his wife on March 4, "has done me the high honour of placing me in command of a large force which is to occupy a position on the other side of the Gumti to-morrow. . . . I anticipate little or no opposition, so do not be alarmed should this reach you before you learn the result. . . . A higher honour could not have been conferred on me than this command."

Early on the morning of the 6th Outram's division marched down towards the Gumti, across which two floating bridges had been completed during the previous night. As the leading troop of horse approached the river they found Outram seated beside one of the bridges,

quietly smoking his cigar as he awaited the arrival of his column across the difficult ground which lay between the river and the camp. A little later Sir Colin himself, says Sir J. Hope Grant, "being anxious to get his men across before the enemy could discover our intention and open upon us, rode down to the riverside and pitched into everybody most handsomely, I catching the principal share. But this had a good effect, and hastened the passage very materially—everything was got over in safety just as daybreak appeared."

Then began the great turning movement which Sir Colin Campbell had rightly intrusted to the foremost soldier in his army, the first deliverer of Lucknow, the stubborn defender of the Alambâgh. While the commander-in-chief prepared at the given moment to crash his way forward through a triple line of works, held by a foe at once strong and resolute, his trusty lieutenant was to press onward up the left bank of the Gumti, to block the way of escape on that side of the great city, and to storm or rake with his heavy guns the eastern and northern faces of the enemy's works.

It was no light task, indeed, that awaited the powerful army of Oudh. Whatever a brave, resolute, and cunning foe could do to strengthen a strong position had been done by the 70,000 or 80,000 sepoys, volunteers, and armed retainers, whom national pride, fanaticism, or hope of plunder had rallied to the colours of the manly-hearted Queen Regent, Hazrat-Mahal, or to the green flag of her suspected rival, the *maulvi* of Faizabâd. Besides the natural strength of a large city full of narrow streets, tall houses, and great palace squares, each forming a separate stronghold, its defenders had gained ample time to repair past damages and to throw up new defences at points that seemed open to future attack.

The canal itself formed a wet ditch to the outermost line of works whose kernel consisted of the cluster of courts and buildings known as the Kaiser Bagh. A fortified rampart stretched along the inner side of the canal. The midmost line of works covered the great pile of the Imâmbâra, the Mess-House, and the Moti Mahal. Each of these lines ended at the river, which swept

sharply southward as it passed the neighbourhood of the dome-crowned Imâmbâra. Their inner flanks rested on the streets of a crowded city, through which no general would choose to force his way. Outside the canal, in the bend between it and the river, stood, amidst fair gardens and stately groves, the building once known as Constantia, and since called, after its founder, La Martinière. From this post the rebels for the first few days kept up a fire not altogether harmless. But it was not Sir Colin's cue to take one step forward until Outram had fairly turned the defences of the canal.

Meanwhile Sir James led Walpole's infantry, a picked brigade of horse under Hope Grant, and five batteries of guns under Brigadier Wood, across the two bridges which Napier's engineers had fashioned out of beer-casks, ropes, and planking in the past three days. That night, after a skirmish with the enemy's cavalry, he rested near the village of Ishmaelganj, the site of that disastrous battle on June 30 which preluded the siege of the Residency. The next day was spent in repelling the enemy's attacks upon Outram's pickets. On the 8th his men were employed in preparing batteries for the heavy guns sent over that morning for his use.

The dawn of the 9th was ushered in by the thunders of a crushing fire poured into the enemy's works at the Chakar Kothi, or Yellow House, which had been the grand-stand of the King of Oudh's race-course, from eight heavy guns and three howitzers. Ere long the Chakar Kothi was stormed by a part of Walpole's infantry, aided by a few of Wood's guns. Pressing hotly on the heels of a retreating foe, Outram carried with ease the strong walled enclosure of the Pèdshah-Bagh or King's Garden, and began with his heavy guns to rake the line of works behind the Martinière.

During those days of waiting Sir Colin's heavy guns and mortars from the opposite bank of the river kept pounding into the defences in their front. Peel's rockets scared the rebels out of corners still spared by his shells. The storming of the Yellow House became the signal for Lugard's advance on the first line of works. Without firing a shot the Highlanders and Punjâbis of Hope's

brigade stormed the defences of the Martinière; then with another magnificent rush they climbed up the lofty ramparts lining the canal. Their steps were quickened by the sight of an English officer waving his sword atop of the rampart, a mark for the muskets of many foes. It was the bold Lieutenant Butler of the 1st Bengal Fusiliers, who had swum across the river to acquaint Hope's skirmishers with Outram's success in turning the first line of works.

On the evening of the 9th the line of the canal as far as Banks's House was safe in British hands. The next day was spent by Lugard's column in battering and storming Banks's House and in making ready for a flank march to the left of the Kaiser Bagh, while Outram was bringing his guns and mortars to play upon the same post from his camp across the river, and Hope Grant's horsemen were busy scouring the plain between the river and the old cantonments. On the 11th from both flanks of the besieging army a furious storm of shot and shell crashed down on the remaining defences of the doomed city. The Sikandrabagh, scene of so much slaughter in the past November, was carried easily that morning. Other buildings to the right were won as swiftly by storm or simple cannonade. One massive pile of buildings, known as the Begam Kothi or Begam's Palace, held out for several hours under a merciless pounding from Peel's howitzers. While Napier was yet watching for the moment when bayonets might take the place of cannon, Sir Colin and some of his officers were engaged in the less congenial task of exchanging courtesies with Jang Bahâdur, the warlike Regent of Nipâl, who had just brought his Gurkhas, some days after time, into the field.

In the midst of that interview the war-grimed figure of Hope Johnstone, the deputy adjutant-general, strode up to his chief bearing the glad news of the successful storming of the Begam Kothi. In another moment Sir Colin Campbell and Jang Bahâdur were grasping each other's hands and making up with friendly smiles for their want of a common language.

The fight whose issue had been thus opportunely

announced was described by Campbell himself as the "sternest struggle which occurred during the siege." After a fierce bombardment of eight or nine hours, ending in a practicable breach, Napier resolved to carry the Begam's Palace by storm. About 4 P.M. Adrian Hope led forth a column of the 93rd Highlanders, 4th Punjâb Rifles, and 1000 Gurkhas to the attack. The Highlanders mounted the breach first, but their comrades were close behind. At every turn some fresh work had to be carried, some fresh group of rebels to be overpowered. But the dread bayonet clove its way through all barriers. Ere long the whole pile of buildings, itself a powerful fortress, bastioned, loop-holed, filled with men and guns, begirt with tall ramparts and a broad deep ditch, had been swept clean of its living garrison. Of the rebel dead 500 bodies were afterwards counted up.

The victory would have been cheaply won but for the death of the far-famed Hodson, who, having joined the fight as a volunteer, fell shot through the liver by one of the sepoys lurking in an outer room of the great court-yard. Some of his troopers cried that night like children over their dying hero, whom those rough Eastern warriors had loved and worshipped as their ideal of perfect soldier-ship,—the model captain of light horse, the matchless swordsman, the wise yet daring counsellor, the born leader of men,—who would have followed him any-whither to the death.[1]

"I trust I have done my duty," were the last words which the dying hero spoke to his sorrowing friend Napier. On the evening of the 12th, the day after Hodson's death, his body was buried in the grounds of the Martinière. At the moment when it was lowered into the grave, Campbell himself, the veteran commander-in-chief, burst into tears over the loss of "one of the finest officers in the army," the man whom Robert Napier was proud to call friend, to whom Montgomery could find no equal for his rare combination of talent, courage, coolness, and unerring judgment.

On this day Outram also had been steadily gaining ground. While his heavy batteries pounded the Mess-

[1] Russell; *Hodson of Hodson's Horse;* Innes; Forrest.

House and the Kaiser Bagh, his infantry, flanked by the horse, swept onwards through the suburbs on that side of the Gumti, seized a mosque commanding the iron bridge above the Residency, and drove the enemy as far as the stone bridge by the Machhi-Bhâwan. At this point he sounded a halt. Strengthening his hold on the iron bridge, he resolved to await the coming of some more heavy guns, which might help in raking the defences of the Kaiser Bagh. On the 13th these new allies spoke to such effect that the enemy, placed between two raging fires, fled despairing on the morrow from their last great stronghold in Lucknow. In all these movements on the left bank of the river Outram's loss, apart from the cavalry, amounted only to 26 slain, 113 wounded. "It is impossible," says Colonel Malleson, "to overestimate the value of the assistance which Outram thus rendered to the main attack."

Meanwhile, on his own side, Sir Colin had been steadily tearing his way to the heart of the rebel defences. On the 12th Franks's division relieved Lugard's. While Napier's sappers kept blowing up the lines of building between the Begam Kothi and the Kaiser Bagh, the infantry with some of the mortars moved gradually forward, and a strong battery of heavy guns thundered against the lesser Imâmbâra. At last on the morning of the 14th this light and graceful monument of Moorish art was carried with a rush by Brigadier Russell's infantry. A minute later Brasyer's Sikhs had followed the flying Pandies right through the open gateway of the Kaiser Bagh. Other troops came up close behind the Sikhs; but their help was hardly needed, for no stand was made save where a knot of rebels, driven into a corner, had to sell their lives as dearly as they could.

Still the conquerors pressed forward, the more eagerly for that last success. One after another the Mess-House, the Teri-Kothi, the Moti Mahal, and the Chatar Manzil, all scenes of hard fighting in the past November, fell into their hands. It was a hard day's work for all concerned; but the elation of repeated victories upheld them marvellously to the end. That evening Campbell might fairly deem himself master of Lucknow, might well be proud of

a conquest achieved on the whole so easily, at a cost of only 900 killed and wounded, over an enemy of thrice his own numbers, intrenched along a range of massive palaces and wide-walled courts whose like could hardly be found in Europe; every weak point strengthened to the utmost, each outlet carefully guarded by works that displayed a marvellous industry and no common skill.[1]

Campbell, however, on this day had lost a golden opportunity of reaping the full fruits of his success. Thanks to the daring of two volunteers, Lieutenant Wynne and Sergeant Paul, Outram saw himself free to cross the iron bridge and cut off the retreat of the enemy from the positions already attacked by Franks and Napier. The rebels would thus have been completely destroyed, and much of the work which our arms had still to accomplish would have been forestalled. But his request for leave to cross the Gumti was met by an answer, the strangest surely that ever a British general returned to his second in command. "I am afraid, gentlemen," said Outram to those around him, "you will be disappointed when I tell you that I am not going to attack to-day." Sir Colin, in fact, had ordered him not to cross the river unless he could do so without losing a single man.

As the enemy had guns commanding the bridge, to say nothing of a mosque and some loopholed houses behind them, Outram knew that he could not carry the bridge without losing a number of men. As Malleson has well observed, "the ultimate pursuit of the rebels who escaped because Outram did not cross caused an infinitely greater loss of men to the British army than the storming of the bridge and the taking of the rebels in rear would have occasioned."[2]

On the 15th the cavalry of Hope Grant and Brigadier Campbell were sent off by different roads in pursuit of the rebels flying from Lucknow. But nothing was gained by this move. The enemy had scattered all over the country, and many of those who still remained in the

[1] Sir C. Campbell's despatch.
[2] Forrest; Malleson; Lord Roberts's *Forty-One Years in India.*

city seized that opportunity to escape for the purpose of doing us further mischief ere long. "It was not a judicious move on Sir Colin's part," writes Lord Roberts, "to send the cavalry miles away from Lucknow just when they could have been so usefully employed on the outskirts of the city. This was also appreciated when too late, and both brigades were ordered to return, which they did on the 17th."

A large remnant of the beaten foe had still to be cleared out of the city. On March 16, Outram carried one of his brigades across the Gumti to the Sikandrabagh, and, strengthened by two more regiments, pressed on to attack the Residency and seize the iron bridge. Easily successful in both attempts, he lost no time in carrying the Machhi-Bhâwan and a group of buildings hard by.

The way of escape by the stone bridge being at length cut off by Walpole's brigade and some of the cavalry, the enemy fled up the right bank of the river; some making straight for Rohilkhand, others halting for a last stand in the Musa-Bagh, another of those walled gardens that everywhere skirted the city. Meanwhile another body of rebels made a bold but fruitless dash upon the Alambâgh, where Franklin's small garrison stood quite ready to receive them.

While Outram was steadily cleaving his way through the north-western quarter of the city, Jang Bahâdur, having dislodged the rebels from the neighbourhood of the Alambâgh, advanced along the southern side of Lucknow, clearing the neighbourhood of the Hazrat-Ganj, the great street which led from the Chârbâgh bridge up to the ruined Residency.

On March 19 a combined movement was led by Outram against the 5000 rebels still intrenched within the Musa-Bagh. The task allotted him was soon accomplished. Position after position fell with hardly a struggle, until the enemy were sent flying in headlong rout before the sweeping rush of the 9th Lancers. Of their twelve guns two were at once abandoned, four were taken by Outram's pursuing force, and the other six fell into the hands of Captain Coles's Lancers, who kept up the chase for several miles. But 200 or 300 horsemen

could not annihilate so many thousand sepoys fleeing through cornfields, enclosed gardens, and ground cut up by ravines. Most of the fugitives, therefore, got away to brew fresh mischief anon in other places.

Once more Outram was prevented by an untoward chance from gathering the full fruits of his success. The fault on this occasion lay not with his chief but with Colonel Campbell, who failed to bring up his cavalry brigade in time to press on the pursuit which Coles's Lancers had so brilliantly begun. And thus it happened that some thousands more of discomfited Pandies swelled the number of fugitives who lived to fight another day.[1]

One of the foremost rebel leaders, the *maulvi* of Faizabâd, was still lurking in the heart of the city with several hundred of his bravest followers and two guns. On the 21st Sir Edward Lugard was sent to dislodge him. A stout resistance was at last overcome by a successful charge of the 93rd Foot, who took the guns and slew more than a hundred of the flying foe. But, in spite of a keen pursuit by Brigadier Campbell's cavalry, the *maulvi* himself again made good his escape. By that time the few small parties who had lingered in odd corners of the city had been routed out and slain or scattered afar. Two days later Hope Grant broke up a body of insurgents at Kursi, twenty miles away on the Faizabâd road, with heavy slaughter and the seizure of more guns.

With this last achievement ends the reconquest of Lucknow, and the short but memorable career of the army of Oudh. The last great centre of armed rebellion eastward of the Jumna had fallen wholly into Sir Colin's power. Paralysed by the loss of Lucknow, by the defection or the quarrels of their foremost leaders, one of whom, Mân Singh, was already making terms with his former masters, the insurgents of Oudh could henceforth be attacked and crushed by smaller columns moving each under its own commander.

Lucknow was wholly in our hands; but Sir Colin had, in the words of General Innes, "lost nearly the whole of the hoped-for fruits of his capture of Lucknow, owing first to his checking Outram on the 14th; then to his

[1] Hope Grant; Malleson.

misdirected pursuits of the 15th; and finally to the failure of proper leading for his splendid force of cavalry at the most opportune and critical moment of the war." The immediate outcome of three weeks' fighting fell lamentably short of that which Outram's far-seeing counsels would have ensured.

In the great city itself was left a powerful garrison under the fit command of Hope Grant, himself subordinate to the Chief Commissioner of Oudh. Lugard's division marched southwards to deal with the rebels who, under Kûnwar Singh, were still threatening Azimgarh. Walpole led his own brave soldiers northwards into Rohilkhand. Jang Bahâdur, with the pick of his Nipâlese, marched off to Allahabad, where the governor-general was waiting to thank his magnificent ally for services which, though tardily accepted and somewhat haltingly rendered, were destined to reap no grudging reward.

Meanwhile the chief commissioner had been strongly protesting through the telegraph wires against the tenor of a proclamation which Lord Canning had directed him to issue after the reconquest of Lucknow. In the first draft of that memorable document the governor-general had confiscated the whole proprietory right in the soil of Oudh, save in the case of six men—three rajahs, one talukdar, and two zamindars—who had stood faithful amid great temptations. An explanatory letter accompanied the proclamation. Sir James protested against the impolitic harshness of a decree which seemed to widen the area of popular revolt. It was adding, he pleaded, one injustice to another to press so hard upon a class of men who, smarting under the blows inflicted by the settlement decrees of 1856, had delayed taking up arms against us "until our rule was virtually at an end." Give them back their lands, and they will at once aid us in restoring order. Otherwise, driven to despair, "they will betake themselves to their domains for the carrying on of a long, bloody, and guerilla war." [1] In reply to these remonstrances, Lord Canning instructed him to insert in the proclamation a qualifying clause, which

[1] Official Papers.

granted a large indulgence to all who should help in re-establishing order.

In the document thus amended those rebel landowners who should at once surrender were promised immunity from death or imprisonment, if only their hands were "unstained with English blood murderously shed." Those who had protected English lives would have especial claims to the kind and considerate treatment withheld from none but downright murderers of English men and women.

With every copy of the revised proclamation Outram sent forth a circular letter, informing each of the talukdars that if he would at once come in and obey the chief commissioner's orders, none of his lands would be confiscated, and his claims to lands held by him before annexation would be re-heard, "provided you have taken no part in the atrocities committed on helpless Europeans."

In another circular he exhorted the people of Oudh to get rid of the "absurd belief, instilled into them by the rebels, that the British Government are going to destroy their caste," because "the Christian religion forbids forcible conversion to its doctrines."

Outram's efforts to neutralise the mischief caused by Canning's sweeping severity found a hearty, if rather indiscreet, response in the scolding despatch which his former opponent, Lord Ellenborough, sent out as President of the Board of Control to the governor-general. By that time, however, Outram had ceased to administer the affairs of Oudh. On April 4 he left Lucknow for Calcutta to serve as military member of the Supreme Council in the room of Sir John Low. His able successor in Oudh, Robert Montgomery, proceeded to carry out the new policy with the mingled tact and vigour which had won for him in the Punjâb a name second only to that of John Lawrence.

"It need hardly be observed," says Outram's biographer, "that the farewell greetings he received were of more than ordinary warmth. Few men have left more sincerely attached comrades behind than he did at each stage of his career. He declined an escort for himself and

the members of his staff who accompanied him, relying on his stout stick for his own protection; and so he quietly took his final leave of Lucknow."

"General Outram left yesterday," wrote one of his friends to an Indian newspaper. "He left with that which rank cannot claim nor regulations compel, the tearful valedictions of many attached friends, and the affectionate regrets of the whole army. 'How Sir James must have been beloved!' was the pleased exclamation of his successor, Mr. Montgomery, as he watched the general's departure from Banks's House. . . . 'God bless the dear old general!' was uttered by many a manly voice from the Dil Khushâ to Musa-Bagh, from the cantonments to the Residency, in tones of deep emotion, and with the emphasis of unfeigned sincerity. And the bravery, the goodness, the tender-heartedness of the fine soldier who had so often led them in battle, were the favourite topics of discussion yesterday afternoon in every guardroom and at every mess. Well did this true-hearted, chivalric, generous English gentleman merit the love of his troops. For rarely has there been a commander to whom the happiness and wellbeing of his men were so much an object of incessant thought. Have you noticed the difference between his despatches and those of most other generals? With them it is 'I' did this, 'I' ordered that, 'I' pushed on here, or effected a division there. With him how different! The whole operations are described as though they had been spontaneous acts of the individual commanding officers, with no directing mind to regulate their movements. His 'I's' are limited to acknowledgments of his obligations; and how warmly does he acknowledge his obligations! How eager to say a kind word for every one! Now thoughtful about all but himself!"

A few days before his departure, Outram found time to write Major Olpherts a letter which deserves quoting in full:—

"My dear Olpherts,—The old 1st Division is about to be broken up. An entirely new distribution of the army is about to take place, and I shall not have the

opportunity of expressing in my farewell order, which must be of a general nature, the admiration with which I regard both you and your noble fellows in particular, and the regard which I entertain towards yourself personally. Such sentiments I could not embody in a despatch while we were together in the field without laying myself open to the charge of using extra-official language.

"Believe me, my dear *heroic* Olpherts, that you occupy a very high place in my affection and regard; and that I shall ever remember with pride, pleasure, and gratitude to yourself the six months we stood together in the plain of Alambâgh.

"'Bravery' is a poor and insufficient epithet to apply to a valour such as yours; and Olpherts' 'zeal' and 'energy' are terms of too common application to convey my sense of your entire and successful devotion to the service. But words are at best the symbols of ideas and feelings, and I trust that *you* require no symbols to satisfy you as to what I think *of* you and feel *towards* you. Should you be spared, there is a bright and glorious career before you, and not one of your friends will watch it with deeper interest than, my dear Olpherts, yours affectionately,

"J. Outram." [1]

[1] Goldsmid.

CHAPTER XX

THE MILITARY MEMBER OF THE VICEROY'S COUNCIL. MAY 1858–JULY 1860

AT Allahabad, where Lord Canning had for the time fixed his headquarters, Outram became the guest of the governor-general, who greeted him as cordially as if no cause for dispute had arisen between them.

On May 2 we find him in Calcutta writing to his old friend Captain Eastwick on many topics of public and personal interest. He is "crushed with work, principally the drudgery of demi-official correspondence," resulting from his Persian and Indian campaigns. He "hopes and believes" that the new Chief Commissioner of Oudh will render that province "the most prosperous division of our Indian Empire. By the aid of its existing landed aristocracy this may easily be done. . . . But even with the adoption of correct principles, and with a Montgomery to apply them, I fear that Oudh will never flourish —as it easily might be made, and indubitably ought to be made to flourish—until half the foolscap work now imposed on our officials be abolished."

And he goes on to sketch some of the most needful reforms which would tend to release "our highly educated and highly paid civil officers from the clerkly drudgery which leaves them no time for the performance of their higher duties, and from that soul-crushing system of references, official criticisms, and snubbings, etc., which makes them dread to do good, or move one step beyond the 'Regulations.'"

Soon after his arrival in Calcutta "he sent," says Major Robertson, "a very large quantity of new books and newspapers to all the corps which had served under him during the Mutiny. The papers were continued to the 78th until ordered home early in 1859. I need scarcely say that the cost of the books and papers came out of Sir James's pocket." [1]

"In Calcutta," says his biographer, "he led the usual

[1] Outram MSS.

life of the European dignitary, with its many hours of steamy work, and such relaxation as was afforded by a constant succession of dinner-parties. These were in his case, though frequent, mostly at home; for he did not care to go out at night. He and Lady Outram shared a good house at Garden Reach with his old friend Mr. Le Geyt, of the Bombay Civil Service, and they generally had guests living under their roof, after the approved Indian custom—none being more welcome to Sir James than small middies."

As early as June of this year he was driven to recruit his health by a sea voyage to Galle and back. Later in the year, for a similar reason, he spent a month at Chandanagor, and a few days at Barrackpore.

Soon after his return from Galle, Outram was cheered by abundant tokens of public honour and esteem; he had already received the thanks of parliament for his services at the Alambâgh and for his share in the final conquest of Lucknow. At a meeting held in June by the Court of Proprietors, Sir Frederick Currie, chairman of the East India Board, announced that the queen, at Lord Ellenborough's suggestion, had been pleased to confer a baronetcy on Sir James Outram. He then proposed to enhance the value of this new honour by a yearly pension of £1000. The proposal was warmly seconded by Captain Eastwick, who thus closed an eloquent review of Outram's career: "It is right and fitting that their country should reward such men: no institutions, no political contrivances, can supply their place in the administration of its affairs."

In the same month of June Outram's friends and well-wishers held a meeting in Bombay for the purpose of presenting him with a fitting testimonial of their affectionate regard. The result in due time appeared in the form of a handsome shield made of oxydised silver and damascened steel, the whole designed and modelled by the eminent sculptor Mr. H. H. Armstead, R.A. In honour of Lady Outram the same committee ordered a complete set of silver plate, including a tea service for ordinary use. On the shield itself were represented the most noteworthy scenes in Outram's Indian career, from the subjugation of the Bhîls to the charge of the Volunteer Horse at Mangal-

war. In the centre of this fair work of art is a bold relief showing forth the hero's surrender of his command to Havelock. Around the central scene are medallion portraits of some of his most intimate friends and comrades.

At a meeting held in the Guildhall on October 7 it was resolved to present Outram with the freedom of the city of London and a sword of the value of a hundred guineas. In January 1859 the Master and Wardens of the Merchant Taylors' Company awarded him the freedom of their ancient corporation.

Meanwhile, on August 2, 1858, the "Act for the better government of India" passed under the royal hand, and the East India Company ceased to rule the empire founded in its name. On the 7th the Directors went through the process of electing seven of their number to seats in the new Council of India, which took the place of the old Court of Directors. On November 1 of the same year a new era of peace and good government was solemnly proclaimed throughout British India by the reading of the manifesto in which Queen Victoria formally assumed the sceptre hitherto wielded by her trustees, the Honourable East India Company.

This carefully worded state paper, drawn up by Lord Derby and retouched by the queen herself, teemed with every assurance of pardon, protection, goodwill, and tender treatment for all ranks and classes of her Majesty's Indian subjects save the convicted murderers of English folk. It proclaimed a policy of strong-handed peace, good faith, and enlightened efforts for the common weal; of respect for "the rights, dignity, and honour of native princes as our own"; of impartial tolerance for all forms of religious belief or worship. None should be "in anywise favoured, none molested or disquieted," on account of his religious creed under a government which for the first time openly rejoiced in its own Christianity. Every native, of whatever race or creed, was to be freely admitted to any public office the duties of which he might be qualified by "education, ability, and integrity duly to discharge." In all future legislation all possible regard should be paid to "the ancient rights, usages, and customs of India," especially to all rights connected with the holding of ancestral lands.

It was a memorable holiday all over India, the day when this proclamation was read aloud, not only in the viceroy's camp at Allahabad, but at the headquarters of every province in the empire, from the Punjâb to Pegu. In all the chief cities of British India the booming of guns, the clang of military music, the cheers of paraded soldiery, and the noise of admiring crowds acclaimed the new charter of Indian rights and aspirations.

While our troops were still employed in reconquering parts of Oudh, hunting down the last band of outlawed desperadoes in Central India, the new military member of the Viceroy's Council was adding to his regular duties the writing of long minutes upon the new administrative problems arising out of the sepoy war, and the final transfer of India from the company to the crown. He had long since foreseen that India needed a large increase of her English garrison to counterpoise the growing numbers of her native soldiery. How best to remodel her military system in accordance with the teachings of experience and the drift of recent political changes formed one of the gravest questions which Canning's government had now to consider.

Outram, for his part, pleaded long and earnestly against entire absorption of the company's European forces into the regular army of the crown. By all means let us maintain, he argued, a large European garrison in India, but let it consist mainly of troops recruited for local service alone. Outram was willing enough to "abolish all the native artillery of the Bengal army, with the exception of the few guns required at certain frontier posts, in positions where Europeans could not live." But he would "rather retain the native artillery of Madras and Bombay." Should that point be otherwise resolved, he proposed to make the transition very gradual. He "would turn no trained artillerymen loose upon the country."

He was against re-establishing "regular native infantry for Bengal, and would retain on the regular footing only the regiments which remained faithful, and those composed of the loyal remnants of other regiments; these, I think, should have higher pay than the rest of the native army, comprised of irregular and police corps, who will generally,

I understand, have nearly, if not quite, the same rates of pay as the line formerly received."

To any scheme for amalgamating the royal and Indian armies he was strongly averse, holding that any such transformation would involve serious injury to the interests of the latter, "especially of its officers." Even if such a measure could be carried through with entire justice to all concerned, he would still regard it as most impolitic. "In the first place, to assimilate the two armies, the system of purchase must be introduced into the Indian army, which would be detrimental to its *morale*. But more particularly would it be injurious to the Indian army, as creating a spirit of restlessness among young men, the officers, naturally desirous of change, and a feeling of instability in their position in India, which would deprive officers of heart in the service—and it would destroy that *esprit de corps* which now animates our Indian army. The officers composing that army should regard India as their home—the only sphere in which they can acquire, or hope for, promotion and distinction."

In the course of 1859, while the question of amalgamation still hung in suspense, reports were rife of an impending mutiny among the local European troops, who had upheld their country's honour in a hundred fields, and during the late troubles had surpassed even their old renown. Remembering how Lord Palmerston, as Prime Minister, had declared that all who objected to serve the queen would "of course be entitled to their discharge," they deeply resented the prospect of being transferred "like a lot of horses" without question asked or choice offered them, from the service of the company to that of the crown.

The storm blew over, but the "White Mutiny," as some people called it, dealt a crushing blow to the advocates of a separate local army.

In vain did Outram, in January 1860, record his solemn protest against a measure upon which the Home Government had already made up its mind. To his thinking the stories of the so-called "mutiny" had been greatly exaggerated. He urged that allowances should be made for conduct due to official blundering; and he argued

justly, that "were circumstances to arise calculated to excite disaffection amongst the European soldiers of India, the evil could best be remedied by the presence in the country of two forces . . . differing so far from each other in conditions of service and traditions as to give each a distinctive *esprit de corps*." The argument that a "local force would occupy a social position inferior to that held by the line troops" was scouted as "utterly undeserving of attention."

In desiring to give the queen's regiments a wider experience of field service in India, the government seemed, he thought, to admit that Indian regiments were "in better marching and fighting order than regiments serving at home or in the colonies."

Under the Indian system of selection for staff employ, he held that the staff of the Indian army contained as large a number of highly competent officers "as any army in Europe; for, as he truly said, 'a man can and does create for himself, and superior fitness for staff employ always does create it for him. Such is not the case in England.'"[1]

All such protests—and Outram on this question was backed by many officers of high repute—failed to avert the inevitable issues of a struggle between the Horse Guards and the champions of local efficiency. In the summer of 1860 the ministerial bill for amalgamating the two armies finally became law, and during the next two years Prince Albert's demand for "simplicity, unity, steadiness of system, and unity of command" was finally adopted.

Outram's fatherly care for the wellbeing, moral and physical, of the British soldier shone forth in every line of a "supplementary minute," too long to be quoted, or even summarised here. It set forth in minute detail his carefully pondered views on the soldier's training, equipment, and instruction, from the moment of his leaving home to the end of his career.

Beginning, for instance, with the young soldier's life on board ship, he expressed "a very decided opinion that, daily (before breakfast), the troops should be assembled for the public worship of God. I do not ask

[1] Goldsmid.

for a long service. . . . But a service of some sort there should be, were it to embrace no more than the singing of the morning or some other hymn, the reading of a few verses of the Bible, and the recitation of one or two collects—or the Litany on those days on which the church prescribes that the Litany shall be used."

He insisted on the "great value of theatricals as a means of affording amusement to soldiers. In every regiment there are several men of mercurial temperament, and often of considerable intellectual ability and good education, for whom it is very difficult to find any innocent amusement—often among the best and most useful men in an emergency, they are troublesome, and sometimes even dangerous, in quiet quarters. The rough outdoor amusements of their coarser comrades have few charms for them, and they are but too apt to degenerate into hard drinkers, or to find a most mischievous vent for their mental activity as soldier lawyers." [1]

"Nothing," remarked his colleague, Sir Bartle Frere, "can be more profoundly true than what he says of the necessity for developing to a greater degree the 'individualism' of the soldier—in other words, training him to think and judge and act for himself, in place of training him to consider himself merely as a small portion of a great machine, prohibited from all independent action."

"In the various gradations of military control," said Outram in the concluding words of his own minute, "all depends on the spirit in which the controlling power is exercised, and on the tact of him who exercises it. Be kind, considerate, and conciliatory; scrupulously regard the feelings of those under you; avoid aught that can weaken their legitimate authority or diminish the respect of *their* inferiors; treat not a blunder as a crime; assume that what is evidently unknown is simply something forgotten; and if you have to do with well-conditioned men, they will regard your constant interest in their proceedings as a compliment, not as an offence. I speak from the experience of more than forty years, both in civil and military life.

"I can only plead my profound conviction that the British soldier, even of the roughest stamp, is, if wisely

[1] Goldsmid.

and kindly treated, susceptible of a culture—physical, intellectual, moral, and professional—far in excess of that which is generally supposed to be attainable by him; that just as you approximate a private intellectually, morally, and professionally to the standard of his officers, do you increase his *commercial* value as a soldier; and that the interests of India (politically, financially, and morally considered) demand that the very highest possible culture of all kinds should be bestowed on the members of her European garrison, and the highest possible development given to their capacities, both individual and corporate."

His care for the British soldier extended even to the soldier's wife and daughters, who ought, he said in effect, to be treated by their officers with all the courtesy due from gentlemen towards women of whatever class. "The women should feel, and their husbands and husband's comrades should see, that the most trifling matters affecting their comfort and happiness engaged their officers' constant and solicitous attention. They should be addressed as if it were assumed that every woman was in feelings a lady, and in moral tone all that her best friends could wish."

As President of the Council in Lord Canning's absence, he impressed Sir Bartle Frere in 1860 with the "abundant energy" displayed by a veteran overworn with hard work, and the bodily strain of the past few years, in dealing with "any subject which related to the welfare of the soldier or to the rights of native princes or people; and the favourite work of his latter days in Calcutta was the provision of means for exercise and recreation for the English soldiers, to whom Calcutta and the neighbouring cantonment of Dum-dum had so frequently afforded nothing but the road to a premature grave."

During this period "it was my good fortune," says his old comrade Sir Vincent Eyre, "to be a frequent guest in Outram's house, and to enjoy a considerable share of his confidence. His active mind seemed to be perpetually occupied with the practical problem of how he could best serve the interests of his country, and benefit those classes, whether European or native, who fell within the legitimate range of his influence. . . .

"He did all in his power to introduce a system of healthy recreations and useful occupations in barracks

during those periods of unavoidable idleness when the soldier is most liable to fall into evil habits from sheer lack of proper objects to engage his attention. These efforts culminated in the establishment, at the cantonment of Dum-dum, of what became known as 'The Outram Institute,' and was the first 'soldiers' club,' on a durable basis, introduced into India. Its success may be said to have given the first impetus to a general adoption of the system throughout the service, with well-known beneficial results. . . . Outram may be said to have established an unquestionable claim to special distinction as 'the soldier's friend.'"

Towards the end of 1859 he had once more to part from the wife who had so lately rejoined him. About this time he renewed his acquaintance with Mr. John Sherer, then journeying homewards on a well-earned furlough from Cawnpore. On reaching the metropolis Mr. Sherer found his father-in-law, Sir Henry Harington, living in Chowringhee with Outram and Le Geyt, then legislative member for Bombay. "The Indian Bayard, when I was driving in the carriage with him in the evening, with no especial claim to his confidence whatever, often spoke to me of passages in his career. The sense of his own celebrity never seemed to occur to him, and he talked about public events with the same simplicity with which on 'the course,' in the midst of all the fashionables, he would stop and chaffer, jokingly, about the price of *tupsee much*, as the vendors of the renowned 'mango fish' brought it along fresh from the river.

"But it was not in the carriage, but at the house, and before several people, including the gaunt, talkative Chisholm Anstey, who was visiting Calcutta, that Outram began to speak of having postponed taking charge from Havelock till the Bailey-guard was reached. 'It was a foolish thing,' he said; 'sentiment had obscured duty. Every man should carry out the task assigned to him. I do not know that I could not have got through the streets of Lucknow with less loss of life. At any rate, I ought to have tried what I could do.' This plainly-expressed regret seemed to me to do his character as much credit as the mistaken but noble impulse which called it forth."[1]

[1] *Daily Life during the Mutiny.*

In March 1860 a farewell dinner was given by the Royal Engineers to Colonel Robert Napier, who had just been appointed to command a division in the army destined for service in China under the leadership of General Sir Hope Grant. Among the leading speakers on this occasion was Sir James Outram, who paid a hearty tribute to the worth of his old friend and comrade, the guest of the evening. He went so far as to say that, "when under the difficult circumstances in which they were placed his heart sometimes failed him, he invariably found Napier prepared with a means of getting over the difficulty, and he always left him reassured and established."

Napier on his side frankly acknowledged "his obligations to Outram's example and Outram's teaching." Referring modestly to the high compliments which his friend had paid him, he protested that "he would have been dull indeed if he had derived no profit from his intimate relations with such a distinguished soldier." [1]

It is pleasant, by the way, to note the terms in which Outram on this occasion referred to his old commander Sir Charles Napier; dwelling on "the respect and esteem he had always entertained for him from first to last; how convinced he was that the differences which had arisen arose solely from the indiscretion of partisans who come between."

In all the arrangements for the Chinese expedition Outram had borne so strenuous a part that much of its ultimate success was due to his keen foresight and comprehensive mastery of details. But his many labours for the public weal in that exhausting climate told so seriously upon his health that he found himself compelled, in the latter part of April 1860, to take a voyage as far as Singapur. "He has had that nasty bronchitic attack hanging about him," wrote Dr. Fayrer to Lady Outram, "and lately it has been rather worse than better, so he has admitted the advantage of going away, and I feel satisfied that it will do him all the good in the world, enable him to return to Calcutta and serve out the remainder of the time, . . . and enable him also to retire in good health." [2] The two months' trip, however, had

[1] Goldsmid. [2] Outram MSS.

done him so little good that nothing remained for him but his immediate return home.

On July 14 a great public meeting was held in Calcutta to consider what sort of testimonial could best be offered by his grateful countrymen to their departing hero. Of the four resolutions then passed, one embodied an address recounting in eloquent terms a long list of services which Outram had rendered his country during more than forty years. "But, sir," the address concluded, "it is not as the successful general, nor as the trusted statesman, that you will be best remembered by us, who have mixed with the companions of your toils and triumphs, and who, some of us, have had the honour to serve with and under you.

"It is as a man whom no success could harden or render selfish, who could surrender to an heroic comrade the honour of success which fortune had placed within his own grasp, who in the excitement of battle and in the midst of triumph never forgot the claims and wants of the humblest of his followers, who loved his fellow-soldiers better than his own fame and aggrandisement, and has devoted himself with his whole heart to improve the soldiers' moral and intellectual as well as physical condition,—it is as one who would not only sacrifice life and fortune to duty, but who never allowed either fear or favour to weigh for a moment against what his heart told him was right and true;—it is as our noble, disinterested fellow-countryman, who has preserved all his chivalry of feeling unchilled through the wear and tear of a laborious life, and who will ever be remembered as emphatically 'the soldier's friend,' that we would wish to testify our admiration and affectionate respect, and to preserve the memory of your career as an example to ourselves and to those who come after us."[1]

The address was duly presented to Sir James Outram, together with a copy of another resolution voting him a testimonial in the form most agreeable to himself.

On July 18, two days before his own departure, Outram replied to the address in words that strove to express the fulness of a warm and generous heart. After duly acknowledging the honour thus conferred upon him by

[1] *Outram Papers.*

the unanimous vote of all classes "of the large community of Calcutta," he went on to assure his kind friends that he was "quite unconscious of having done anything to deserve the distinguished honour. I am not sensible of having done more than my duty in the various public situations which I have had the honour to hold. To few, perhaps, have the opportunities been accorded which I have had the good fortune to enjoy, and if I have been able to improve those opportunities, and to obtain some measure of success, I owe it, under Providence, to a great extent, to the assistance and co-operation of the many able and gallant comrades with whom I have had the happiness of being associated in the discharge of my public duties, and it is very gratifying to me to think that the honours bestowed upon me will be reflected upon them."

With regard to the proffered testimonial, he avowed his "earnest desire" that only a small portion of the fund subscribed "should be expended on any object of a personal character, . . . and that the greater part of the money should be devoted to establishing an institution at any place that the committee appointed at the meeting may think proper to select, whereby the army in which my lot in life has been cast may benefit." [1] Sir F. Goldsmid tells us that in one day alone the subscription list in Calcutta amounted to no less than 10,000 rupees, then equivalent to £1000 sterling.

In the last two years Outram had expended more than £1000 in providing readable books, newspapers, and games for the use of those who had shared his Oudh campaigns; and before leaving Calcutta he made over some 500 of his own books to the Soldiers' Library at Fort William. Among the few which he carried home with him were *Froissart's Chronicles*, and *Life of Bayard*.

On the eve of his last journey home "The Friend of India" wrote: "To-morrow the Indian army will lose its brightest ornament, and every soldier of India his best friend. Worn out by the almost continuous service of forty years, having stuck to his post just one hot season too many, Sir James Outram leaves India, nominally for six months, but we believe for ever."

[1] *Outram Papers.*

CHAPTER XXI

FROM CALCUTTA TO WESTMINSTER ABBEY. JULY 1860–MARCH 25, 1863

On July 20, 1860, our Indian Bayard embarked for Suez on his way home. "I fear," he wrote from Aden to Dr. Fayrer, "my friends may have thought me insensible to the kindly cheer they gave me on leaving Garden Reach. The truth was I was too sensible and was quite overpowered by it."

In the same letter he assures his friend that the voyage to Aden "has almost entirely restored me—I have had no cough for days, and my arm is almost restored to its usual flexibility." He still hoped to "make out the Danube trip," but would decide nothing until he reached Suez. At Madras Sir Patrick Grant, then Commander-in-Chief of the Southern Presidency, came off to see him; and the governor, Sir Henry Ward, "wrote to say he was coming, but his duties prevented him, being alarmed by a carbuncle which had made its appearance." [1]

The heat in Egypt tried him so severely, that he wrote on August 18 from Alexandria, "It would be madness to attempt the Constantinople route, so I have resolved on going by Marseilles." He writes from the Oriental Club to announce his arrival in England, after a fatiguing journey of twenty hours from Marseilles to Paris, and ten more from Paris to London. He was still so much of an invalid that instead of proceeding, as he had fondly hoped, to his mother's home in Scotland, he returned to his old quarters at Brighton. Thither also came Lady Outram, who would gladly have met him in Egypt but for his express injunctions to the contrary. "She was much shocked," says his biographer, "by the change the nine months had wrought; for when he had bade farewell to her at the mouth of the Hugli, he was looking remarkably

[1] Outram MSS.

well, and now she found him utterly broken down, and in a most critical state of health.

Returning to London in October, he was invited to a public function at the Guildhall, for the purpose of receiving the freedom of the city and the sword of honour which had been awarded him two years before. In spite of his weak health, and the earnest dissuasions of his family, he resolved to go through the needful formalities at any cost. The civic authorities for their part did all they could to render the ceremony as little fatiguing as possible. The lord mayor begged him to remain seated when he would have risen to return thanks for the honour conferred upon him. The few words which Outram spoke on this occasion, amidst the cheers of a crowded gathering, were devoted to the praise of Lord Clyde,—the Sir Colin Campbell of former days,—"for whom he felt all the affectionate devotion of a Highland clansman for his chief."

The ceremony took place on December 26. It was followed by a banquet given the same evening in honour of Lord Clyde and Sir James Outram. In a letter expressing deep regret at his utter inability to attend the banquet, Outram never touched upon himself or his own doings, but descanted in generous terms upon the merits of Lord Canning and his Indian policy. A few days earlier he had been compelled, for like reasons, to decline attending a banquet given by the Merchant Taylors' Company in honour of Lord Clyde and himself; nor was he able to name a day for his formal admission to the Grocers' Company.

In March 1861 an influential meeting was held in London to raise funds for a grand testimonial to the hero, whom all men delighted to honour. Lord Lyveden —the Vernon Smith of an earlier day—took the chair in the unavoidable absence of the Duke of Argyll. Around him sat a distinguished group of noblemen and gentlemen, and among the speakers were Lord Keane, Sir James Fergusson, Lord Kinnaird, Lord Shaftesbury, Sir Henry Rawlinson, Colonel Sykes, Sir Robert Hamilton, and Dr. Burnes. The testimonial was to take the shape, first, of a statue in London itself; secondly, of an equestrian

statue in Calcutta; and thirdly, of a silver dessert service of the value of £1000, together with an illuminated address bearing the names of more than 1800 subscribers to the testimonial.

The Calcutta and London committees worked in zealous concert for a common end. In due time Noble's statue, bearing the single word OUTRAM, adorned the Thames embankment near Charing Cross; but it was several years before Foley's masterpiece of equestrian sculpture got itself erected on the Calcutta Maidân, an excellent cast of which may still be seen at the Crystal Palace.

On July 26 he is writing once more from Brighton to Dr. Fayrer: "Not yet well, but very much better, and the doctors say next winter in Egypt will quite set me up. . . . My wife also has been benefited by the Homburg waters, but is far from strong. I wish her to pass the winter at Nice, which the doctors think the best for liver complaint, which she has; Egypt would not do for her."[1]

His handwriting at this time was sadly shaken. "I have only lately begun to write again," he says in the same letter, "and the practice seems quite strange."[1] In October 1861 Outram found himself once more in Egypt. "Unfortunately," writes Dr. Badger, "health was the thing which he least attended to, and, after spending the winter there, returned to England *via* Corfu and Vienna—somewhat improved, perhaps, but still very weak. . . . While at Cairo he was cheered by seeing many of his old friends going to or returning from India; and it always afforded him the highest gratification to recognise among the passengers some he had known in former years."

Twice also did the Prince of Wales dismount from his donkey to speak with the broken veteran in front of Shepheard's Hotel. At Alexandria in the spring of 1862 he met Lord Canning, who was then returning home, a heart-broken widower, to die a few weeks later at his house in Grosvenor Square. Before the end of June the late viceroy's remains were interred in Westminster Abbey. Conspicuous among those who attended the funeral "walked Lord Clyde, supporting on his arm the bowed form of the gallant Outram."[2]

[1] Outram MSS. [2] *Times*, June 23, 1862.

Earlier in the same month Outram was at Oxford receiving his degree of D.C.L., in the Sheldonian Theatre, amidst the deafening plaudits of all who witnessed the ceremony. On this occasion a similar degree was conferred upon Lord Palmerston. Dr. Badger tells us that "Outram had been requested to come wearing all his decorations; but seeing the Premier without any, he remarked, 'My lord, the contrast makes me look like a brass captain.' 'You have won yours nobly,' replied Lord Palmerston, a remark which gratified Outram exceedingly, and which he frequently repeated in token of the Premier's kindliness."

A like honour had been proposed to him some time before by the University of Cambridge, but Outram was then too ill to appear in person.

In July a deputation of friends and admirers, headed by the Duke of Argyll, waited upon Outram at his own house in Queen's Gate Gardens to present him with the address already mentioned, and with a choice set of silver centre-pieces supported upon figures emblematic of his own career. "The names enrolled on this address," said his Grace of Argyll, "are those of men of different classes and different countries, many of whom, knowing you only by the achievements which you have bequeathed to history, admire your heroism and chivalry from a distance; while others, who have enjoyed the privilege of more intimate relations with you, and have closely observed the simplicity, the gentleness, and the manliness of your character, blend with a still higher admiration the most affectionate feelings of personal regard."

"To what length," wrote Kaye, "the parchment bearing those names might have been rolled out could only be dimly conjectured, for it had stretched itself over the floor of a room of no small dimensions without sensibly diminishing the bulk of the scroll, and there were those who proposed laughingly to adjourn, for more fitting space, to the neighbouring exhibition building."[1]

"I thank you from the bottom of my heart," was Outram's answer; "I thank all, whether present or absent, in England or in India, who have united to render

[1] *Cornhill Magazine*, May 1863.

me this great honour. I cannot venture to think that I have done all that you say of me; but I know that, with such powers as God has given me, I have honestly tried to do it.

"I was reared under a system which gave to every man an equal chance of going to the front; and I owe it to that system that I am now standing before you—less, I cannot help thinking, on account of my individual deserts than as the representative of the great service, now passed into a tradition, to which for forty years I had the honour to belong. If to anything in myself I owe such success as I may have attained, it is mainly to this—that throughout my career I have loved the people of India, regarded their country as my home, and made their weal my first object. And though my last service in the field was against the comrades of my old associates, the madness of a moment has not obliterated from my mind the fidelity of a century, and I can still love and still believe. I thank you again for your great kindness. The memory of it will go with me to my grave." [1]

One more honour he was debarred by the rules of the service from receiving. Sir William Mansfield, then Commander-in-Chief at Bombay, had suggested that Lieutenant-General Sir James Outram, as "incomparably the most distinguished general officer on the rolls of the Bombay Army," should be appointed to the colonelcy of one of the new line regiments, the 106th. But the fact of his never having reached the regimental rank of colonel was not to be set aside in favour even of worth so clearly pre-eminent.

On August 29 he writes from Brighton to the dear old mother, whom ever since his last farewell to India he had been hoping to visit once more in her Scottish home. After telling her how his health would compel him to winter abroad, "I fully hope," he added, "you may, through God's mercy, be spared yet long after my return, when I trust to be sufficiently restored to visit you in Edinburgh. . . . I feel that Scotland would be too much for me at present."

"The last two years of his life were," in the words of

[1] *Times*, July 5, 1862.

a near relative, " but a prolonged struggle with suffering." He had bought a house in Queen's Gate Gardens, " but his asthma kept him so much on the move that he enjoyed little more than a few weeks of occasional residence in it. The stimulus of a congenial friend or of cheery young people would, however, now and then revive him a little, when something of his former self would pleasantly flash out. Youngsters had always been favourites with him, and he was never seen to more advantage than when entering thoroughly into their interests, telling them of his hunting days, or indulging in the good-humoured badinage to which he was prone. His quaint humour, his keen sense of the ludicrous, his merry glance, added to the effect of his well-told and well-timed anecdotes; and he had a peculiar way of looking up and laughing with his eyes which gave irresistible point to his shrewd comments or sly remarks.

" His taste was good, indeed apt to be fastidious, and he greatly appreciated music of a touching character. Sacred music, always his preference, was an especial solace to him now. Books were still a means of whiling away an hour or two, but reading was no longer the resource it had been. Imperial politics—home, foreign, or Anglo-Indian—continued to occupy his thoughts to the last. Of party intrigues he had seen more than enough, and preferred to judge men and measures from his own point of view. Brag, bluster, or insincerity in any shape were an abomination to him, and he was most averse to persons professing infidel views. But he was tolerant of divergent opinions generally, if only he were convinced of the sincerity of those who advanced them. No one more readily appreciated sterling worth in any sphere of life.

" The irritability induced by illness and the ' trouble ' he gave as an invalid much distressed him. He bought a repeater on purpose not to disturb his servant by asking the time during the weary hours of his long night, and whenever he heard of any sight or amusement within reach he was anxious to send his attendants, no matter at what inconvenience to himself. One of these was a gentle Indo-Portuguese, whom he might well esteem

highly. Another was a poor band-boy who had been found chained up a prisoner in Lucknow. Though a son of European parents, his sallow complexion and his usefulness to the rebels as a translator of English saved him from death; and except as regarded close confinement, short commons, jeers and scoffs, he did not complain much of his treatment by them.

"Sir James was chivalrously loyal, and the inability to attend any levee, in consequence of his infirm state of health, grieved him, lest his absence should be misconstrued. Honours crowded upon him, and he was gratified by the genuine respect and considerate attention he met with wherever he went. But what most pleased him were the kindnesses proffered by strangers of all ranks in recognition of what he had done for some loved one. He felt such attentions particularly when they were the expressions of gratitude of aged parents in recollection of some dear boy who had fought and died under his command. Few men had enjoyed so many opportunities of befriending others, and it may perhaps be added that few had availed themselves of such opportunities more constantly. Of this his invalid days reaped the comforting fruit." [1]

In the autumn of 1862 Sir James once more left his London home to pass the coming winter in the milder climate of Southern Europe. In company with his wife he remained some weeks in Paris before proceeding to Nice. Here, in spite of his broken health, "he employed himself," says Sir F. Goldsmid, "in earnest endeavours to advance the claims of such of his friends as he felt were worthy of his help, and might soon miss his powerful advocacy."

On Christmas morning he was able for the last time to attend the early communion service. But the cold winds of Nice developed symptoms so alarming that in February 1863 his medical advisers ordered him to Pau. In spite of careful nursing on Lady Outram's part, his sufferings on the journey thither seemed to wear out the last remnants of his vital strength. At Pau Dr. Duncan Macpherson of the Madras Army at once placed his services at the disposal of the dying hero. They were gratefully accepted, and he remained in close attendance upon him to the last.

[1] Goldsmid.

"My gallant patient," he wrote to *The Lancet*, "was in a hopeless state when he reached Pau. The cold winds of Nice had excited a fresh attack of bronchitis; and during the last eight days of his life he was unable to lie down even for a few minutes.

"Weak as he was, he spoke often of the depressed position of army medical officers, regretting that so little success had attended his efforts to obtain a due recognition of their services; adding, with emphasis, 'The day *must* come when your services will be recognised. Another great war will end this long controversy in your favour.' Such were the dying words of this good and gallant soldier."

At one o'clock on the morning of March 11, 1863, the Bayard of India passed away, "sitting in his arm-chair, without a struggle—his face unmoved—his hands resting as if in sleep. His face had lost much of the suffering look of his later years: his head was slightly bent forward and looked very noble." [1] His last moments were cheered by the presence of his wife and son,—the latter having arrived on the previous afternoon from the death-bed of Mrs. Outram, whose long life had been brought to a timely close a few days only before the death of him who had been the pride and mainstay of her declining years.

A fortnight later, on March 25, 1863, "crowds were flocking," writes Sir John Kaye, "to Westminster Abbey to see Outram's remains laid in the grave of the great burial-place of the mighty dead. The government, which he had served so long and so devotedly, gave him a public funeral, and so great was the veneration in which he had been held that people came from a distance to pay him the last honours, and hundreds sought admittance to the Abbey, to whom it was of necessity reluctantly refused. It was a solemn and a touching scene."

Besides other ministers of the crown, "that particular department of the state," in the words of the same writer, "under which he had served, went forth in a body to the Abbey from its neighbouring domicile—Secretary of State, Under-Secretaries of State, Members of Council, Secretaries of Departments, and others of less rank, but

[1] Goldsmid.

with like instincts of admiration for the great man, the history of whose deeds was scattered over the bulky records in their charge." [1]

Conspicuous among the mourners stood the soldierlike figure of the veteran Lord Clyde, who bowed his grey head in manifest sorrow as he laid his wreath upon the bier. There also stood Sir John Lawrence, the saviour of North-Western India, and ere long the destined successor to the Indian Viceroyalty. Among others there present might be seen the Duke of Argyll, the Earls of Dalhousie and Shaftesbury, Lords Chelmsford, Lyveden, and Harris, Sir George Clerk, Sir Henry Rawlinson, Outram's comrade in the Afghan war, the second Lord Keane, and a crowd of the personal friends whom the dead hero had gathered round him in the long years of his Indian service.

"But more noticeable," says Kaye, "even than great statesmen and high officers of government, more noticeable by the living and more honouring to the dead, was a little group of soldiers, in the Highland uniform, who stood by the hero's grave, stirred to the very depths of their hearts by reverence and affection. They were a party of sergeants of the 78th Regiment who had solicited and obtained leave to come down from a distance that they might pay, on behalf of their regiment, the last honours to one by whom it was their privilege to have been led to battle and to conquest. The 78th Highlanders knew Outram well. There were some men still in the regiment who twenty years before had served in the dreary furnace of Sindh; but it was on the great battlefield of Oudh that they had learnt to love and to honour a leader who was ever as mindful of their interests as he was regardless of his own; who was as tender towards and as careful of his men as though they were his children; who never sacrificed a life except to the stern necessity of the fight." This party of faithful Highlanders consisted of four officers and twenty sergeants or corporals, who had come up of their own accord from Shorncliffe to pay the last honours to the great soldier, whose persistent kindliness had won their undying love.[2]

On the morning of the 25th they had called at the

[1] *Cornhill Magazine*, May 1863. [2] *Ibid.*; Goldsmid.

house where Outram's body lay, in hopes of being allowed to carry it to its last resting-place. But the weight of the coffin and the distance to be traversed compelled the reluctant refusal of their request. But they marched beside the hearse, filed through the Abbey on either side of the coffin, and saw it lowered into the grave.

Nearly in the centre of the lofty nave lie the remains of James Outram, beside those of Lord Canning, and of Lord Clyde, who was to survive him only by a few months. Outram's grave is marked by a marble slab, bearing the words suggested by Dean Stanley, "The Bayard of India." Over the doorway on the south side of the nave is Noble's bust of the dead warrior, erected by the Minister for India, Sir Charles Wood, and the members of his council. The inscription, worded by the political secretary, Sir John Kaye, reveres the memory of "A soldier of the East India Company, who during a service of forty years in war and in council, by deeds of bravery and devotion, by an unselfish life, by benevolence never weary of welldoing, sustained the honour of the British nation, won the love of his comrades, and promoted the happiness of the people of India."

From the newspaper press of England and India arose a general chorus of regretful homage to the memory of the large-hearted, upright, clear-headed leader, who had made his way by sheer force of character into the front rank of England's doughtiest and noblest sons; of men, for instance, like Philip Sydney, Wolfe, and Nelson. "James Outram," wrote *The Times*, "was an illustration of what can be done by a strong-minded, truth-loving, honest, and valiant nature in such an arena as India affords. Because he had neither rank nor fortune, he stood in that press of self-reliant men from which the hand of patron or politician could pluck no favourite. He took his place among his peers in the race when there was a fair field and no favour, and he came to the front and bore himself so well that his distanced rivals echoed the applause which greeted the winner. . . .

"Truly was he told in the address which was voted to him by his countrymen at home, 'By men of your stamp was our Indian Empire won; by men of your stamp must

it be preserved,'—by men as honest, as single-minded, as chivalrous, as humane, with as much love for the people of the country, as much pride in an Indian career, and as little thought of self as James Outram."

"No lips will open," says *The Times of India*, "to speak of the deceased but in terms of regret, respect, love, and admiration. James Outram was a man of whom any army, any government, any nation might be proud. He was one of those few, in high place, whose claims to be considered a master-mind men never paused to analyse. They knew he would do no wrong, and was ever desirous to do good, and that sufficed. And much good has he left behind him. . . . He was brave as the best of olden knights, lovable as best of olden priors."

"A fox is a fool and a lion a coward compared with James Outram," was a common saying among his countrymen in Bombay,—a saying which expressed in the neatest of epigrams the essential qualities of a mighty hunter and a great military chief. Of Outram's military genius we have had abundant proofs. As the writer of an excellent memoir in the *Dictionary of National Biography* has truly said, "Outram was a good soldier and a skilful diplomatist. Filled with ambition, he was nevertheless most unselfish. Possessed of great courage, a strong individuality, a warm temper, untiring energy, and good physique, he was kind-hearted, modest, and chivalrous." In speech he "was hesitating until he warmed to a subject, when he could speak forcibly. An idea too often got complete command of him, and it was then difficult for him to see the other side of a question. He had a strong feeling of personal responsibility. He quickly saw and rewarded merit in young men."

"The more his life is studied in its details," said the late head-master of Harrow, Dr. Montagu Butler, "the more it will be found how habitually he made a practice of esteeming others better than himself, of looking less at his own things and more at the things of others."

"There were men of higher rank than James Outram," wrote his old friend Sir John Kaye, "men who had commanded greater armies, and who had governed more

extensive territories. There was no one great event changing the destinies of empires, to which he could point as peculiarly his own. His career was without a Waterloo. But a life of sustained devotion to the public service, a life made beautiful by repeated acts of heroism and chivalry, a life of stainless truth and unsullied honour, made England echo back the praises which pealed across the Eastern seas." [1]

"I never knew one," wrote his old admirer Sir George Clerk in 1880, "who combined with thorough sterling character and soldierly qualities so much of single-mindedness and modesty; and heaps of experience have come in my way, too, during a long and busy public life."

The inscription carved on the monument in the Calcutta Maidân was a somewhat curtailed version of that prepared by another ornament of the company's service, the late Sir Henry Yule. With a full copy of the original text this chapter may fitly close:—

"His life was given to India: in early manhood he reclaimed wild races by winning their hearts: Ghazni, Khelât, the Indian Caucasus, witnessed the daring deeds of his prime: Persia brought to sue for peace; Lucknow relieved, defended, and recovered, were fields of his later glories. Many wise rulers, many valiant captains, hath his country sent hither; but never any loved as this man was by those whom they governed or led on to battle! Faithful servant of England: large-minded and kindly ruler of her subjects: doing nought through vainglory, but 'ever esteeming others better than himself': valiant, incorrupt, self-denying, magnanimous, in all the true knight!"

"If an opponent once styled him the Bayard of India, they who set up this memorial may well lack words to utter all their loving admiration!"

[1] *Cornhill Magazine*, May 1863.

APPENDICES

APPENDIX A

THE following "Rough Notes," forwarded to Sir Francis Outram in 1865 by Colonel W. Morris of the Bombay Army, came under my notice too late for insertion in their proper place.

Rough Notes from April 1833 *to February* 1835

"It would be difficult to select an individual better entitled to the enduring remembrance of all who knew him than Sir James Outram. He was a brave indomitable soldier, a true friend, and one to be thoroughly relied on, and no one understood better than he the true spirit which ought to animate a soldier and the moral energy which has so material an influence on the issues of war. It was in the summer of 1833 that Captain Outram went (for the first time, I believe) into the Satpura mountains on service, and just as he was entering a deep gorge was heard to say to himself, 'Well, here we enter these strong fastnesses, and I return alive only if successful; I never will quit these Bhîl chiefs until they are subdued,' thus showing his determinate will and full resolution to gain his object or perish. Having succeeded in all his operations, he was encamped near the strong fort of Sindwâ, the walls of which were in many places 60 feet high: he had been bathing in a tank, close under the walls, when he resolved to jump off the wall into the tank, and taking with him an umbrella to act as a parachute, made his leap; but he soon found that he had trusted to too frail a support, for on jumping from the wall his weight and the rapidity of his descent caused the umbrella to collapse, and he came down a fearful crash. He was, however, only slightly stunned, and came to the surface after being some time submerged. This shows the sort of man Sir James was.

"Again, on one occasion, he, accompanied by a party of his own Bhîls, went after a cheetah on the Nandurbâr Hills. The animal, on being found, took refuge in a large cave situated on the side of a hill too steep for human foot to descend. The Bhîls were at a loss what to do, but Outram was not to be balked. He desired the Bhîls to take off their pugrees and to tie them together, and then having fastened one end round his waist, told the astonished followers to lower him to the cave, where he succeeded in killing the cheetah.

"On another occasion, at a tiger hunt, the animal, having been wounded, went down into a large earth and could not be dislodged. Outram descended from his elephant, and, spear in hand, sat down at the entrance intending to pin the animal as it came out, which at length it did, and Outram, driving the spear as he thought through his neck, was surprised to see the tiger dash the spear aside as if it were a reed and bound away unhurt.

"Sir James was sincere and hearty in his friendship, jovial, and full of fun and anecdote. On duty he was stern, and thoroughly determined to have his orders carried out. He was a great friend to the natives of India, and beloved by them, as is proved by his success in taming the wild Bhîls. He was a lover of justice, and would even write in the newspapers, if by doing so he could benefit a native who he thought deserved it. He liked an independent spirit in man or animal. He admired a particular dog because he never would wag his tail to any one but his master; and would often caress this animal more for his independent feeling, as he never would wag his tail to him. He was a great rider, and never could bear to be anything but leader. Once he was seen out of his saddle and on his horse's neck in excitement to gain the first spear.

"Another instance of Captain Outram's prowess in hunting may be mentioned. A tiger, whom the party in pursuit intended to spear instead of shooting, after a run through difficult jungle crept into a lair of long reeds. Outram at once proposed to follow him, and on hands and knees crept through the tiger's lair. Fortunately the tiger, hearing his approach, moved off instead of showing

ght, otherwise in Outram's cramped posture he would have been completely in the animal's power. On another occasion, while riding after a wild buffalo spear in hand, the animal was at length brought to bay, and charged so furiously as by his weight completely to upset both horse and rider, goring the former severely.

"Once, when bathing in a tank he heard that one of the party had jumped off the top of the bath-house, which was two stories high; he sent for the house-steps and jumped from them after placing them on the top of the bath-house. Again, in the same tank a young alligator was temporarily placed, which was very savage; Outram was aware of this, but he immediately bathed in the tank, defying the alligator."

APPENDIX B

I AM indebted to my friend Mr. R. Jupp of Sunderland for the following spirited verses on Outram's advance to the Lucknow Residency:—

The Red Lane: Lucknow

"On—in God's name advance!" Up the lane! onward!
Who will not follow when Outram rides first!
Forward! though not e'en the far-famed six hundred
Through such a tempest of musketry burst.
From every flap-topped roof where crouch the foe aloof,
Shielded and sheltered, the live bullets rain,
Raking our staggering flanks, while the white smoke in banks
Broods like a death-shadow o'er the red lane.

"On—in God's name advance!" Sections, quick wheeling,
Right and left firing each cross-alley sweep:
Back from our volleys the Pandies are reeling,
Breaking and scattering like hound-driven sheep.
Would that the broad claymore now cleared a path before,
Sword of our sires that ne'er flashed in vain:
Onward, in order due, march we like clansmen true,
Forcing a passage grim up the red lane.

Hark! in the front now what means that wild cheering?
See his bright broadsword the *Chief* waves in air;
Can it be really the goal we are nearing?—
"Forward! Quick! Double!" By God, we are there!
Back from the Bailey-guard, by the grim cannon barred,
Haul they the grinning gun with might and main:
Through the embrasure freed leaps Outram's plunging steed,
And dim behind us now lies the red lane.

Round us they gather in wild gratulation—
Babes in our arms are clasped, fondled, and pressed;
Cheer upon cheer peals of stern exultation:
God! be thy succour and mercy confessed.
No *coronach* to-day let the shrill bagpipe play,
Only a triumph-note over the slain:
Long shall the tale be told, 'mid Scotland's mountains cold,
How Outram led the Plaids up the red lane.

September 1903.

APPENDIX C

THE following letter from the son of the first Lord Keane deserves quoting at full length:—

LONDON, *March* 9, 1861.

MY DEAR OUTRAM,—I have had very great pleasure in receiving your letter from Paris this evening, inasmuch as it informs me of the great improvement in your health, which all your friends (and they are legion) pray for, and trust that you may be restored to us, on your return to England, in renewed health and strength.

You must not thank me (for I don't deserve it) for any little trouble I may have had in preparing the late successful demonstration in Willis's Rooms,—to General Hancock and Colonel Holland, especially the former, are your thanks due; for they have both worked like horses, and their arrangements have been admirable—although they could not help the unavoidable absence of the Duke of Argyll and Lord Stanley, to which was nearly added the mis-

fortune of losing Lord Shaftesbury, who spoke nobly for you, as he was summoned the same evening to his dying mother at Richmond.

I feel I can never repay you the valuable and important services you rendered to my poor father and his army in Sindh and Afghanistan—services ill requited to you by omitting your name in his despatches and orders, which had he not done so, would have secured you a brevet-majority for Ghazni with S. Powell (and myself afterwards), and consequently a lieutenant-colonelcy for Khelât; but I lay the blame on M——, for I know he (my father) always had the highest regard and opinion of you, but was too much influenced by his military secretary not only in that instance, but in many others. He did not consequently appreciate your efforts and services as they deserved, or acknowledge the importance of them as every one else did. I hope some day to have a talk with you on this subject.

It is not only this feeling that I have alluded to, but old friendship, the great regard I feel and have always felt for you, added to the transcendent services you have rendered to your country, that now prompt me to do my utmost in securing from your countrymen that public notice and reward that is so justly your due, and which it gives me real pleasure and gratification to see so well responded to, when they are called upon to render honour where it has been so nobly won.

I shall hope to hear of you and your whereabouts occasionally from your son.—Believe me, my dear Outram, your old and sincere friend,

KEANE.

APPENDIX D

THE following passages are extracted from the Supplement to the *Home News* of March 19, 1863:—

"One of the bravest and most devoted of the East India Company's army, Sir James Outram, died at Pau on March 11, after a long illness. The state of his health since his

return from India prevented that gallant spirit from enjoying the honours and rewards which his grateful countrymen were eager to press upon him. As modest and gentle in his private character as he was firm and dauntless at the post of duty, Outram, after forty years of hard work in a tropical climate, bore with exemplary patience the sufferings which denied him the satisfaction of reposing on his well-earned laurels in the evening of his life.

"The great mass of the people who are proud of our vast dominion in the East little know the nature of the tenure by which it is held, and the sacrifices by which it has been won. Men of vast abilities, of great capacity for business, of the highest order of intellect, attain a reputation in the world of India without exercising any influence or gaining any large position in the mother country which they serve. If they sink under the weight of their burdens and their toils abroad, a few obituary lines are all they receive at home, where an election for a member of parliament at an obscure borough, or the details of a remarkable trial, may be at the time engrossing popular attention. If they come home, they come home as men who have abandoned a career or who are seeking retirement, and their giant proportions are lost in the crowd. The old traditions concerning Indian nabobs pursue them here, and they probably subside into the moderate position which is assigned to the first man in some pleasant watering-place. It is not possible to estimate too highly the quality by which a man rises to high station in India, where the art of government is polished and perfected by the friction of the dangers under which it is cultivated, and by the enormous responsibility and the risks of failure. James Outram was an illustration of what can be done by a strong-minded, truth-loving, and honest and valiant nature in such an arena as India affords. Because he had neither rank nor fortune, he stood in that press of self-reliant men from which the hand of patron or politician could pluck no favourite. He took his place among his peers in the race when there was a fair field and no favour, and he came to the front and bore himself so well that his distanced rivals echoed the applause which greeted the winner. It was but natural that he

should have been proud of the services in which he won such honours, and that he should be jealous of any measure which did it wrong. And to the last he was the Indian officer to whom the Indian army was dear, who loved its reputation, and resisted any effort to destroy its individuality. It was he who, more than any other man, opposed the amalgamation of the services, and who in an exhaustive minute of singular ability pointed out the practical objections to the measure.

"He visited England in the summer of 1856, and all men who saw him then believed that his work was done, so little did he resemble the James Outram they had known a few years before. But when our rupture with the Court of Teherân rendered war inevitable, and orders went to India to fit out an expedition for service in Persia, Outram suddenly revived.

"A new-born strength seemed to have been infused into his shattered frame, and when he knew that his aid was needed he never doubted for a moment that he was able to assume the command which his government was willing to intrust to him.

"He went, forgetful of his bodily ailments, and the excitement of active service, like a strong tonic, made him more than equal to his work. The campaign was short and decisive. All the objects of the expedition were triumphantly attained. In this year Outram was made a K.C.B.

"Scarcely had he returned from the Persian expedition before he found himself called to more serious duty yet in India. The Bengal army had broken out into rebellion, and another field of action opened out before Sir James Outram.

"In July 1857 Outram landed at Bombay, telegraphed to Calcutta, found that he was wanted there, and proceeded onwards to receive Lord Canning's instructions. 'The intense admiration,' he recorded more than two years afterwards in an official minute, 'with which I regarded Lord Elphinstone's bold demeanour and noble self-abnegation under such trying circumstances when I parted from his lordship in July 1857 was only equal, for it could not be surpassed, even by that with which,

on my arrival a fortnight afterwards in Calcutta, I was then inspired by the calm dignity, confidence, and determination with which the governor-general himself was braving the storm which by that time was raging in its utmost fury.'

"With Lord Canning, the governor-general, Outram had a serious misunderstanding regarding the policy pursued by his lordship towards the talukdars of Oudh. Lord Canning's so-called confiscation measure, dated from Allahabad, caused a perfect storm of disapproval in England, and the fact becoming known that the chief commissioner in Oudh strongly disapproved of it, made most people instinctively feel that Lord Canning had made a mistake. But Outram's calm and waiting remonstrance bore the stamp of truthfulness and responsibility; he showed plainly that if the scheme were carried out, it would be one of general confiscation, which must end in another rebellion. The talukdars had been unjustly treated, he said, under the settlement operation; they did not revolt till the last moment, and they might fairly be regarded as honourable enemies, against whom it was monstrous to engage in 'a guerilla war of extirpation.' The scheme was modified, but Sir James Outram did not approve of it, and left for Calcutta because he could not carry out a policy so repugnant to the feelings of one who, a poor man, had refused to touch money derived from the conquest of those whom he regarded as oppressively treated. It is due to his wisdom and knowledge of the country to say that the modifications he introduced into the policy indicated by the measure were justified in the subsequent dealings of the Government of India with the leaders of the disaffected.

"He went down to Calcutta and took his seat as a member of the Supreme Council of India; but desk-work of any kind never suited him, and the climate of Bengal soon began to ravage his constitution. He took immense interest in his work, especially in all questions affecting the interest of the old Indian army in which he had been bred; and his minutes on the subject of reorganisation show how great was his concern for the welfare of his comrades, and how resolute he was to speak out the unvarnished truth.

" But the harness which braced him up was now off his back, and the trumpet-sound no longer stirred his spirit. He sank under the burden of peace, turned his face homewards, and appeared among us feeble and exhausted, to receive from men of all ranks and all callings the homage of an admiring welcome. The communities of India had voted him a statue, had founded an institution to his honour, and had presented him with other commemorative testimonials.

" His admirers in England followed their example, and a characteristic statue by one of the first of our English sculptors now waits a befitting site in the metropolis of the empire.

" But while in a grateful and humble spirit he was receiving the applause of his countrymen, he was fast fading away from their sight. He spent the winter of 1861-62 in the mild dry climate of Egypt, and he returned somewhat benefited by the change. But the favourable symptoms which had manifested themselves were transitory. His health was so shattered that it was wonderful how he bore the voyage to his native shore. Honours awaited him at all points, but he could enjoy them little. He was presented with the freedom of the city of London in the form of a sword worth one hundred guineas, on December 20, 1860, according to a vote of the Corporation of October 7, 1858. He was very feeble, and suffered severely during the proceedings. The vote stated that the present was made to Sir James Outram ' in testimony of the signal services rendered by him in suppressing mutiny and rebellion in the East Indies, and in admiration of his high personal and public character, exemplified through a long period of military service in the East as a brave, skilful, and patriotic soldier.'

" On the creation of the Order of the Star of India, Sir James Outram was enrolled as one of its first and not least distinguished members, and was pressed to become one of the [Home] Indian Council; but his health was too far gone for any more work.

" In July 1862 Sir James Outram received the honorary degree of D.C.L. from the University of Oxford at the grand commemoration in company with Lord Palmerston,

Sir Roundell Palmer, Sir E. W. Head, and others. He was designated by Dr. Twiss 'Dux fortissimus,' and was warmly praised for his various services; but it was painful to see the effort which the ceremony caused the gallant veteran, who had to be lifted up to the doctors' seats amid a perfect storm of sympathetic cheering from all the theatre. From that day he gradually sank under his illness. He quitted England again for the last time, and though his friends were hopeful that still for some years he might be spared to them, and though he himself often talked of again serving his country, disease had taken fast hold of him, and he went abroad only to die.

"Sir James Outram did many great things in his time, and he had many great qualities. But he desired nothing so much as to be regarded as a fair specimen of a 'company's officer.' He often said that there were many better men in the army to which he was proud of belonging, and that they would have done better than himself had they enjoyed equal opportunities. In this his humility exceeded the truth. For, without any one pre-eminent quality, he had a combination of many qualities which precisely fitted him for the work which lay before him; and many abler men would have failed to do what he accomplished by his robust energy and his devotion to the public service. Truly was he told in the address which was voted to him by his countrymen at home, 'By men of your stamp was our Indian Empire won; by men of your stamp must it be preserved.'

"The Dean of Westminster has acceded to the wishes of Sir James Outram's friends that the remains of this distinguished soldier should be interred in Westminster Abbey."

APPENDIX E

It is pleasant to learn that the regiment once known as the 23rd Bombay N.I. is henceforth to figure in the Indian army as the 123rd, or Outram's Rifles.

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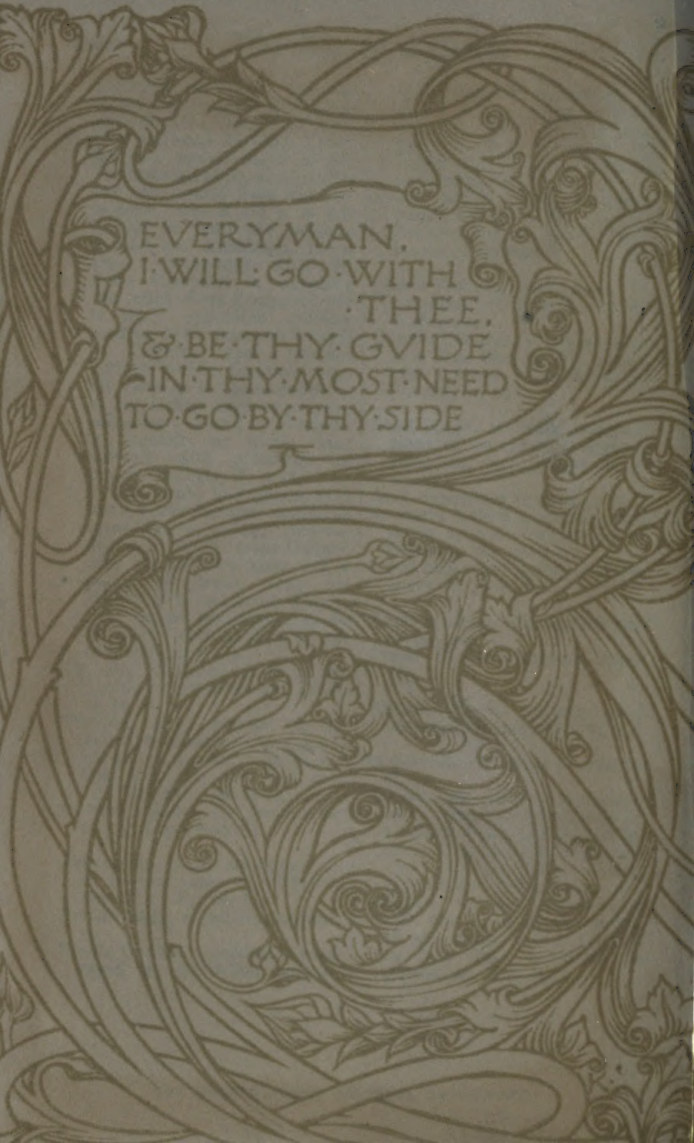
EVERYMAN.
I WILL GO WITH
THEE.
& BE THY GVIDE
IN THY MOST NEED
TO GO BY THY SIDE